Henry Sheafferd

1482 aaa 5

THE

Fourth Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiscover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1649, to the Year 1682.

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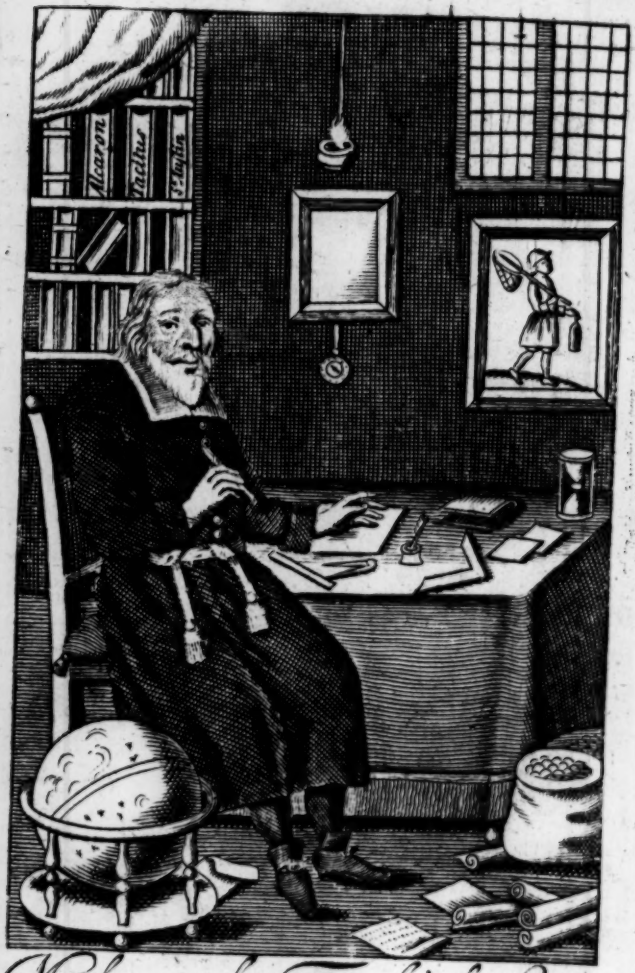

Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

THE

Fourth Volume

OF

LETTERS

TO THE

READER.

EXPECT no more Commendations of our *Arabian Author*; or Apologies for any Thing that may ſeem liable to Cenſure in his *Letters*. There is no End of anſwering the Cavils of thoſe, who to gain the Character of *Criticks*, will create *Faults* where they find none; and impute the very *Overſights* of the *Preſs*, to the *Ignorance* of the *Author*, rather than a *Book* ſhall eſcape free from *Cenſure*.

What is wanting in the *Style*, where it may be ſuppos'd to come ſhort of the *Original*, muſt be laid to the *Italian*'s Charge, who undertook the *Firſt Verſion* of ſo *Remote* a *Language*. For, the *Engliſh Tranſlator* has endeavour'd to follow him, as cloſe as the difference of *Idioms* will admit. And all the World knows, That the *Engliſh Tongue* is none

of the moſt Copious and Significant. But, if this ſhall ſeem an Invidious Reflection, ſubſtituted in the Room of a Paſſable Excuſe; the *Engliſh Tranſlator*, in Honour both of the *Foreign Copies*, and his own *Native Language* (for he is a true *Engliſh-Man* both by *Blood* and *Affection*) is willing to take the Blame of all Defects on himſelf. Aſſuring you, That whatſoever Roughneſs or Want of Elegance; Whatſoever Careleſsneſs of Expreſſion is to be found in the *Engliſh Tranſlation*, though it may be a Fault indeed, yet 'tis purely owing to the Candor of him who has committed it. Since, the Chief Reaſon of ſuch Neglect is becauſe he was loath the *Reader* ſhould loſe the *Original* Senſe, for the ſake of a Sweet Period, or a Delicate Cadence.

If in other Places he ſeems affected, as in retaining the *Turkiſh* or *Arabick* Words, where they might as well have been rendred *Engliſh*; this alſo was out of Reſpect to his *Copy*, where thoſe Words are left, as, we may ſuppoſe, they were found in the *Original Arabick*.

This is addreſs'd to ſuch *Gentlemen*, as have procur'd the *Italian Copies* of theſe *Letters*. For, we are inform'd, That they are in the Hands of ſome *Engliſh Travellers*,

Travellers, who had a Curioſity to compare the different *Tranſlations* together.

However, to Evidence that this is not ſpoken in Partiality to our ſelves, but with Equal Regard to that Learned *Foreigner*, who firſt brought theſe *Letters* to Light; It will not be amiſs to exhibit ſuch Probable Reaſons, as might induce him to leave *Some Arabick* Words untranſlated rather than *Others*, though they had both the ſame Senſe.

The beſt Method of clearing up this Point, will be by producing Inſtances, ſuch as that, Page 53, at the Bottom: Where the Word [*Vizirs*] is retained by the *Engliſh Tranſlator*, becauſe it was not chang'd by the *Italian*. Doubtleſs, it had been as eaſie to ſay [*The Seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors or Miniſters Above*] as [*The Seven Vizirs.*] But ſince the *Italian Copy* has not alter'd the Word [*Vizirs*] the *Engliſh Tranſlator* thought fit to let it ſtand. And he conceives, 'tis proper enough in both *Verſions*; becauſe it better expreſſes he Thought of the *Turkiſh Author*, than any *Italian* or *Engliſh* Word can do, being a *Title* of *Dignity* peculiar to the *Ottoman Empire*: Where the Credulous People

are made to believe, That their *Monarchy*, with all its *Officers* of *State*, is exactly Modell'd according to the *Pattern* of the *Celeſtial Court* and *Kingdom*. Therefore, it appears very Natural in a *Turk*, to call the *Miniſters* of *Heaven* by the *Title* of *Vizirs*, *Beglerbegs*, *Baſſa's*, or whatſoever other Appellatives are us'd by them, to expreſs the Dignity of their *Grandees* on Earth. And who would go to ſpoil his Senſe, for the ſake of a Word?

Beſides, not to let this Paſſage fall, without due Remarks; Is it not Common in our *Bible* to call *God*, [*Lord of Lords*?] And how can this be otherwiſe expreſſed in *Arabick*, but by the *Title* which is appropriated to the *Principal Governours* of *Provinces*, whom in their *Language* they call *Beglerbegs*? It is equally uſual in *Scripture*, to ſtyle *God* [*King of Kings*] a *Title* frequently aſſum'd by the *Eaſtern Monarchs*. Nay, in our Common Diſcourſe, here in *England*, it is Cuſtomary to give to *God*, the *Title* of [*The King of Heaven.*] And why may we not as well give to the *Arch Angels* and *Angels* &c. the *Titles* which are ordinarily apply'd to the *Princes* and *Nobles* on *Earth*?

But however, if this will not appear allowable in a *Chriſtian*, yet no Man can

wonder

wonder at a Turk, when he hears him uſe his *Native Dialect*, ſpeaking of the *Potentates Above*. And if this be granted, I hope, neither the *Italian* will be blam'd for preſerving the *Peculiar Phraſe* of an *Eaſtern Author*; nor the *Engliſh Tranſlator* be accus'd, for following ſo Polite a *Pattern*.

This Inſtance had not been preſs'd ſo far, but in Hopes that what is already ſaid, may ſerve as a Plea for ſeveral other Examples of like Nature in this *Volume*: Where it is impoſſible for any *European*, to expreſs the Full Meaning of an *Oriental Author* without reſerving ſome Words of his very *Language*. And in this, the *Italian Tranſlator* is chiefly vindicated; from whoſe *Copy*, the *Engliſh* in ſuch Caſe, had no reaſon to ſwerve. And this much may ſuffice to anſwer all Objections about the *Style*.

As to the *Matter* it ſelf, it appears full of Inſtruction, in *Hiſtorical*, *Moral* and *Political* Affairs. Nor need any Man wonder, if he encounter ſome Paſſages which may be found in other *Writers*, both *Gentile* and *Chriſtian*; ſince the *Author* of theſe *Letters* profeſſes, That he has taken much Pains to peruſe the *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients*, both whilſt he

ſtudy'd in the *Academies*, and during his Reſidence at *Paris*, he often frequented the *Libraries* in that City; whereof there is no Scarcity. He ſpent a great Deal of Time, in reading *Modern* as well as *Ancient Authors*. By which Means, he not only improv'd his Knowledge in the Univerſal *Hiſtory* of *Former Time*, but grew Familiar with the moſt Remarkable Occurrences in *Europe*, during theſe Later *Centuries*. So that in ſome of his *Letters*, one would ſwear, he had read *Sabellius*, *Petrus Juſtinianus*, *Philip de Comines*, and other *European Writers*. For, he ſeems to come very near them, in relating ſome *Particular Stories*. And it may be ſuppos'd, that he took this Advantage to oblige the *Turkiſh Grandees* to whom he writ, by inſerting in his *Letters*, ſuch Paſſages as they were wholly Strangers to.

There need no more be ſaid, but that you may expect another *Volume* of theſe *Letters* very ſpeedily. Farewell.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and indefatigable* Slave *to the* Grand Signior, *to* Mahomet, *the Moſt Illuſtrious* Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Congratulate thy Aſcent to that Top of Honour, the *Firſt Dignity* in the *Empire Ever Victorious*. 'Tis thy Turn to be now Exalted in the *Orb* of *Fortune*: Let not this High Station make thee forget, That the Wheel is always in Motion. But

conſider, That ſince the Advance thou haſt made, was not but by the Fall of thy *Predeceſſor*, thou haſt the leſs Reaſon to think thy own State ſecure.

I am no *Fortune-Teller*; nor would I be ſo rude, as to Prognoſticate Ill Luck to my *Superiors*. But, Men in Eminent Dignity, have Need of a *Monitor*: And, it is Recorded of a *Great Monarch*, That he Commanded One of his *Pages*, every Morning to ſalute him, when he firſt awaked, with theſe Words, *Remember, O King, that thou art a Mortal.*

Let this Example, Supream *Miniſter*, plead my Excuſe, and incline thee to pardon the Freedom which *Mahmut* takes; who by this, thou ſeeſt, is no Flatterer.

Certainly, all Sublunary Things, Ebb and Flow like the Waters. And, though Men may ſometimes enjoy a *Spring*-Tide of Felicity; yet *Fate* has Hidden Sluces, which in a Moment, ſhall convey the Mighty Torrent to ſome other Channel.

I my ſelf have in ſome Meaſure experienc'd this, who am but a Puny in Compariſon with thee. Yet *Deſtiny* and *Chance*, are allotted to the *Little*, as well as to the *Great*. The *Worm* encounters as many croſs Contingencies, in her humble reptile State, as does the Towring *Eagle*, in all her lofty Flights and Ranges, through the wide-ſtrech'd Air.

In my *Infancy* I was ſnatch'd from the Cradle, and from the Arms of my Mournful Mother: Mournful on Two Accounts, the Death of a Husband, and the Neceſſity of parting

parting with her Child. Yet this Early Separation, turn'd to my Advantage, and her Comfort. The Sequel of my Good Fortune, invited her to forſake her *Solitudes*, and follow me to the *Imperial* City; were ſhe exchang'd her Melancholy Widow-Hood, for the Society and Love of a Merry *Greek*: Whilſt *Fate* had another Game to play with me; it being the Will of *Heaven*, that from the Delights of the *Seraglio*, and the Honour of ſerving the *Greateſt Sovereign* in the *World*, I ſhould fall into a Cruel *Captivity*, and be compelled Ignominiouſly to drudge for a *Barbarous Infidel*. Afterwards, I gain'd my *Liberty*, and apply'd my ſelf to ſtudy in the *Academies*. I will not boaſt of the Proficiency I made: But, at my Return to *Conſtantinople*, thou knoweſt, my *Superiours* thought me capable, of doing the *Port* Service in this Place. Thus *Providence* ſports with *Mortals*, and by an Unaccountable Clew of Diſcipline, leads them through the Mazes of this Life.

How I have diſcharged my Truſt here, I dare Appeal to All; yet can pleaſe None. Every Man will be my *Judge* to give *Sentence* againſt me; and ſome, I believe, wou'd willingly be my *Executioners*: Which, at certain Times, carries me into ſo deep a Melancholy, that I even join with my Enemies, and condemn my ſelf, though *I* know not for what. Surely, ſay I, ſo many perſpicacious Men cannot be all in the Wrong, and I only in the Right: they muſt needs ſee ſome Faults in me, which I cannot diſcern

in my ſelf: doubtleſs I'm Partial, and never chang'd the Order of *Æſops* Wallet. Then I reflect on theſe Thoughts, as the mere Product of Melancholy: For, after the ſtricteſt Examination of my Conduct, I find my ſelf Innocent of thoſe Things, whereof I'm accus'd. Yet, whilſt I am juſtifying my Integrity towards my *Great Maſter*, my Sadneſs returns again, and tells me, That without Doubt, I have ſome Ways offended *God* and his *Prophet*, who, for that Reaſon, ſuffer the Envious to perſecute me; and drive me into a more intimate and familiar Converſe with my ſelf, that ſo by making a frequent Scrutiny after the Cauſe of my Outward Misfortunes, I may diſcover the Secret Crimes, which I may have committed againſt *Heaven*, and which lie hid under my Inadvertence and Oblivion.

Then I'm fill'd with a Thouſand Scruples about my telling Lyes, and taking Falſe Oaths; though I'm diſpens'd with for all thoſe Immoralities, by the *Sovereign Arbiter* of the *Law*. In a Word, I know not ſometimes what to think. And, were it not, that my *Agency* in theſe *Parts*, meets with ſome Succeſs, I ſhould often conclude, That I either lie under ſome *Curſe* of *God*, or *Charms* of *Men*; That either *Heaven* or *Hell*, have a Peculiar Hand in afflicting me.

But all this may be only the Fumes of my own Diſtemper'd Spleen. And, the *Indulgent Judge* of *Men*, may paſs a Milder *Sentence* on me, than either I do my ſelf, or my

my Fellow-Mortals. He is Tranſcendently Benign and Merciful: And, our Sins of Frailty appear in his Eyes, but as ſmall *Atomes* in the Rays of a Morning's Sun; which, though they be Innumerable, yet the leaſt Breath of Wind, blows them all out of Sight.

By what I have ſaid, 'tis apparent, that I have Regard both to thee and my ſelf: To thee, as the *Supream Diſpoſer* of *Life* and *Death*, under the *Grand Signior*; to my ſelf, as one cull'd out for a *Victim* by the Malicious, and lying at the Feet of thy Noble Nature, begging thy Protection. My Enemies are Induſtrious to ruin me, and lay hold on all Opportunities to accompliſh it. The *Sentence* which they could not procure from thy *Predeceſſor*, they may hope to draw from thee by their Falſe Informations. This makes me uſe Pre-Caution in my own Defence; hoping to foreſtal their Malice, by this Humble Addreſs.

Imitate thou the *Divine Nature*; and be not ſevere, in remarking the *Peccadillo's* and ſmall Delinquencies of thy *Slave*. If I turn *Infidel* or *Traytor*, I crave no Favour.

That *Supreamly Merciful* and *Gracious*, the *Firſt* and the *Laſt* of the *World*, and *Lord* of *Paradiſe*, heap on thee as many Bleſſings every day, as would employ my ſwifteſt Wiſhes a Thouſand Years; and grant, That thou mayſt find Admittance into the *Place* full of *Rivers*, whoſe *Springs* take

their *Riſe*, from the *Bottom* of the *Rock* of *Eternity*.

Paris, *the* 17th *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649. *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Troubles* of this *Kingdom*, which a while ago ſeem'd to be compos'd, are now again broke out afreſh. The Private Grudges of Some, and the Ambition of others of the *Nobility*, have once more put all in Arms. This City is Block'd up by the *Prince* of *Conde's* Army, who has not been long return'd from *Flanders*. The King, the Queen, with *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole *Court*, are at St. *Germains en Lay*, whither they went by Night. This abrupt Departure, gave freſh Courage to the *Seditious*, and at the ſame time, furniſh'd them with new Matter of Accuſation againſt *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, they ſay, has ſtole away their *Sovereign* from them. The *Parliament* have declar'd him, an *Enemy* to the *Government*. They are levying Soldiers as faſt as they can; and Proviſions are laid in, as if they were to ſuſtain

ſuſtain a long Siege. Several *Princes* and *Grandees*, are come over to the *Citizens*, having deſerted the *Court*; among whom, is the *Prince* of *Conti*, Brother to the *Prince* of *Conde*. Yet the *Pariſians* are diſtruſtful of him, and have Confin'd his Siſter, as a Hoſtage for his Fidelity; not knowing, that his Deſertion is Real, being occaſion'd by ſome Quarrel beeween him and his Elder Brother.

'Tis ſaid, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has taken a Reſolution to depart the *Kingdom*, that ſo he may avoid the Tempeſt that threattens him from all Hands.

The *Queen* has ſent Orders to the *Colonels*, that ſerve under *Mareſchal Turenne* in *Germany*, commanding them to abandon that *General*, who, they ſay, has declared for the *Parliament*, and ſent to offer them his Service.

On the other Side, the *Citizens* endeavour to ſtrengthen their *Party*, by ſending to all the *Parliaments* of *France*, to deſire their Conjunction, in eſpouſing the Quarrel of this of *Paris*.

The Companies which the *Burghers* of this City have rais'd, wear this *Motto* in their *Enſigns*, WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria* keeps near the Frontiers of this *Kingdom*, with an Army of Twenty Thouſand Men; and ſends frequent Propoſals to the *Parliament*, in Order to a *Peace*.

Whilſt I was writing the laſt Word,

News was brought me, That *Eliachim* the *Jew* is ſeiz'd, and clapt in Priſon at St. *Denis*, which Place is in the King's Hands. I cannot learn the Reaſon of his Confinement, but am apt to ſuſpect 'tis on the Score of his late appearing among the Rabble of *Paris*, whereof I gave an Account in a Letter to the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*.

The Surprize I am in at this Unfortunate Accident, puts me upon a Thouſand Thoughts. I know not what Courſe to take for my own ſafety. If *Eliachim*'s Papers ſhould be ſearch'd, *Mahmut* muſt be diſcover'd; and then, if I tarry in the City, I cannot eſcape a Priſon: For, tho' at this Juncture, one would think this Place, a ſufficient Protection from the *Court*; yet the Hatred they bear to the *True Believers*, and the Diſcovery of ſo Important a *Commiſſion* as mine would ſuperſede their Inteſtine Animoſities. I ſhould Infallibly be either deliver'd up to the *Court*, or ſent to the *Baſtile*. If I go out of the City, my Danger is yet greater; all the Paſſes of the Country, being narrowly watch'd, and ſtrongly guarded by the King's Soldiers. This made me at firſt, reſolve to deferr the Concluſion of this Letter to another Time, whilſt I provided for my own Safety; as thinking it impoſſible, to convey any Intelligence out of *France* undiſcover'd. But being inform'd of a *Courier*, that was juſt going from the *Parliament*, to the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*; and fearing leſt I ſhould never have the Priviledge of Pen, Ink and Paper

Paper again, I have raviſh'd a few Moments, from that little Time I have left to ſhift for my ſelf, that ſo I might give thee Notice of this Accident.

I have written alſo to *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, to prevent any *Diſpatches* from him, till farther Order. Both theſe Letters I venture in the Hands of a faithful Meſſenger, who has cauſed them to be ſew'd up in the Heels of his Shoes, to prevent Diſcovery. He travels under the Protection of the *Courier*.

I have not a Minute left to ſay more, than that I am at this Inſtant parting from my Lodging; my Books and other Things being packt up, and Porters ready to carry 'em away. If I get ſafe out of the Houſe, I muſt change my Habit and Name; and ſo lay the Foundation of a New Concealment, till the Iſſue of this Adventure, ſhall direct me what to do.

Adieu, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, and expect to hear more in my Next; or, let my Silence convince thee, that *Mahmut* is no longer at Liberty.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

IF thou haſt any *Diſpaches* coming for me, and it be yet in thy Power to ſtop them, uſe Wings in doing it: For, I fear, we are diſcover'd in this Place. Thy Brother *Eliachim*, is arreſted by the King's Orders. What is laid to his Charge, I know not for certain: Neither is it neceſſary for thee, to be inform'd in that Point. But, if his Confinement be owing to ſome Services he has lately done me, we are all loſt. His Papers will be ſearch'd, which muſt of Neceſſity betray our Secrets: And then, we have Nothing to expect, but the ſevereſt Execution of the *Chriſtians* Fury and Revenge. I am in no ſmall Confuſion at this Accident, having ſcarce Time to provide for my Concealment. Send no more to *Paris*, till thou receiveſt farther Advice. We are all in arms, this City being block'd up by the *Queen*'s Troops; ſo that I know not well which way to ſhift for my ſelf, and eſcape a Thouſand Scrutinies, which they will every where make into the Affairs of a Stranger. But, that *Fate* which over-rules Humane Contingencies, will, I hope, reſcue me out of this Danger: To which I commend both thee and me; bidding thee Farewel, as

if

If I were never to write to thee again: For, ſo the Iſſue may prove.

Paris, 26th of the 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER IV.

To Adonai, *a* Jew, *at* Venice.

I Have ſomething more Reſpite now, than when I wrote laſt to thy Brother *Nathan* at *Vienna*, to inform him of *Eliachim*'s being made a Priſoner. I was in a greater Hurry at that Time, than the Ninth *Sphere*. All my Motions were ſwift. I went Backward and Forward, like the *Planets*: but had no Leiſure to ſtand ſtill, as they do ſometimes. In a Word, I have run over the whole *Zodiack* of *Policy*, to ſeek for a New Houſe; that wherein I Lodg'd, being like to prove too hot for me. At Length I have found one, wherein I hope to meet with no *Malevolent Aſpects*, but to remain, as before, in a *Friendly Conjunction* with the *Moon*; behind whoſe Splendors, I may lie cover'd, from the Inquiſitions of peering Mortals.

To ſpeak more intelligibly, I am for the preſent, remov'd to other Lodgings in this City, the better to ſhelter my ſelf from the Storm which ſeems to hang over my Head, ſince

ſince *Eliachim* was ſeiz'd. Yeſterday, I wrote to the *Kaimacham*, and to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, to give them an Account of this Accident. This goes along with the ſame Meſſenger; for, I durſt not confide in the *Poſts*, during the Preſent Diſorders of this *Kingdom*.

I receiv'd a Letter from thee, wherein thou informeſt me, of an Attempt that has been lately made, to rob the *Treaſury* of *Venice*: Which, according to thy Deſcription is very Rich and Magnificent; not to be match'd in *Europe*. Perhaps, if thou hadſt ſeen the Wealth that is preſerv'd in the *Church* of St. *Denis*, a City not far from *Paris*, thou wouldſt be of another Mind. But neither of us can make proper Compariſons, having not ſeen both Places. The *French* extol the Latter, and ſay, it far exceeds that of *Venice*. But, they may ſpeak Partially; it being the Humour of all People, to magnify the Grandeur of their own Nation: And, the *French* come not ſhort of the Reſt of the World in Vain-Glory. However it be, it was a vaſt Attempt, and full of Infinite Difficulties and Perils, to Rob the Vaults of a *Church*, in the Heart of that Great and Populous City, where all the Riches of the *Seigniory* were Repoſited. It is an Argument of the Greatneſs of their Souls, who durſt undertake ſo hazardous an Enterprize.

But, this is not the Firſt Time the *Venetians* have been in Danger to loſe that Prodigious Maſs of Wealth. A Poor *Grecian* once found a Way, through Marble Barricado's under-Ground,

Ground, to enter thoſe Golden Cells; from whence he carried away, to the Value of Twenty Hundred Thouſand *Zechins* in Jewels. But, making one of his Countrymen acquainted with it, the Villain betray'd him to the *Doge*, who cauſed him to be Hang'd.

That *Commonwealth*, has been all along very Happy in Diſcovery of *Plots*, and other Miſchiefs intended againſt Her. I know not whether thou haſt heard, of the Famous *Conſpiracy* of *Tiepoli*; who not content with the Life and Eſtate of a *Private Gentleman*, ſought to render himſelf *Sovereign* of *Venice*. And, to this End, inſinuated into the Affections of many Thouſands of the Citizens; whom he kept in conſtant Penſion for above Nine Years together, under the Notion of aſſiſting him, to revenge certain Injuries he had receiv'd from a *Roman* Gentleman. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they ſhould hear the Name *Tiepoli* utter'd aloud, and often repeated.

But, when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Deſigns in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets, an Old Woman made ſuch Haſte to look out at her Chamber-Window, to ſee what was the Occaſion of the Tumult, that ſhe threw down an Earthen Veſſel; which falling directly on the Head of *Tiepoli*, Kill'd him, and ſo put an End to the *Rebellion*. For which happy Accident, the *Senate* ſetled a Yearly Penſion of a Thouſand *Zechins*, on the Old Woman during her Life, and the ſame to be paid

to

to her Heirs and Poſterity for ever.

Send me no *Diſpatches*, till thou haſt receiv'd another Letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER V.

To Mahummed, Hadgia, Derviſe, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Prophetick Cave, *in* Arabia *the* Happy.

THE *Franks* (who are more ready to find Faults in others, than to amend their own) cenſure the *Muſſulmans*, for extending their Charity to Beaſts, Birds and Fiſhes. They laugh at the Alms we beſtow to feed Dogs, Cats and other Living Creatures; and ridicule the Tenderneſs of ſuch, as go into the Markets, and buy the Birds that are there ſold, on Purpoſe to reſtore them to their Native Liberty. They ſay, 'tis a ſufficient Demonſtration of Piety, to relieve the Neceſſities of Men; and, that it is but a Fruitleſs Hypocriſy, to ſhew Kindneſs to the Brutes, who, in their Opinion, have neither Souls nor Reaſon, and conſequently are Inſenſible of our Good Offices toward them.

Theſe

Theſe are the Charges of *Weſtern* Raillery, the Scoffs of the Obdurate, with which they load the Generous *Orientals*, the Hearts transfix'd with Univerſal Dove. What would they ſay, if they had heard of thy Heroick Piety, who not only affordeſt Protection and Relief to thoſe Creatures whereof we have no Need, but even abſtaineſt from the Fleſh of all Animals, though the *Prophet* himſelf has indulg'd us the Uſe of ſome for our Neceſſary Food, and with out wich many plead, that we cannot ſuſtain Life? Oh! excellent Man, born for the Reproof and Light of the Age, how is the Soul of our *Great Law-giver* exhilarated, when he beholds thy Innocent and Unblemiſh'd Life? The *Treaſury* of *Heaven*, is enrich'd with thy *Good Works*, the Fertile Harveſt of Vertues, the Firſt-Fruits of the Purity of thy Nature! From thy firſt Deſcent into that *Holy Cave*, the *Angels* who Regiſter the Words of Men, never heard thee utter a Syllable that could be reprehended. Thy Thoughts raviſh the Heart of *God* himſelf with Joy. The *Univerſal Spirit* full of Eyes, *Watcher* of the *Univerſe*, would fall Aſleep, were it not Rowz'd by the ſtrong Vibrations of thy ſublime Soul. Thy Contemplations, are Themes for the *College* of thoſe, who were Aſſiſtant in Forming of All Things. Were it not for ſuch as thee, the *Angel* of the *Firſt Motion*, would ceaſe to Whirl the *Globes* of *Light* through the *Heavens*: The Orbs Above would grow *Ruſty*, and all the *Wheels* and *Springs* of *Nature*,

ture, would *ſtand ſtill*. Oh Elect *Idea*, before whoſe Purify'd *Eſſence*, the Sun himſelf appears full of Blemiſhes! Humane Wit cannot find thy Equal on Earth: Thou art the *Impreſs* on the *SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*, the *Soul* of the *Soul* of *Mahomet!*

In thus celebrating thy High Perfections, if I have offended thy Modeſty, thou haſt the Goodneſs to aſcribe it to the Exceſs of my Affection, which carries me beyond Human Regards. I would fain be an Imitator of thy Incorrupt Life. For, let the *Chriſtians* ſay what they pleaſe, I will ever eſteem *Abſtinence* a *Divine Virtue*. I have conſulted the *Sages* of *Old*, that I might learn what was the Practice of Former Times, whilſt *Human Nature* was yet in its *Infancy*, before the Manners of Men were Debauch'd. I have purſued the Select Writings of the *Ancients*, the Records of Truth, and void of Fables. And, believing that ſuch *Memoirs* will not be-unwelcome to thee, I preſume to lay them at thy Feet, as a Mark of that Profound Veneration, I owe to the *Tenant* of the *Darling* of *God*.

Theſe *Hiſtorians* ſay, That the Firſt Inhabitants of the Earth, for above Two Thouſand Years, liv'd altogether on the *Vegetable Products*; of which they Offer'd the *Firſt-Fruits* to *God*: It being eſteem'd an Inexpiable Wickedneſs, to ſhed the *Blood* of any *Animal*, though it were in *Sacrifice*, much more to Eat of their Fleſh. To this End, they

they relate the Firſt Slaughter of a *Bull*, to have been made at *Athens*, on this Occaſion. The *Prieſt* of the *Town*, whoſe Name was *Diomus*, as he was making the Accuſtomed *Oblation* of *Fruits* on an *Altar* in the *Open Field*, (for, as yet they had no *Temples*) a *Bull* came running from the Herd, which was grazing hard by, and eat of the Conſecrated Herbage. Upon which *Diomus* the *Prieſt*, mov'd with Zeal at the Reputed *Sacrilege*, and ſnatching a Sword from one of thoſe that were preſent, kill'd the *Bull*. But, when his Paſſion was over, and he conſidered, what a heinous Crime he had committed; fearing alſo the Rage of the People, he perſuaded them, That a *God* had appear'd to him, and commanded him to Offer that *Bull* in *Sacrifice*, by Burning his Fleſh with Fire on the *Altar*, as an Atonement for his devouring the *Conſecrated* Fruits. The Devout Multitude, acquieſc'd to the Words of their *Prieſt*, as to an *Oracle*. And, the *Bull* being flea'd and Fire laid on the *Altar*, they all aſſiſted at the New *Sacrifice*. From which Time, the *Cuſtom* was Yearly obſerv'd among the *Athenians*, to *Sacrifice* a Bull. And by them, this Method of *Religious Cruelty*, was taught not only to all *Greece*, but to the Reſt of the World. In proceſs of Time, a certain *Prieſt*, in the Midſt of his Bloody *Sacrifice*, taking up a Piece of the Broiled Fleſh which had fall'n from the *Altar* on the Ground, and burning his Fingers therewith, ſuddenly clapt them to his Mouth, to mitigate the Pain. But

when,

When he had once taſted the Sweetneſs of the Fat, not only long'd for more of it, but gave a Piece to his Aſſiſtant, and he to others: Who all pleaſed with the new-found Dainties, fell to Eating of Fleſh greedily. And hence this *Species* of *Gluttony*, was taught to other *Mortals*. Neither is it Material, what the *Hebrew Doctors* object againſt theſe Teſtimonies, when they introduce the Son of *Adam*, *Sacrificing* Living Creatures, in the *Infancy* of the *World*; ſince, thou knoweſt, many Errors are Inſerted in the *Written Law*, from whence they take this Story.

They ſay alſo, That the Firſt *Goat* that fell by the Hands of Men, was killed in Revenge for the Injuries it had done the Owner of a Vineyard, in browſing on his Vines; ſuch an Impious Deed, having never been heard of before.

This is certain, That the *Egyptians*, the Wiſeſt and moſt Ancient People in the World, having receiv'd from the Firſt Inhabitants of the Earth a *Tradition*, forbidding Men *To Kill any Living Creature*; to give the greater Force to this *Primitive Law* of *Nature*, they Form'd the *Images* of their *Gods*, in the *Similitude* of *Beaſts*: That ſo the Vulgar, ſtruck with Reverence at the *Sacred Symbols*, might learn to abſtain from *Killing*, or ſo much as *Hurting* the *Dumb Animals*; under whoſe *Forms*, they Repreſented whatſoever among them was eſteemed Adorable.

Yet, leſt any in his Life-Time, ſhould by Accident, or otherwiſe, have tranſgreſs'd the

Law

Law of *Abſtinence*, they uſed a kind of *Expiation* for the *Dead*, after this Manner. The *Prieſts* took the Bowels out of the Belly of the Deceaſed, and putting them in an Earthen Veſſel, they held it towards the Sun; and calling Witneſſes, they made the following *Speech*, in Behalf of the *Dead*: "O thou "*Sun*, whoſe *Empire* is *Univerſal*, and all ye "Other *Powers*, who give *Life* to *Men*, re- "ceive me into the Society of the *Immortal* "*Gods*. For, ſo long as I lived in this World, "I Religiouſly perſevered in the *Worſhip* of "thoſe *Deities*, which were made known to "me by my *Anceſtors*. I always *Honour'd* my "*Parents*, who begat my *Body*. I never *Kill'd* "any *Man* or *Beaſt*, nor have been Guilty "of any Black Crime. But, if whilſt I liv'd "I have treſpaſs'd, in *Taſting* any of thoſe "*Things* which are *Forbidden*; it was not my "Sin, but the Fault of theſe Entrals, which "are here ſeparated from the reſt of my Body. And having ſaid this, they caſt the Veſſel into the River, on the Banks of which, the *Ceremony* was perform'd; Embalming the Reſt of the Body, as Pure and free from Sin.

After the ſame Manner, the *Perſian Magi*, or *Wiſe Men*, practiſed *Abſtinence*. And, to imprint in their *Diſciples*, a Tenderneſs and Friendſhip toward the *Beaſts*, they called them, according to their different Stations, either Lyons, Hyæna's, Crows, Eagles, Hawks, *&c.* And, their *Garments* were *Painted* all over, with the Various *Figures* of *Animals*;

Animals; thereby insinuating, the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*; and inculcating this *Mystery*, *That the Spirit of Man, enters successively into all Sorts of Bodies:* Which, thou knowest, is not remote from the *Faith* of *True Believers.*

It would not be amiss, as a Testimony of the Practice of the *Ancients*, to insert a Memorable *Address*, which the *Reformed Priests* of *Crete*, were wont to make before the *Altar* of *Jupiter.* "O *Divine Governour* of the *Hun-*
"*dred Cities*, we have led a Holy Life, from
"the Time that we were Initiated in thy
"*Mysteries*, and forsook the *Nocturnal Rites*,
"and *Bloody Feasts* of *Bacchus:* We are now
"Purified, and Cloth our selves in *White*
"*Vestments*, the *Emblems* of our *Innocence:*
"We shun the Society of Polluted Mortals;
"neither approach we to the *Sepulchres*
"of the *Dead*, nor *Taste* of the *Flesh* of
"any *Thing*, which has been endued with
"*Life.*

Such also was of Old, and to this Day is, the *Abstinence* of the *Indians*; among whom the *Brachmans* perform the Office of *Priesthood.* These, the Ancient *Grecians* called *Gymnosophists.* They are all of one *Race*, neither will they admit a Stranger into their *Order.* They live for the most Part near to *Ganges*, or some other River, for the Sake of their frequent *Purifications.* Their Diet consists, of Milk Curdl'd with sowre Herbs. They feed also on Apples, Rice, and other Fruits of the Earth; esteeming it the Height

Height of Impiery, to taſte of any Thing that has Life. They live in little Hutts or Cottages, every one by himſelf, avoiding Company and Diſcourſe; employing all their Time in Contemplation, and the Service of the *Temple*. They eſteem this Life, but a Neceſſary Diſpenſation of *Nature*, which they Voluntarily undergo as a Penance; ardently thirſting, after the Diſſolution of their Bodies; and firmly believing, That the *Soul* by Death, is releaſed from its Priſon, and launches forth into Immenſe Liberty and Happineſs. Therefore they are always chearfully diſpoſed to Die, bewailing thoſe that are Alive, and Celebrating the Funerals of the Dead, with joyful Solemnities and Triumphs. Among their Good Works, it is accounted an Act of great Reputation and Vertue, to build *Hoſpitals* for *Beaſts* as well as *Men*: And, in every City, there are great Numbers of ſuch, as ſpend all their Life, in tending on Sick and Wounded Animals, or ſuch as have no Suſtenance elſewhere. And, this is no *Novel Inſtitution*, but deliver'd down to them by *Tradition*, from Immemorable Ages.

The *Precepts* alſo of *Triptolemus* and *Draco*, the moſt Ancient *Lawgivers* of the *Athenians*, are a Teſtimony of the Innocence and Sincerity of the *Firſt Age*: For, they comprehended all the whole *Syſtem* of *Piety* and *Vertue*, in Practiſing theſe few Rules:

"Let it be an Eternal Sanction to the *A-*
"*thenians*, To Adore the *Immortal Gods*:
"To Reverence the Departed *Heroes*; to
"Celebrate

"Celebrate their Praiſes with Songs, and the "*Firſt-Fruits* of the *Earth*; To *Honour* "their *Parents*; and neither to *Kill Man* or "*Beaſt*.

I could relate to thee, Examples of *Abſtinence* in the Ancient *Lacedæmonians*, *Spartans*, *Jews*, and almoſt all *Nations* of the *Eaſt*: Nor are there wanting ſome Teſtimonies of it, in theſe *Weſtern* Parts. This Kingdom of *France*, was in *Old Times* Inſtructed by a Kind of *Prophets* or *Philoſophers*, whom they call'd *Druids*; who took up their Uſual Reſidence under *Oaks*. Theſe taught, the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls*; and therefore, preſcrib'd *Abſtinence* from *Fleſh*; and ſhew'd to Men, the Method of Worſhipping *God* with the *Firſt-Fruits* of the *Earth*. From hence they ſail'd over into *Britain*, and planted themſelves in that *Iſland*, propagating the ſame *Doctrines*; and were reverenc'd by the People, as *Sacred Oracles*.

By all which it is Evident, That the tender Regard which the *True Faithful* have for the *Brutes*, is no *Innovation*, or ſingular *Caprice* of *Superſtition*, but the *Primitive Practice* of the *Ancients*, the *Univerſal Tradition* of the *Whole Earth*. Nay, the *Eaſtern Chriſtians*, for the moſt Part, live an Abſtemious Life; ſuch as the *Grecians*, *Armenians*, *Georgians*, *Mingrelians*, and others that are ſcatter'd up and down in divers Parts of *Aſia*. Theſe following the *Examples* and *Traditions* of the *Apoſtles* and *Primitive Fathers* of their *Churches*, either taſte not at all, or very ſ-

ri-y,

ringly, the *Fleſh* of *Beaſts*, *Birds* and *Fiſhes*. But, the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, boaſt of I know not what Liberty they have, to Eat, without Scruple, of all Things; having the Diſpenſation of the *Roman Mufti*, whom they call the *Vicar* of *God*. Hence it is, that theſe *Religious Libertines*, are not afraid to gorge themſelves, even with the *Blood* of *Slaughter'd Beaſts*, which their own *Law* forbids 'em to taſte. And they prop themſelves up in their Impiety, by ſaying, That the *Pope* has Power, to Change the *Traditions* and *Ordinances* of the *Apoſtles*, and even of *Jeſus* the *Meſſiah* himſelf. Hence proceeds their Deriſion of thoſe, who ſhew any Tenderneſs to the *Brutes*; for, they are harden'd in their Gluttonous Cruelty, and are but one Remove, from the moſt *Salvage Cannibals*.

But thou, *Holy Man* of *God*, pity theſe *Infidels*, and pray that *Mahmut*, may be a ſincere *Diſciple* of thy *Purity*.

Paris *the* 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am return'd to my former Lodging again, the Caſe of *Eliachim*, being not ſo bad as my Fears. The Occaſion of his Confinement, were certain Words he ſpoke againſt the Proceedings of *Cardinal Mazarini* and the *Court*, in Company of ſuch as were Officious to oblige that *Miniſter*. This was done at St. *Denis*, not far from *Paris*; where they immediately cauſed him to be taken into Cuſtody by the King's *Guards*, who quarter'd in that Town. It has coſt him a conſiderable Sum of Mony, to purchaſe his Liberty; which he now enjoys, as before. I had other Thoughts, when I firſt heard the News of his being ſeized; and that it was, for ſome Seditious Expreſſions: For then I call'd to Mind, how he had Acted laſt Year by my Order, during the *Tumults* of *Paris*; and concluded, That ſome Unlucky Accident had now betray'd him. Which if it were ſo, would infallibly bring me into the ſame Danger. This made me ſo ſuddenly change my Habitation, and put a ſtop to the *Diſpatches* of the *Sublime Port*. I thought no Caution too much, to preſerve the Affairs of my *Commiſſion* Indemnified; and, that it were better to offend, in being too Wary, than too Secure. If I have taken wrong Meaſures

Meaſures in thus abſconding, 'tis for want of fuller Inſtruction from my *Superiors*. I wiſh they would honour me with Particular Rules, in Caſe of ſuch Emergences: Then I ſhould ſteer my Courſe, without running the Hazard of Rocks and Sands. I have often deſir'd to know, whether, if I were diſcover'd, *I* ſhould own my ſelf an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*. But none of the *Miniſters* have vouchſafed to direct me in this Point: Whereby, I may commit an irreparable Miſtake, if ſuch a Thing ſhould happen.

Adonai the *Jew*, informs me of an Attempt lately made to rob the *Treaſury* of *Venice*; which, according to his Deſcription, is very Rich and Magnificent. He ſays, there are Twelve *Crowns* of pure Gold, and an equal Number of Breaſt-plates of the ſame Metal, ſet with all ſorts of precious Stones of Ineſtimable Value: A Hundred Veſſels of Agat: Threeſcore *Services* for the *Altar*, all of pure Gold, enrich'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Emralds, and other Stones of Price. There is alſo an *Unicorn's* Horn, above the Purchaſe of Money. There are Fourteen Unpoliſh'd Pearls, as large as a Man's Fiſt. The *Ducal* Cap, is valued at a Hundred Thouſand *Zechins*: With many other Rareties and Coſtly Ornaments, too tedious to be inſerted in a Letter.

Certainly, ſo much Wealth, was never deſtin'd to fall into the Hands of Little Private *Thieves*: It is a Booty, fit for *Kings* and great *Generals*, the Licens'd *Banditi* of the

Earth. So many Glittering Jewels, would tempt the Honeſty of an *Angel*: And, he would be glad to adorn the Apartments of his *Heaven*, with theſe Radiant Drops of the Sun which he ſees on Earth.

I have met with ſome pretty Relations of the Boldneſs of *Robbers*, but none that ever match'd the Bravery of this Enterprize; which was no leſs, than to Rob one of the moſt Potent *States* in the World, of her Chiefeſt Treaſure.

He wanted not for Impudence, who, when the *Emperour Charles* V. was removing his *Court*, and all the *Officers* were buſy in packing up the Goods, enter'd the Chamber where the *Emperour* was; and having made his Obeiſance, fell roundly to pulling down the rich Hangings of *Tiſſue*, which by the Help of his Confederates, he carried away, with Abundance of Plate: No body ever ſuſpecting, but that he was one of the *Emperour*'s Servants, till the Perſon came, whoſe Office it was to remove thoſe Goods, and then the other was known to be a Thief.

I have heard of a *Spaniard*, who, on a Great *Feſtival*, when the *Prieſts* had finiſh'd the *Service* of the *Altar*, and were retir'd to their Lodgings, went very boldly and took the Golden Veſſels off the *Altar*, and carry'd them away under his Cloak, as though he had been the *Steward* of that *Church*, no Body ſuſpecting any other.

I kiſs the Hem of thy Veſt, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, and pray, that thou may'ſt monopolize

polize the Choiceſt Bleſſings of *Heaven*, and have thy Share of the Riches of the Earth, without Danger of loſing them to Great or Small *Thieves*.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

NOW thou may'ſt continue thy *Diſpatches* as before. Our Fears are vaniſh'd: *Eliachim* is relea'd, and all Things are in Safety. Thou haſt no Reaſon to tax me with Timorouſneſs, in ſo abruptly forſaking my Habitation, on the bare Foreſight of far-fetch'd Poſſibilities; when thou ſhalt conſider, that there is no arming againſt Contingencies in the Moment they arrive, and that he who truſts all Things to *Chance*, makes a Lottery of his Life, wherein, for One Happy Event, he ſhall meet with Ten Unlucky Ones. To what Uſe ſerves that *Apprehenſive Faculty*, which *Nature* has poſted as the *Corps du Guard* of our Lives and Fortunes, allowing it the Senſes for Scouts and Sentinels? To what End, I ſay, ſerves this *Watchful Faculty*, but to take the Alarm at

doubtful Emergencies; to rouze our Caution, that ſo we may make Proviſion, and be in a Poſture of Defence, againſt whatſoever may happen?

News came, that *Eliachim* was ſeiz'd, for Seditious Words againſt the Government. I was conſcious, that both he and I, had been Guilty of more than bare Words in that Kind. Therefore, what had happen'd to him, I look'd upon as due to my ſelf alſo; and, that my Confinement would ſoon follow, if I took not ſpeedy Care to prevent it, by ſeaſonably abſconding. This was the Reaſon of my ſudden Departure, which cannot juſtly be aſcrib'd to Cowardiſe, ſince 'twas the Effect of Common Prudence.

Now I'm return'd to my Old *Lodging* again, where the Joy they are in for the Birth of a Son, will not give them Leiſure to reflect on my Affairs: So that I am receiv'd by my *Hoſt*, without the leaſt Jealouſie or ſuſpicious Animadverſions. Brim-full of Mirth and Jovial Thoughts, the Good Man Compliments me, and proclaims his better Fortune: Invites me to ſit down with his Friends, and partake of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This thou knoweſt, is the Cuſtom of the whole Earth, at the Birth of Mortals. They make merry over one, that is born to the ſame Miſeries as themſelves; who, the firſt Moment he draws the *Breath* of *Life*, is enrolled in the *Regiſter* of *Death*; and from the *Womb*, makes ſwift and direct Advances to the *Grave*.

However, I ſat down with the Reſt, to comply

comply with the exhilarated Humour of my *Hoſt*. I eat, I drank, and ſeem'd Merry with the Company. Yet, at the ſame Time, I could not but nauſeate my Entertainment, and diſdain the extravagant Profuſion of Spirit, which appear'd in every one of this vain Aſſembly. They all talk'd eagerly; and, one Man's Words, drown'd thoſe of another: Whilſt an Univerſal Laughter, confounded the Senſe of all. Then I prais'd in my ſelf, the Modeſty and Order obſerv'd in our *Eaſtern* Banquets and Feaſts, where no uncomely Geſtures or Actions, eſcape the well-natur'd Gueſts; no loud talking or braying like Aſſes, but every one ſtrives to ſuppreſs the Motions and Appearances of a too forward and indulgent Mirth, and contain themſelves within the Bounds of a decent and civil Reſerve. Such were the Feaſts inſtituted by *Lycurgus*, among the Ancient *Lacedæmonians*; where, ſuch as were Friends and Acquaintance, met together and refreſh'd themſelves, without Riot and Luxury. They convers'd together interchangeably, after the Manner of *Philoſophers*, or Men of the *Law*: Diſcourſing ſoberly either of *Natural* Things, or *Civil* Affairs: Mixing facetious and witty Jeſts, with their more ſerious Talk, without Clamour, Scurrility or giving any Offence. But, theſe *Weſtern* People, think themſelves not Merry till they are Drunk, nor Witty unleſs they be Rude. They play a Thouſand Wanton Tricks, like Apes; and, the greateſt Buffoon is the beſt Company.

Wherefore, ſick to ſee Men ſo much degenerate from themſelves, I made my Excuſes, and retir'd to my Chamber, where I preſently ſet Pen to Paper, to give thee an Account of my Return.

If thou continueſt thy former Reſolution, of following the *Dictates* of *Reaſon*, in *Matters* of *Religion*, thou wilt quickly find, that thy *Rabbi's* have taught thee to believe in *Fables*, which accord neither with *Reaſon*, nor *Common Sence*. Follow the beſt Guide, and be Happy.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VIII.

To Adonai, *a* Jew *at* Venice.

THY Pen is now free again: Write as ſoon and as often as thou wilt; our Fears are diſſipated, and all goes well. If thou canſt inform me of any more Remarkable Paſſages and Adventures, ſpare not to oblige me with frequent Letters. And to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a Story, which is Recorded in the *Hiſtories* of *Nap'es*.

In former Times, there was a *Statue* of *Marble*, ſtanding on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this *Inſcription* on the *Head*, which was of *Braſs*, ON MAY-DAY AT SUN-

SUN-RISING, I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No Man in all thoſe Parts could be found, who was able to unriddle this Myſterious Expreſſion; and therefore, it was not regarded for many Ages. But at length, in the Reign of a certain *Prince*, there was a *Saracen*, who having ſeen and conſider'd the *Statue*, with the *Inſcription*, propos'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The *Prince* hearing of this, and being greedy of the Novelty, ſent for the *Saracen*; and bargain'd with him for a Thouſand Crowns, to unfold this Riddle. He waited till *May-Day* came, and watching the *Image* that Morning Early, he obſerv'd the Place where the *Head* caſt its Shadow juſt as the Sun roſe. There he order'd certain Men to dig: Which when they had done, and were got pretty deep in the Earth, they encounter'd a Prodigious Treaſure of Silver, Gold, and Jewels. With which the *Prince* was ſo well ſatisfy'd, that he doubl'd the *Saracens* Reward, and ſent him Home into his own Country, laden with rich preſents. Doubtleſs, there is much Wealth bury'd by Men in the Earth. For, in Former Times, they were of Opinion, That if they ſhould die ſuddainly, in the Wars or otherwiſe, ſuch Riches as they had hidden in the Earth, would ſerve them in the *Other World*. And this is the Practice of the *Indians* to this Day; as my Brother informs me, who has been among them.

Strange Blindneſs! that Men ſhould think the *Immortal Soul*, needed the Aſſiſtance of

Silver, Gold, or any Material Subſtance, after ſhe her ſelf is diveſted of the *Body*, and become a *Naked Spirit*.

Let thou and I have a Nobler *Idea* of our Selves, than to phancy we ſhall be in Want of the Glittering Droſs, in that *Inviſible State*, whither we are all haſtening. There are no *Mony Changers* in that *World* of *Spirits*. If thou haſt Superfluity, hide it not in the Earth, but give it to the Poor, and thou ſhalt receive it again, transform'd into a Subſtance more refin'd and radiant than the Stars.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Chief Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Inteſtine Quarrels* of the *French*, ſeem to be like thoſe of *Lovers*; whoſe Cholerick Intervals, ſerve but to give a new Edge to the Returns of their Affection. As if *One* of theſe *Paſſions*, was made to whet the *Other*, and make it more ſprightly: Or, as if Love would grow dull and feculent, were it not ſometimes rowz'd and fermented by *Anger*.

But,

But, I believe, there is a greater Myſtery in the Reconciliation between the *French Court* and the *Parliament* of *Paris*. Some Ends of Policy, have haſten'd both *Parties* to clap up a *Peace*, while the ſecret Rancor remains unpurg'd.

Perhaps the Union of ſo many *Princes* and *Nobles* with the *Parliament*, might incline the *Queen* to milder Counſels than her own *Spaniſh Genius*. Beſides, the Conjunction of the other *Parliaments* of the *Kingdom*, the Revolt of *Normandy*, *Gaſcoigne* and *Provence*, with many Eminent Cities, were very prevailing Motives. But, that which was of greateſt Force, was the want of Money and Men to carry on the War, which could not be rais'd without vaſt Difficulty, during theſe Publick Alienations.

Whatever were the Inducements, a *Peace* was concluded about the latter End of the Third *Moon*, at a Place call'd *Ruel*, not far from *Paris*, where the King has a *Houſe* of *Pleaſure*, ſeated in the Midſt of a little *Paradiſe*. In one of my Letters to the *Kaimacham*, I formerly deſcrib'd the King's *Houſe* and *Garden*, at St. *German en Lay*. This is but a little *Chioſc* or Bower in Compariſon of that Stately *Palace*. Yet what is wanting in the Grandeur of the Fabrick, is ſupply'd in its elegant Contrivance, and the Richneſs of its Ornaments. And, as for the *Garden*, it comes not far ſhort of the other; there being in it all Manner of Curious Water-works, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and whatſoe-

ver the Ingenuity of theſe *Weſtern* Artiſts could ſuggeſt, as proper to render this Place agreeable to the Melancholy Humour of the late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, to whom it belong'd during her Life.

When you enter this delicious *Eden*, your Eyes and Ears are preſently deceiv'd by the Counterfeit Notes and Motions of all kinds of Birds, which perpetually Sing, as the Water tunes their Throats. A little farther, you ſee ſeveral old Gentile Statues, adorning Two Fountains: And, among the reſt, a *Crocodile*, big as the Life; who by the Harmony he makes, ſeems to have a Conſort of Muſick in his Belly, as Regular and Sweet, as that of the *Italian* Society at *Conſtantinople*, which thou haſt often heard.

As we depart from this, full of Complacency and Admiration at the Exquiſite Imitation of *Nature* in theſe Contrivances, we fall inſenſibly into a Place exactly like what the *Poets* deſcribe when they ſpeak of *Elyſium*. It is a Grove, the Tops of whoſe Trees are ſo thick interwoven, that the Sun appears no otherwiſe through them, than as if he were behind a Cloud or in an *Eclipſe*. So that the Darkneſs of this Place and ſolemn Murmur the Winds make on high among the Tops of the Trees, fills it with a Kind of *Sacred* Horror. Which has often made me think this *Wilderneſs*, ſomething like that which *Hiſtorians* deſcribe, when they ſpeak of the *Avenues* to the *Temple* of *Jupiter Ammon* in *Egypt*. For, in the very Center of this *Grove*, ſtands

ſtands the *Houſe*. A Place, one would think fitter for a *Convent* than a *Prince's Court*. At beſt, it appears but like a *Royal Hermitage*, a *Cell* conſecrated to *Kingly Melancholy*.

I could not forbear making this Digreſſion, when I mention'd *Ruel* to be the Place where the *Peace* was concluded, between the *Court* and the *Parliament*. This *Encomium*, is a Tribute which I ow'd, for the Satisfaction and Pleaſure I have often receiv'd in this Retirement. Beſides, I thought an *Idea* of ſuch a *Garden*, would not be unwelcome to thee, who art a Lover of *Solitude*.

The *Coadjuter* of *Paris*, who is an *Archbiſhop*, is highly affronted, that this *Peace* was concluded without him, who had a chief Hand in beginning the War. He labours to inflame the People again, and reduce all to the old Confuſion, being an irreconcilable Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*. So that we expect another Inſurrection in a ſhort time: For the *French* cannot be long Idle.

Happy *Miniſter*, I leave thee under the Wings of that *Spirit* which guards the *Elect*, and bid thee Farewel.

Paris, *15th. of the 4th. Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I tell thee, I mourn for the Death of our Friend *Egry Boinou*, whom thou ſayeſt, a *Fever* ſnatch'd from us the Firſt Day of the *Moon Regib?* That *Fever*, it ſeems, was the Effect of his Continual and exceſſive Grief for the Loſs of his Eyes; ſo that we may ſay, he has been dying ever ſince the Hour that Fatal *Sentence* was put in Execution. And, ſhall we grudge our Friend a Releaſe from ſo lingring a Death? At beſt, it was but the *Winter* of Life, wrapt up in Clouds and Darkneſs: Now like the *Serpent*, he has caſt his Slough, lifts up his Head with new Vigour, ſports himſelf in the Meadows of *Paradiſe*, and basks in the Warmth of an Eternal *Spring*.

'Twill not therefore be a Mark of our Affection to him, but only a Diſcovery of our Self-love, to condole the Occaſion of His Happineſs, becauſe it has leſſen'd Ours, by robbing us of his beloved Company and Friendſhip. Beſides, we know not, but that he may ſtill continue to be our Friend, even in that *Inviſible State*; and either manage our Intereſts *Above*, or at leaſt protect us from Dangers here *Below*. We are ignorant of the *Laws* and *Conſtitutions* of that *King-*

dom

dom of *Spirits*; and, for ought we know, the Souls of Juſt Men after Death, may become the *Tutelar Genii*, or *Guardian Angels* of their Surviving Friends and Relations. Let it be how it will, doubtleſs *Egry* is Immortal and Happy; and, 'twill be Envy in us, to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the Time of his Deceaſe, as the Day of his Nativity; and leave *Mourning*, to the Crowd of Mortals, who do a Thouſand Things, without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the Steps of their Fathers, never examining, whether they be Right or Wrong: Cuſtom and Education have almoſt baniſh'd Reaſon from the Earth. Is it not a pleaſant Spectacle, to ſee the Kindred of an Old Rich *Miſer* (for whoſe Death they had long waited, like *Harpies* for their Prey) now flock about his Lifeleſs Carcaſe, howling out a Thouſand forc'd Lamentations; whilſt in the mean Time, their Blood dances in their Veins for Joy? Yet however, this carries a Shew of Civiliz'd Manners, and is better than the Barbarous Cuſtom of the *Scythians* and *Maſſagetes*, who when their Old Men grew Uſeleſs or Troubleſom, were wont to Sacrifice them, and make a Banquet with their Fleſh; or the *Thebarenes*, who threw their Aged Friends alive down Precipices. Theſe were Salvages: But, much more ſo were the *Hircanians* and *Bactrians*, who caſt their Aged Parents yet living, to be devour'd by Dogs: Which Inhumanity when *Stafanor*, the *Deputy* of *Alexander* the *Great*, endeavour'd

vour'd to ſuppreſs, they had like to have Depos'd him from the *Government*: So prevalent is the Force of a Received Cuſtom, on the Minds of the Unthinking Herd.

Let thou and I therefore, not ſupinely take up with Common Practices; but, like Men of Reaſon, let us adjuſt the Laſt Offices we owe to our Friend, whilſt we pour forth ſome Devout *Oraiſons* for the Health of his Soul, without diſturbing his and our own Repoſe, with fruitleſs Lamentations. And, ſince we are bereaved of his Society on Earth, let us prepare to follow him, and render our ſelves agreeable Company at our next Rendezvous in *Heaven*.

It was an Unjuſtifiable Rigour in *Sultan Ibrahim*, to deprive him of his Eyes, becauſe he had only caſt 'em unhappily on one of the *Sultana's*, as ſhe enter'd the Garden. This Jealouſy, is the peculiar Vice of the *Eaſt*. Yet they are more ſevere in *Perſia*, where 'tis preſent Death, to be within Two Leagues of the *King*'s Women, when they travel the Road. But, I never knew, that *Eunuchs* were thus puniſh'd. Or, is there ſuch a Difference between a *White* and a *Black Eunuch*, That the *One* deſerves to loſe his Eyes for beholding that by Chance, which the *Other* is honourably rewarded for having Acceſs to, and ſeldom being out of their Sight?

This was the worſt Puniſhment that *Seleucus*, the *Law-Giver* of the *Locrians*, impos'd on them that were Actually caught in Adultery. Which puts me in Mind of a Notable

table Inſtance of this Man's Juſtice: For, when his own Son, was accus'd, and prov'd Guilty of this Crime; at once to ſhew the *Tenderneſs* of a *Father*, and the Incorruptible *Severity* of a *Judge*, he firſt caus'd One of his own Eyes to be put out, and then One of his Sons: Thus taking on himſelf, *Half* the Penalty; that ſo, the *Law* might be ſatisfy'd, in the *Whole*, and yet his Son not be Totally depriv'd of his Sight.

Thou telleſt me no News of our Armies, nor what Alterations have been made amongſt the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, ſince the Death of *Sultan Ibrahim*. We have various Reports here; and ſome ſay, that the New *Vizir Azem* will be no long-liv'd Man. I deſire thee, to write often to me, and ſend me what Intelligence thou can'ſt.

Let nothing ſlip the Knot, which has faſten'd us ſo many Years together, in an entire Friendſhip: But, let us carry that *Magnet* with us to our Graves; that, at what Diſtance ſoever we may be buried, our *Souls* may, by the Force of that Attractive, find one another out, and converſe together, in that *Region* of *Silence* and *Shadows*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Captain Baſſa.

I Know not where this Letter will find thee; on the Shore, or at Sea. If thou art in the *Watry Wilderneſs*, I have no Art to trace thee. There are no certain Roads in that *Inconſtant* Element. It is a mighty Plain, without Path or Track. And though there be certain Stages in it, yet thy Arrival at them, is tim'd at the Pleaſure of the Winds and Waves, which will not obey even the *Orders* thou haſt received from the *Grand Signior*, *Lord* of the *Four Seas*. Perhaps, thou art in purſuit of ſome *Venetian* Ships, or other *Chriſtian* Veſſels, the *Corſairs* of the *Mediterranean*. Or, thou mayſt be Careening thy Fleet, in the ſecurer Retreats of the *Archipelago*. Thou may'ſt be within a Minute of a Wreck, or juſt entring a Harbour. Where-ever thou art, may *Heaven* preſerve thee from the Dangers, which always threaten ſuch, as truſt their Lives to a Piece of Wood: For, there will be great Need of thee, if our Intelligence be true in theſe *Parts*.

It is reported here, That the *Coſſacks*, *Circaſſians*, *Mingrelians*, and other *People* who Border on the *Black Sea*, and Obey not the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*, are entred into a *League* againſt the *Bleſſed Port*, and have covered thoſe Seas with a Mighty Fleet; while

while the *Prince* of *Georgia*, ruſhes down from his Mountains, with an Army of Forty Thouſand *Armenians*, *Perſians*, and Borderers of *Mount Caucaſus*: That the Former have taken a Thouſand of our Trading *Saicks*, and are advanc'd as far as the *Ferry* of the *Bull*, which thou knoweſt, is but Six Hours Sail from the *Imperial* City: That the Latter, have made Incurſions into the *Territories* of the *Grand Seignior*; put all to the Sword who reſiſted 'em, as they march'd along; burnt and laid waſte the Country: And, that all the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, flock to them, threatning an Univerſal Defection from the *Ottoman Empire*.

As to the Truth of theſe Reports, I can aſcertain Nothing; but am inclin'd to believe, the *Coſſacks* are troubleſome at Sea, and that they may have drawn ſome of their Neighbours into a *League*, thoſe *Pilfering Nations*, who live by Rapine and Spoil, on *both* Elements. Our ſmall Veſſels trading on the *Black Sea*, full of Riches and empty of Arms, muſt needs be a Temptation to thoſe *Pirates*, who are the moſt dextrous at a Robbery, and the boldeſt Fellows in the World. The *Merchants* of theſe *Parts*, who have had ſome Traffick at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the Banks of the *Black Sea*, give a frightful Deſcription of thoſe Tempeſtuous Waters, and no Good Character of the *People* that Border on them. The *Coſſacks*, they ſay, are Valiant and Mercenary; the *Circaſſians* Hardy and Bold; the *Mingrelians* Sly and Crafty;

and

and the *Georgians*, of an *Aſtral* Complexion, capable of all Vertues and Vices. The *Firſt* ſeldom act, unleſs encourag'd by the *King* of *Poland*, or the *Czar* of *Moſcovy*; and then they are content with their Pay, and the Lawful Plunder of War. The *Second* are never Idle, when there is hope of Prey, whether they fight their own Cauſe, or are employ'd by others; and fear neither Hunger, Cold, nor any other Extremity, for the Sake of a Prize. The *Third* are Good at a Stratagem, and would ſteal a Man's Teeth out of his Gums, if he be not wary; Great Cowards, yet deſperate in their own Defence, when they ſee no *Medium* between Fighting and Death. As for the *Fourth*, they ſeem to be a kind of Mungrels, a Medly Race, whoſe Character is compounded of the Other *Three*.

They are Stout and Witty, Dext'rous at a Cheat, and no Bunglers at an Ingenious Theft; Great Liars; full of Compliments and External Civilities, but Perfidious and Implacable in their Revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the *Prince* of this Country, who is a *Tributary* to the *King* of *Perſia*, would venture his *Government* at Two ſuch deſperate Stakes, by breaking the *Peace*, concluded by his *Sovereign* with the *Grand Seignior*, and ſo drawing upon himſelf the Vengeance of them both. Therefore, he is either ſecretly abetted by that *Monarch*, or elſe the News is falſe.

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou know, how this Country came to be Subject to the *Crown* of *Perſia*? It was Conquer'd by *Iſhmael Sophi*, to whom the *Perſian Hiſtorians*, in Flattery, give the *Epithet* of *Great*. He was the *Firſt* of that *Name*, and of the *Perſian* Kings, that refus'd to obey the *Orthodox Succeſſors* of the *Sent* of *God*. This Prince, was Valiant in the Field; and no Coward at Wine, if we may believe one of his *Courtiers*, who wrote *Memoirs* of his *Life*. He records Sixteen Battles, wherein he always got the Victory; and Twice that Number of *Royal* Debauches, when he ſhew'd the Strength of his Brain, in the Company of Foreign *Ambaſſadors*; with whom he would always Carouſe, before they departed his *Court*, that he might found the Depth of their Inſtructions; for, none were able to cope with him, at the Juice of the Grape. And he always eſteem'd that Liquor, a Friend to Truth.

If he ſuſpected his *Miniſters* of *State*, or any of the *Governors* of *Provinces*, he us'd to invite them to a *Banquet*; where, in the Midſt of his Drinking, he unravell'd their Secret Inclinations and Counſels; being the moſt dextrous at picking the Locks of a Man's Heart, of any one living. They never went Alive from his Preſence, if by one falſe Step in their Carriage, though it were but a Word too paſſionate, or a Look leſs compoſed to Reſignation, he could diſcover or frame to himſelf the Grounds of a juſt Jealouſy. It being ever his *Maxim*, *That Credulity*,

Credulity, was the only Vice, could ruin a Happy Prince. He had another *Saying* alſo, *That* Perſia *was Fertile of Men, but Barren of Faithful Officers.*

I cannot admire theſe Cruel Strains of Policy. Yet *Kings* have Reaſons for their Actions and Words, which we cannot comprehend. The *Philoſophers* ſay, *That Wine was given Us by the* Gods, *to mitigate our Cares; and, for a Time, to make Us Equal to their* Divinities, *in the free Enjoyment of Our Selves.* And, though as a *Muſſulman*, I am not bound to ſubſcribe to the *Principles* of *Pagans*; yet as a Man, Partaker of Fleſh and Blood, I think he doubly miſ-uſes that Liquor, who perverts it to the Ends of Cruelty.

But, this *Monarch* had other Thoughts. when by the Aſſiſtance of the *Georgian* Forces, having ſubdu'd the *Regions* Bordering on the *Caſpian Sea*, at that Time in the Hands of the *Ottomans*, he invited the *King* of *Georgia* to his *Tent*, under pretence of a *Feſtival* Joy for their Mutual Succeſs. The Unwary Prince, truſting to his own Merit, and the Faith of his Neighbour, ventures himſelf with a ſmall Guard to the *Camp* of *Iſhmael*. The *Perſian* entertain'd him, with all the Outward Demonſtrations of Affection and Gratitude, for his repeated Aids: But, in the End of the *Feaſt*, taking Exceptions at ſome Words the *King* of *Georgia* ſpoke, in Praiſe of his own Soldiers, he commanded his *Eunuchs* to ſeize on him, and carry him to the *Tent* of the *Unfortunate* (ſo they call'd

call'd the *Pavilion*, or *Cage* of the *Grandees* fallen into Diſgrace.) Then he gave ſwift Orders, for the *Georgian* Soldiers to be Manacled. And having thus done, he beſtow'd the *Government* of *Georgia* on one *Luarzab*; on Condition, that he and his Succeſſors, would embrace the *Faith* of *Hali*, and pay *Tribute* to the *Crown* of *Perſia*.

From this *Luarzab*, has the *Government* of *Georgia* deſcended, not in a *Line* of *Blood*, but at the Pleaſure of the *Perſian* Kings, to him who now holds it, *Shanavas-Can*; Who, I believe, has more Wit, than to hazard his Poſſeſſions, for the Sake of a *Chimæra*.

In this roving from my firſt Poinr, thou canſt not blame me, ſince thou thy ſelf acteſt by the Rules of *Navigation*, which vary according to the Byaſs of the *Needle*. Thou followeſt one *Magnet*, and I another: Yet, let us both meet in the Center of Duty, we owe the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

THOU wilt ſay, 'tis an unmannerly Way of Congratulating thy New Advance, to begin my Addreſs with Complaints. Yet, Friendſhip overlooks *Punctilio's*. 'Tis not the firſt Time, I have treſpaſs'd on thy Generous Temper. I am indiſpos'd, and cannot act the *Courtier*, though I am raviſh'd to hear the News. It is ſome Support to my Languiſhing Spirits, that whilſt I am crumbling and dwindling away into the *Little Principles* of which I was made, thou my Friend art growing in the *Bulk* of *Mortal Greatneſs*, in the Favour of our *Glorious Sultan*.

However, I cannot but ſuſpect the pretended Kindneſs of him who rais'd thee, I mean the *New Vizir*. Neither haſt thou much Reaſon, to take this ſuddain Reconciliation for any other, than a Maſque of his Old Malice. He cannot forget the Quarrel between thy Father and him, on the Account of *Dara Meſeck*, the *Lieutenant General* of the *Janizaries*; when the brave Old *Cheik*, put a Stop to the deſigned Revenge of this Inhumane Upſtart.

Aſſure

Aſſure thy ſelf, that he who has made his Steps, to the Grandeur he now poſſeſſes, o'er the Neck of his *Maſter*, will not ſpare any from whoſe Wit or Power he may fear a Shock. And, he knows both thy Experience and Intereſt too great, not to miſtruſt the Son of his Enemy.

Beſides, the eminent Command thy Brother has over the *Spahi's*, muſt needs be an Additional Caution to the Man, whoſe Name ſounds no where ſo ſweetly, as in the *Chamber* of the *Janizaries*.

Thou art ſenſible, that the newly reviv'd Animoſity, between theſe *Military Orders*, threatens a Calamity to the *Ottoman Empire*, which cannot be diverted, without a Sacrifice on one ſide or other. And, ſince the *Spahi's* have engag'd ſo many Potent *Baſſa's* in their Quarrels; who can expect to fall, but the Mighty *Favourite* of the *Infantry*?

He knows this very well; and, to prevent his own Ruin, he reſolves on Thine and thy Brother's: Thine, under the Maſque of Friendſhip, till by his Wheadle, he has drawn thy Brother to *Conſtantinople*; where he will not fail to be ſtrangled, that ſo a Creature of the *Vizir*, may be promoted in his Room. And, what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own Judgment.

Perhaps, thou wilt deſpiſe the Advice of a Sick Man, and impute my Fears to an Exceſs of *Melancholy*; from which Diſtemper, thou knoweſt, I am ſeldom free. But, I tell thee, my *Reaſon* labours under no *Hypocondriack* Diſorders,

Diſorders, though my *Body* may. I am no *Enthuſiaſt*, when I counſel my Friend to avoid an Apparent Danger. However, if thou thinkeſt it needleſs for me to buſy my ſelf in ſuch Caſes, I have done. But I ſhall never ceaſe to pray for thy Proſperity, as often as I comply with the *Law*, in Kiſſing the Floor *Five Times* a-Day, and Repeating the appointed *Oraiſons* of *Faith*.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my Pen is at a loſs. I am puzzl'd for a Style ſuitable to thy *New* Honour, and our *Old* Friendſhip.

But, if I take too much Liberty, aſcribe it to the Sincerity of my Affection, which knows not how to be reſerv'd or ſtrange to a Perſon, whom once I could call my *Other* ſelf: For, no Wider is the Diſtance between Friends.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 7d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Chiurgi Muhamet, Baſſa.

I Know not, whether what I am going to relate, will be News to thee, or to any of the *Miniſters* Reſiding at the *Sublime Port*. However 'tis ſo to me; and I am commanded, to conceal nothing of Moment that comes to my Ears.

Mahomet, Eldeſt Son of *Achmet*, the *Dey* of *Tunis*, is now at *Rome*, having embraced the *Chriſtian Religion*. People relate variouſly, the Motives that induced him to his Change. Some ſay, 'twas Intereſt; he having held a private Correſpondence with the *Viceroy* of *Sicily*, who promiſed him, in the King of *Spain*'s Name, to make him *Lord* of ſeveral large *Territories* in the *Weſt-Indies*.

Others ſay, 'twas Diſcontent at his Father's Government, and Auſtere Carriage towards him; the Old Man, having forced him to marry the *Baſſa* of *Tripoli*'s Daughter againſt his Inclination.

But the greateſt Part, aſcribe this Change in *Religion*, to the Force of his *Conſcience*; which, they ſay, was convinced by a *Miracle*, of the Truth of the *Chriſtian Faith*. For, as they relate, being once at Sea in a *Veſſel*, wherein were many *Chriſtians*, and a Dreadful Tempeſt ariſing, the Mariners, who were all *Muſſulmans*, ſeeing the Havock that the Winds and

Waves had made of the Ship-Tackle, gave over all for loſt; and fainting under ſo much Labour, Watching and Terrour as they had undergone, lay down and let the Ship drive where-ever the Storm would carry her. But, there being a *Chriſtian Prieſt* aboard, Eſteemed a very Holy and Blameleſs Man, he excited the *Chriſtians*, to appeaſe the Wrath of *God* by ſome extraordinary Acts of *Devotion*. Then they all made a ſolemn *Proceſſion* on the Decks of the *Ship*, the *Prieſt* carrying before them, that which they call the *Sacrament*, Imploring the Mercy of *God*, and often calling on *Jeſus* and *Mary*. When behold, as the *Prieſt* ſtood aloft on the *Poop*, reading aloud Part of the *Goſpel*, the Storm Suddenly ceas'd, the Clouds were diſpers'd, the Air grew Serene and Calm, and the Veſſel got ſafe into Harbour. Upon this, they ſay, *Mahomet*, when he came aſhore, took that *Prieſt* along with him, deſiring to be inſtructed in the *Chriſtian Belief*; making a Vow alſo, That he would renounce the *Law* of the *Muſſelmans*, and embrace that of *Jeſus*.

This is what ſuch, as are Zealous for the Honour of the *Chriſtian Faith*, relate concerning this *Prince*'s Converſion. However it be, it is certain, That he privately made his Eſcape from *Tunis* by Sea, and bent his Courſe directly for *Sicily*; where, in a few Days he landed, and was receiv'd by the *Vice-Roy*, according to the *Dignity* of a *Prince*. A while after, he was baptized by an *Arch-Biſhop*, who

who gave him the Name of *Don Philippo*, by which he is called in all Places.

They ſay, he was a little ſcandaliz'd at firſt, when he ſaw with what Freedom, the *Sicilian* Women appeared abroad in the Streets, and convers'd with Men; but, that afterwards, he took a great Delight in their Company, eſpecially thoſe that could ſing well, or play on any Inſtrument of Muſick, to which he is much addicted. And therefore he chuſes to frequent thoſe *Temples*, where their *Service* is perform'd with Variety of excellent *Muſick*, as it is in all great Cities. And for ought we know, the Character which the *Chriſtian Prieſt* gave him, of this *Harmonious* Manner of *Worſhipping God*, might have no ſmall Influence, on a Man naturally affected with that *Science*. Certainly Muſick has a mighty Force on our Affections; and, it is a *Proverb* here in the *Weſt*, *That he who does not love Muſick, has no Soul.* One of the Ancient *Philoſophers*, defined the *Soul* it ſelf, to be an *Harmony*. And another, was ſo ſenſible of the various Effects of this *Science*, in raiſing Different Paſſions in Men, that he left it as an *Aphoriſm*, *Such as the Muſick is, ſuch are the People of a Commonwealth.* Whence, it was the Great Care of ſuch, as took upon them to form the Manners of *Youth*, That no Tunes ſhould be played in their Hearing, which Naturally provoked to Levity and Wantonneſs; but Grave and Martial Strains, ſuch as prompted Heroick Thoughts, and diſpoſed them to Vertue. The *Italians*, are

great *Maſters* of this *Science*; and the Airs which they compoſe for their *Church-Service*, are very deep and raviſhing. Which cauſes their *New* Proſelyte, *Don Philippo*, to paſs his Time very attentively, during the Celebration of their *High-Maſs*, and their *Even-Song*. They report, That he will turn *Jeſuit*.

He went from *Sicily*, loaded with Gifts and Preſents, and came to *Rome*, the Seat of the *Chriſtians Chief Mufti*, whom they call the *Pope*. He is much honoured and careſſed by the *Holy Father*, and all the *Cardinals*, who have told him ſo many fair Things of the *Nazarene Faith*, and ſhew'd him ſo many *Sacred Reliques* of *Antiquity*, that he thinks himſelf already within the *Verge* of *Heaven*, and that *Rome* is no other, than the *Suburbs* of *Paradiſe*. There is ſomething very charming and ſweet, in the Converſation of the *Chriſtian Prelates*, if they be Men of Learning, as moſt generally they are. And, 'tis no wonder that ſuch Polite Company, ſhould prevail much on the flexible Temper of a young *Prince*, who is as a *Pilgrim* in a ſtrange *Country*, where he can hear Nothing, but perpetual *Eulogies* of the *Chriſtian Religion*; nor ſee any Thing, but Objects, which ſerve only to confirm in his Mind, a Venerable *Idea* of that *Faith* he has embraced. Beſides, they ſay, he is fallen deeply in Love with a young *Roman* Lady. So that there is no Hope of reſcuing him from the Power of ſo many Enchantments.

Therefore,

Therefore, giving him over as loſt, let us pray the *Omnipotent*, to eſtabliſh *Us* in his *Truth*; that neither Intereſt, Paſſion, nor an Erroneous Conſcience, may ever be able to make us ſwerve from the *Law* written in *Heaven*; but, that we may adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, with a Thouſand *Souls*.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIV.

To Sala, Tircheni Emin, Superintendent *of the* Royal Arſenel *at* Conſtantinople.

WE are all alarm'd here, with the News of I know not what boiſterous Adventures of the *Coſſacks*, and their Neighbours, that poſſeſs the Ancient *Kingdom* of *Colchis*. Had I not a firm *Faith* in the *Alcoran*, 'twould fill me with *Panick* Fears. But, no Attempts can prevail, againſt the Men fighting under the *Shadow* of the *Prophet*. He deſcended with a Conſummate Authority, from the *Monarch* who commands all Things. The *Mandate* of *Heaven*, will diſperſe the *Infidels*. The *Seven Vizirs* Above, were Witneſſes to the Words, whoſe *Eccho*'s caus'd

Thuder, when the *Prophet* retir'd from the *Steps* of the *Throne*. Had not *Moſes* given him warning (who remembred the Noiſe in the *Mount*) the *Apoſtle* had loſt his *Addreſs*, and been confounded before the *Angels*. But, encourag'd with the Whiſper of the *Man* with *Horns*, he made no Default in his *Conge*: And, with little Loſs of Time, arriv'd to the *Ninth Sphere*, where he proclaim'd the *Neſiarum*; and, all the *Inhabitants* of that *Orb*, reſorted to the *Banner* which he had in his Hands. The *Prophet* told 'em, *'Twas only for a Tryal of their Fidelity*. They made Obeiſance, and retir'd. From that Place, he made no Scruple, but that the *Elect* in *Heaven* and *Earth*, would obey the *Divine Patent*. He finiſh'd his Deſcent Triumphantly, and pitch'd his Feet on *Mount Uriel*. Thoſe that believe *Hali*, ſay 'Twas on the Top of the *Ragged Rock*. But let *Hereticks* alone in their *Infidelity*. Be it where he pleaſed *God*, he ſpoke the *Words* that ſhall ne'er be Revers'd when he diſplay'd the *Heavenly Silk*, and ſaid, *Whoever takes up Arms againſt this* Banner, *ſhall be reputed an* Infidel; *He ſhall be exterminated from the Earth*.

I often think on theſe Paſſages in the *Holy Memoirs*, the *Collections* of the *Life* full of *Wonders*. Then I comfort my ſelf with this Thought, That if all the *Uncircumcis'd* in the *World*, ſhould enter into a Combination, they would not ſucceed againſt the Men, fighting under the *Commiſſion* with the *Seal*.

I have

I have ſent a Letter to the *Baſſa* of the *Sea*, acquainting him with the News of this *Expedition* of the *Coſſacks*. Since which I am informed, that theſe *People* are Headed by a famous *Pirate* in thoſe *Parts*, a Man of a daring Spirit, and capable of the boldeſt Undertakings. The *French* Merchants, who have traded in the *Black Sea*, give him a high Character; and portend great Injuries to the *Ottoman Empire*, from the Succeſs of his Arms: For, they ſay, he is a Good *Captain*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. I have heard ſeveral different Stories of his Birth and Education: But, this I am going to relate, comes from the beſt Hands, and ſeems moſt probable.

His Name is *Pachicour*, a *Circaſſian* by Birth, but bred up in a *Sea Town* of the *Ukrain*, near the *Mouth* of the *Neiſter*. He left his *Native* Country, at the Age of Twelve Years, out of a Deſire to ſee *Foreign Parts*; Embarking himſelf, unknown to his Parents, in a Veſſel of *Podolia*, which then was ready to ſet ſail from *Bala-Clug*. He carry'd with him a ſmall Sum of Mony, which he had purloyn'd from his Father, and ſerv'd as a Fund of his future Fortune: For, arriving at a certain Town in *Podolia*, he frequented the *Keys*, and offer'd his Service to ſeveral *Merchants*; one of which, obſerving in his Face the Marks of a Promiſing *Genius*, entertain'd him in his Houſe. He liv'd with him Seven Years, and perform'd his Office ſo well, that he made him his *Factor* to *Conſtantinople*.

Pachicour discharg'd his Trust there, with much *Profit* to his *Master*, and *Honour* to *himself*. So that at his Return, several *Merchants* entrusted him with their Goods; and sent him to trade at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the *Black Sea*. His Judgment and Reputation encreasing with his Years, he became in Time Famous in all the Trading Towns. And, such was his Credit in the *Ukrain*, that all the *Merchants* put their Vessels and Goods into his Hands: So that he sail'd many Times with a Fleet of Twenty Ships, having the Disposal of all the Goods, committed to his Management. He grew so rich in Time by his Dealings, that he was able to drive a Considerable Trade for himself. And then it was, he began to lay the Foundation of a Design, which he has since executed. His *Genius* was too Active, always to confin'd to this slow Way of growing *Great*: Therefore he was resolv'd at one Blow, to raise his Fortune to the Pitch he aim'd at. He was the only *Broker*, *Banquier* and *Merchant*, where-ever he came.

It was no difficult Thing for a Man of so vast a Credit, to raise an extraordinary Stock; and *Pachicour* could easily silence the Alarms of *Conscience*. There happen'd also a Juncture, very proper for his Design. For, while he was at *Isgaou*, a *Port* of *Circassia*, Day and Night projecting how to exalt himself, a *War* broke out between his *Countrymen* and the *Mingrelians*. The Latter appear'd with a *Navy* at *Sea*, which alarm'd all the *Mari-*

time

time Parts of *Circaſſia*. *Pachicour* whoſe Invention was always buſie, took a Hint from this, to accompliſh his Plot. Expedition was his chiefeſt Game. Therefore he ſpeedily made the utmoſt Uſe of his Credit, among the *Podolian Merchants*, and other *Foreigners* reſiding at *Iſgaou*. And, when he had amaſs'd together prodigious Sums of Gold, for which he only gave them *Bills* of *Exchange*, he privately ſends away this huge Treaſure, with all his Jewels, Tiſſues, and other Rich Merchandiſe, to his Fathers Houſe, who liv'd not many Leagues from this Town.

Within Two Days after this, the *Mingrelian Fleet* made a Deſcent at *Iſgaou*, ſack'd it, carry'd away Two Thouſand Captives, and went to their Veſſels again.

Pachicour, who knew how to make an Advantage of this Opportunity, privately fled after his Wealth, as ſoon as the *Mingrelian Fleet* appear'd before the Place. And it happen'd, that moſt of his Creditors were made Slaves, and tranſported to *Mingrelia*. He had no Need to take any farther Care, but how to ſecure his Riches from his Pilfering Neighbours: For, the *Circaſſians*, are all *Profeſs'd Thieves*. He therefore makes haſte to his Father; and having gratified him for his Trouble, he in a ſhort Time purchas'd Four *Men* of *War*, with which he ſets up for a *Pirate*, infeſting thoſe Seas, and Robbing all the *Merchants*, except thoſe who had formerly entruſted him. His Bounty and Valour, charm'd all that ſerv'd him, And,

his Fame ſpreading with his wonderful Succeſs, many *Circaſſians* put out th Sea, and join'd with him: So that in a little Time, he made no ſmall Figure in the *Kingdom* of *Neptune*. Seeing himſelf *Commander* of a *Powerful Navy*, he found out quickly the *Mingrelian* Fleet, and engaging with them, got a Glorious Victory.

Soon after, a *Peace* was concluded, and *Pachicour* was declar'd *Admiral* of all the *Circaſſian* Sea-Forces: To whom the *Mingrelians* were oblig'd by *Treaty* to join theirs, and to obey *Pachicour*'s Orders. In a little Time, this fortunate *General* became ſo famous, that the *Coſſacks* ſent to him an *Agent*, and enter'd into a *League*; furniſh'd out Three Hundred Veſſels, and join'd the *Circaſſian* and *Mingrelian* Fleets.

This is the Bottom of the *New Expedition*, which makes ſo loud a Noiſe in theſe *Parts*.

Thou who art *Maſter* of the *Arſenal*, wilt know what Meaſures are fitteſt to be taken, againſt this bold *Infidel*, if he perſiſts to break the *Peace* of the moſt *Serene Empire*. Yet, though he is an Enemy, let us not envy him the Praiſes, that are due to his Wit and Courage. He ſeems to ſurpaſs the Sneaking *Thieves* of his own *Nation*; and undertakes Nothing but *Sovereign Cheats*, and *Noble Thefts*, ſuch as would paſs for *Vertuous Actions*, in a Man of a *Higher Birth*.

Ido-

I do not plead for *Robbery*, nor take the Part of an *Infidel*; but, if I had Time to tell thee, ſome *Heroick* Paſſages of this *Pirate*, thou wouldſt ſay, he is worthy of a Generous and Favourable Uſage, ſhould he become a Captive. In another Letter, I will oblige thee with a Relation, which will not be unwelcome to a Man, who gives not Sentence with the Vulgar. I had more to ſay on another Subject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the Effect of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris *the* 19th. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XV.

To Melec Amet, Baſſa.

THere is News arrived here lately, of the Murther of the *Engliſh Embaſſador* at the *Hagne*. His Name was *Doriſlaus*. He was ſent by the *New Governours* in *England*, to make an *Alliance* with the *States* of *Holland*, and to ſatisfie them in Reference to their late Proceedings againſt their *Sovereign*. 'Tis ſaid, his *Negotiation* would have had but little Succeſs, in Regard the *Prince* of *Orange*, who is *Preſident* or *Chief* over the *States*, and who married the Daughter of the *Engliſh*

King

King, takes to Heart the untimely Death of his *Father-in-Law*, and cannot be reconciled to his Murderers. Yet, 'tis to be thought, that *Princes* are no farther touch'd with one anothers Misfortunes, than concerns their Intereſt.

However, on the 3d. Day of the 5th. *Moon*, ſome *Scots* enter'd into the Lodgings of the *Embaſſador*, and having diſpatch'd him with ſeveral Wounds, made their Eſcape. It is not certainly known, who ſet theſe *Aſſaſſins* at Work. People deſcant variouſly, as their Affections byaſs them. Some reflect on it, as a Judgment *Juſtly* inflicted by *God*, though by an *Unjuſt* Act of Men, on one who had been a Notorious Promoter of his *Sovereign*'s Death. Others cenſure it, as a moſt Impious *Sacrilege*, in Regard the Perſons of *Embaſſadors*, are by the *Law* of *Nations*, eſteem'd Sacred and Inviolable; and, the Injuries which they ſuffer, are interpreted, not only as done to their *Maſters* who ſend them, but to all Mankind: As if *Human Nature* it ſelf were wrong'd, in the Perſons of *Publick Miniſters*.

Indeed, there is no Method of eſtabliſhing or conſerving Friendſhips and *Alliances* between different *Nations*, if their *Agents* be not ſecured with an Immunity from Affronts and Violences.

The *French* relate a pretty Paſſage of one of their *Kings*, who before he came to the *Crown*, being *Duke* of *Orleans*, had receiv'd very ill Uſage in his Travels from a certain *Italian Lord*, call'd the *Baron* of *Beneventо*. After this Prince was poſſeſs'd of the *King-*

dom,

dom, the ſame *Italian Lord* was ſent *Embaſſador* from the *Viceroy* of *Naples*, to congratulate his *Acceſſion* to the *Throne* of his *Anceſtors*. Some *French Courtiers*, who had been Witneſſes of the Injuries this *Lord* had formerly done to their *Maſter*, now perſwaded the *King* to Revenge himſelf, by cauſing ſome groſs Indignities to be done him, whilſt he had him in his Power. To whom the Wiſe *Monarch* reply'd, *It becomes not the* King *of* France, *to revenge on the* Embaſſador *of* Naples, *the Injuries which the* Duke *of* Orleans *receiv'd from the* Baron *of* Benevento.

'Tis ſaid, the *Engliſh* Nation have demanded Satisfaction of the *Hollanders*, for the Murder of their *Embaſſador*; but were anſwer'd, *That they themſelves, ought firſt to Expiate the Murther of their* King.

The *Scots* have Revolted from the *New Government* in *England*, and are yet in Suſpence, Whether they ſhall ſet up the Son of the Late King, or Form themſelves into an *Independent Republick*. The *Iriſh* are ſtedfaſt to the Intereſts of the *Crown*. And many *Iſlands* in *America*, ſubject to the *Kings* of *England*, have now deny'd all Obedience to the *New Engliſh Government*, which ſeems to tend towards a *Democracy*.

There is much talk of one *Cromwel*, the *General* of the *Engliſh* Forces in *Ireland*. This Man from a Private and Obſcure Eſtate, is aſcended to the Dignity of a *General*, having purchas'd this Command, by his Conduct and Valour. The *French* extol him, for

for the Greateſt *Soldier* of this Age: And, if Fame be true, he is no leſs *Stateſman*.

As a Mark of the Reſpect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this Letter, a Piſtol of Curious Workmanſhip, which being once charg'd, will deliver Six Bullets, one after another. If thou accepteſt this ſmall Preſent, it will be an Argument of thy Friendſhip.

Paris, *the* 19th *of the* 8th *Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER XVI.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have often wondred at the *Lethargy*, wherein the *Nazarenes* ſeem to be drown'd. They forget what they read in their own *Bibles:* They there encounter with Expreſſions, which ſavour of the *Eaſt*. Every Page of the *Written Law*, reliſhes of the *Dialect* which is Pure and Lively; though the *Tranſlators* have cropt the Flower of the Senſe. I have read their *Bible* in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*; but none of theſe *Languages*, expreſs to the Life the *Original Hebrew:* Nor can it be expected. It is impoſſible to ſcrew up the Dull *Phraſes* of *Europe*, to the Significant *Idioms* of *Aſia*. We may as well expect *Dates* to ſpring from a *Reed*. And for that Reaſon, it is forbidden

forbidden the *True faithful*, to Tranſlate the *Volume* of *Light* from the *Original Arabick*: Which is no other, than *Hebrew* in its *Ancient Purity*.

This is the *Language* of thoſe, who dwell above the *Seventh Orb*. 'Tis the *Dialect*, wherein *God* converſes with the *Pages* of his *Divine Seraglio*: Wherein all the *Records* of the *Celeſtial Empire* are writ. And when he iſſues out *Orders* to the *Miniſters* and *Baſſa's* of *Heaven*, *Haſmariel* the *Secretary* of the *Immortal Divan*, uſes no other Character or Speech, but that which is peculiar on Earth, to the Sons of *Iſmael*, the Inhabitants of the *Region* on the *Eaſt* of the *Red Sea*. In fine, this is the *Language*, wherein the *Omnipotent* thought fit to diſcover his Pleaſure to *Mortals*.

Believe *Mahmut*, when he tells thee with profound Submiſſion, that he has taken ſome Pains to pry into thoſe *Languages*, which have been the Channels of *Divine* Knowledge. I have been peculiarly ambitious, to ſtudy the *Anatomy* of *Oriental* Words: And it would be no *Hyperbole* to ſay, I have learn'd to diſſect even the very *Syllables*: Wherein the various placing of Points and Letters, alters the Senſe, or at leaſt makes it Ambiguous. So Significant and Myſterious, are Our *Sacred Characters*.

I ſpeak not this in Peeviſhneſs, or to vindicate my ſelf, from the Contempt which *Ichingi Cap' Oglani* has put upon me. I have no Emulation in that Point. Nor can any little

little Spur of Pedantick Ambition, make me forward to contend with a Man, whose whole Talent consists, in knowing and remembring other Mens *Works*; as if he had studied at *Athens*, only for this End, to learn the facetious Art, of turning his *Brains* into a *Catalogue* of *Books*: But I reflect on the *Learned* among the *Nazarenes*, who are chiefly to blame, having the Custody of the *Book* delivered to 'em from the *Jews*. And among them, the *Translators* of that *Volume*, are past Excuse; for, they have deflow'd the *Original*, and robb'd the *Virgin Language*, of its Beauty and Honour: Whilst the rest are Witnesses, and silent Abettors of the Rape, in concealing the Indignity has been done to the *Letters* Form'd by the *Finger* of *God*, and full of *Divine Mysteries*.

In thus accusing the *Christian Interpreters* of the *Bible*, I do not patronize the *Critical* Whimsies of the *Jewish Cabalists*. They are exploded by all Men of Sense. Yet there is a *Medium*, between the Excess of that affected Niceness, which has rendred the *one* Ridiculous, and of that study'd Carelessness, to which the Obscurity of the *Other* is owing. As the *Hebrews*, by pressing the Letters too close, have squeez'd out *Divine Chimera's*; so the *Christians*, in using too slack a Hand, have scarce gain'd a gross Draught of Common Humane Sense, leaving the Genuine *Elixir* of the Writer's Meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the Charge of the *Translators*, employ'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*,

phus, King of *Ægypt*. These were no *Christians*; nor yet in the Number of those, who *Adored* the *Celestial Bodies* and *Elements*: Nor did any of them, pay their *Devotions* at the same *Altar* with that *Ægyptian Monarch*, who was a *Worshipper* of the *God Serapis*: But they were *Jews*, Seventy, or Two more in Number, as the *Tradition* goes. And, being every one Commanded *severally* to *Translate* those *Manuscripts*, which the *Jews* esteem'd the *Oracles* of *God*, without conversing with, or seeing each other; 'tis said, their *Versions* all agreed to a *Syllable*.

This is the Story of the *Jews*, and seems to be Credited by the *Christians*: Yet some have found many Errors and Incongruities, in that *Celebrated Copy*. And, 'tis easie for an Impartial Eye, especially in the Head of an *Oriental*, to spy many more.

But the *Latin*, which they call the *Vulgar Translation*, is full of Mistakes. And the Pretended *Saint* who made it, should have gone farther than *Palestine*, for his Intelligence in *Ancient Hebrew*. His Name (if I mistake not) was *Hieronymus*. He pass'd many Years, in a *Cell* near the suppos'd *Tomb* of the *Christian Messiah*, in the *Holy Land*: Where, they say, he was *Inspir'd* with the *Knowledge* of *Hebrew*; and from thence, ventur'd upon a *Translation* of the *Old Testament*.

Thou wilt not expect a Certificate of these Things from *Mahmut*, who only tells thee what he has read in *Christian* Authors, whom they call the *Historians* of their *Church*.

But,

But, I can assure thee, 'twas no *Spirit* of the *East*, assisted this *Ecclesiastick* in his *Version*. For, he comes far short of rightly rendring the Lofty *Hyperboles*, Apposite *Similitudes*, Elegant *Figures*, and other *Ornaments* of *Speech*, peculiar to the *Writings* of those, who first see the *Rising Sun*. Such are all those, penn'd in the *East*: From which we must not exclude the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and the Rest of the *Hebrew Prophets*, *Poets*, *Historians* and *Philosophers*. Of these does the *Old Testament* consist; except one *Book*, writ by my Countryman *Job*, who Five Times foil'd the *Devil*, in so many *set Combats* before *God*.

What shall I say then, of the *Translations* that have been made of their *Bible* in other *Languages*, not so Copious and Significant as the *Latin*?

Since the Division arose, between the *Roman-Catholicks* and *Protestants*, their *Bible* has been taught to speak the *Dialect* of all or most *Nations* in *Europe*. Yet, such is the Unhappiness of the *Franks*, that they more they tamper with the *Language* of *Great Purity*, the worse they succeed. Which has occasion'd some Learned Men, as I am inform'd, to mark above a Thousand Faults, in the Last *French Version* of that *Mysterious Book*.

What Room will they leave for the Censures of the *Mussulmans*, if the *Christians* themselves are thus Critical, upon the *Grand Patent* of their *Salvation*?

It would be an endless Task, to recount

all

all the Errors that may be diſcern'd in the Various *Traducts* of the *Bible*, by any Man that has Convers'd in the *Eaſt*. Neither will I entrench on thy Patience, to gain the *Character* of a *Critick*.

Permit me to glance only on the *Pſalter*, or the *Odes* of *Sultan David*. How flat and dull are the *Meaſures* of the *Chriſtian Tranſlators*? How low have they ſunk the Senſe of that *Royal Poet*? He never begun to warble forth any of thoſe *Divine Songs*, till firſt inſpired by a *Seraph*, whom he had lur'd down from *Paradiſe*, by the Melody of his *Harp*. That *Seraph*, was *Maſter* of the *Muſick* Above, as the *Hebrew Doctors* teach. Every Time *David* play'd on his *Inſtrument*, *Ariel* (for ſo was the *Spirit* call'd) made his Deſcent, and ſung with a Grace which cannot be expreſs'd. The Docile *Poet*, ſoon learn'd both his Notes and Words. Seven Hundred Times, *David* touch'd his Harmonious Strings, and ſo often the *Angel* ſtood by him with the *Book* of the *Quire*. He taught him Seven Hundred *Sonnets*, that are Chanted by the *Lovers* in *Paradiſe*. But the *Devil* ſtole 'em from the *King*, whilſt he was gazing on another Man's Wife, bathing her ſelf in an adjoining Garden.

Yet there are above a Hundred *Hymns* remaining, which *David* compos'd by Memory out of the Former. But, ſome Sects among the *Chriſtians*, have turn'd 'em to the *Ballads* of the *Vulgar*.

So have they dealt by that ſurpaſſing *Poem* of *Solyman*, taught him by the *Ethereal Tutor*

tor of his *Father*. For *Ariel* was enamour'd of One of the *Virgins* of *Paradiſe*, at the ſame Time, that *Solomon* enjoy'd *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, and had newly built for her a *Seraglio* of *Cedar*. The *Heavenly Lover* therefore, to accommodate himſelf to the *Paſſion* of the *Mortal*, taught him One of the *Paſtorals* of *Eden*, a *Song* peculiar to his Own *Amour*.

But the *Nazarenes*, have turn'd it to a Dry and Inſignificant *Allegory*, by their *Gloſſes*: Putting an Affront alſe upon *Rhetorick* and *Poetry*, in Wording their *Tranſlation*.

If I ſhould go on, and number the Miſtakes they have made in the *Writings* of the *Prophets*, and other *Books* of the *Old Teſtament*, though it were but in this *General* Manner, I ſhould tire thee out: But to recount the *Particulars*, would be a *Thirteenth Task* for *Hercules*.

Yet after all theſe Defaults of the *Learned*, neither *they* nor the *Ignorant* can be excus'd from Wilful Blindneſs, in ſhutting their Eyes againſt the Twilight, which appears in the Worſt *Tranſlation*, and is ſufficient to direct any Man to the *Eaſt*, where *Wiſdom* ſhines in her *Perfect Splendor*.

There are Expreſſions all over the *Sctiptures*, which point to the *Laws*, *Cuſtoms*, *Habits*, *Diet* and *Manner* of *Life*, us'd in the *Regions*, Firſt Viſited by the *Morning-Sun*. Theſe are the ſame *Now*, as they were of *Old*. And the *Muſſulmans* of this *Age*, obſerve no other Rule of Life, but what was practis'd by the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, above Three Thouſand

ſand Years ago, and by all the *Faithful* of thoſe *Times*. Our *Marriages*, *Circumciſions*, *Funerals*, *Prayers*, *Waſhings*, and all other *Ceremonies*, of *Religion* or *Civility*, are the ſame *Now* as *Then*. There is nothing added or diminiſhed, ſave the *Faith* and *Obedience* we owe to *Mahomet*. the *Ambaſſador* of *God*, and to the *Volume* put into his Hands by *Gabriel*, *Prince* of the *Divine Meſſengers*.

Our very *Habits*, and the *Manner* of our *Building*; our *Salutations*, and whole *Addreſs*, are the ſame at this Day, as the *Scripture* tells us, were in Uſe in thoſe *Ages* next after the *Flood*, among the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, and among all rhe *True Believers*, the *Poſterity* of *Ibrahim*: Eſpecially the *Deſcendants* by the *Right Line*, the *Stem* of *Iſmael*, the Eldeſt Son of *him*, who entertair'd *Three Angels* at Once in his *Tent*.

Yet the *Infidels* will not conſider it: But perſuade themſelves, they are the Only *Children* of the *Faithful Ibrahim*; pretending to practiſe, in I know not what *Figurative Senſe*, the Life we lead in truth: Cheating themſelves with *Empty Symbols*, while we enjoy the *Subſtance*.

But thou, *Great Succeſſor* of *Ibrahim* and the *Prophets*, vouchſafe to pray for *Mahmut*, That whilſt his Duty to the *Grand Signior* obliges him to dwell here in the *Weſt*, and to converſe with none but *Infidels*, he may ſtill retain the *Faith* of the *Eaſt*, the *Devotion* of an *Iſmaelite*, and the *Purity* of a *True Believer*. Still crying in his Heart, even in the

Temples

Temples of the *Infidels*; There is but One *God*, and *Mahomet* his *Meſſenger*.

Paris, 5th of the 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVII.

To the Chiaus Baſſa.

THE *Peace* agreed on laſt Year, between the *Germans* and *Suedes*, is not yet fully eſtabliſh'd and confirm'd, There has been a *Ceſſation* of *Arms* ſince that Time. And now the *Duke Amalfe*, on the *Emperor's* Side, the *Duke* of *Vandort* for the *King* of *France*, and he of *Erskin* for the *Crown* of *Suedeland*, are met at *Norimbergh*, to conclude a Final *Ratification* of the *Articles*.

During this *Conſult*, the *Suediſh* Army are permitted by the *Emperour's* Agreement, to Quarter up and down in *Seven Circles* of the *Empire*, and not to be diſcharg'd, till all their Arrears are paid at the Coſt of the *Germans*. 'Tis ſaid, it will amount to Three Millions of *Sequins*. This *War* has laſted near Thirty Yeart; in which, above Three Hundred Thouſand Men have loſt their Lives.

As to the *Engliſh* Affairs, the prevailing Party there have declar'd that *Ancient Kingdom* to be a *Free State*, and the *Monarchy* is Aboliſh'd

Aboliſh'd by a *Publick Act*. Nevertheleſs, after *Charles* was beheaded, his Eldeſt Son was Proclaim'd *King*, both in *England* and *Ireland*, by ſome of the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, that were Friends to that *Royal Family*. And in *Ireland*, a certain great *Duke* appear'd at the Head of a Numerous Army, in Behalf of the Young *King*'s Intereſt, having layd Siege to the *Metropolis* of that *Kingdom*; which, with one other Town, were the only ſtrong Holds, that reſiſted the *King*'s Party. But in the 8th. *Moon*, the *Army* which the *Engliſh States* had newly ſent over to that *Iſland*, engag'd with the *Forces* of this *Duke*, entirely routed them, killing Two Thouſand Men on the Spot, and taking many Thouſand Priſoners, with all their Ammunition and Baggage. This being ſeconded with other Victories, in a ſhort Time, reduc'd that *Kingdom*, under the Obedience of the *Engliſh States*.

In the mean Time, I hear no pleaſing News from the *Levant*. Veſſels daily arrive in the *Havens* of *France*, who confirm each other's Relations, of a Dreadful *Naval* Combat, between our *Fleet* and that of the *Venetians*; wherein they ſay, we have loſt Seventy Two *Gallies*, Threeſcore *Merchant*-Veſſels, and Eighteen *Ships* of *War*: That in this Fight, Six Thouſand Five Hundred *Muſſulmans* have loſt their Lives, and near Ten Thouſand were taken Priſoners.

I tell thee, theſe are great Breaches in the *Navy*, which, belonging to the *Lord* of the *Sea* and *Land*, has aſſum'd to it ſelf the Epi-

thet

thet of *INVINCIBLE*. Theſe are Blemiſhes in the Enſigns of high Renown; Reproaches to the *Empire*, which we believe is to ſubdue All *Nations*. I reflect not on the Courage, or Conduct, of the *Captain Baſſa*. Neither am I willing to help forward the Ruin of a Man, who cannot expect to be honour'd with a Veſt, a Sword, or any other Marks of the *Sultan*'s Favour for his Service in this Sea-*Campagne*. I am Naturally compaſſionate. 'Tis not in my Praiſe I ſpeak it; for, I believe this Tenderneſs, to be rather a *Vice* of my *Conſtitution*, than to have any Rank in the *Morals*, much leſs to be of Kin to the *Family* of *Vertues*. I pity a Man falling into Diſgrace, on whom the *Weather* of the *Seraglio* changes, from which he muſt expect Nothing but Clouds and Storms. Thoſe Tempeſts will prove more Fatal to him, than any that ever toſs'd his *Fleet* on the Ruffled *Ocean*. In all probability, he will ſuffer a Shipwrack of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore, 'tis with extream Regret, I muſt ſay that which may haſten his Fall.

But I am commanded, not to conceal any Intelligence that relates to the Intereſt of the *Sublime Port*; nor to ſpare the Son of my Mother, if I know him Guilty of Criminal Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the *Baſſa* of the *Sea*, is, a Private Correſpondence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I diſcover'd by the Aſſiſtance of a *Dwarf*, whom I have often mention'd in my

my Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*. I need not repeat to thee, what I have ſaid already to them, of the Birth, Education and *Genius* of *Oſmin*, (for, ſo is the little Spark call'd) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himſelf into the Secrets of the *Publick Miniſters*. Only thou mayſt report to the *Divan*, That this diminutive Man, continues to purſue his Advantages of Acceſs to the Cloſets of the *French Miniſters*, whereof I gave an Account laſt Year, in a Letter to *Chiurgi Mahammet Baſſa*.

Thou may'ſt aſſure them alſo, that when he was Yeſterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he caſt his Eye on a Letter, which lay open on the Table; whilſt the *Cardinal* was in earneſt Diſcourſe, with an Extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not Opportunity to read more than the *Superſcription*, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contain'd theſe Words:

The Mild Commander, The humble Shadow of the Bright Star of the Sea, Bilal *Captain Baſſa*,

To the moſt *Illuſtrious Prince* of the *Kingdom* of the *Meſſiah*, Eminent among the *High Lords* of Holy Honour, the Sublime *Directors* of the *People* of *Jeſus*, Aſſiſtant to the Chair of *Sovereign Dignity*, the Seat of the *Roman Caliph*, *Julio Mazarini*, *Cardinal*, and our Friend.

May whoſe later Days, encreaſe in Happineſs.

THY *affectionate Letter and Preſents, were deliver'd ſafe to me, as I lay at Anchor with the* Fleet *under my Command, not far from the* Iſland *of* Chios. *And as a Mark of my acknowledgment, and good Will to thee, and all the* Nazarenes; *I embrae'd in my Arms, the Noble Captain,* Signior Antonio Maratelli, *who had the Honour to be truſted with this Negotiation. I immediately diſrob'd my ſelf, and caus'd that brave* Italian, *thy Meſſenger, to be veſted with my own Garment, as a Pledge of* ———

Before *Oſmin* cou'd read farther, the *Cardinal* approach'd the Table, and took up the Letter, letting fall ſome Words to the *Courier*, by which the *Dwarf* was confirmed in his Suſpicion of the *Baſſa*'s Perfidiouſneſs, and that this Letter newly came from him. He poſted immediately to give me an Account of this Paſſage; believing it to be, as it is, of great Import. For, he has a ſingular Regard for the *Family*, which firſt exterminated the *Grecks* from *Conſtantinople*.

Thou know'ſt what Uſe to make of this Intelligence. I am not Cruelly inclin'd, but I muſt do my Duty. The Reſt I refer to thy Prudence.

I will

I will only advertiſe thee of One farther Remark of *Oſmin*; who by comparing what he has ſeen now, with a Diſcourſe he once before over-heard between *Mazarini* and a French *Nobleman*, whilſt he lay under the *Cardinal*'s Table, (which I have inſerted in one of my Letters) concludes, That the *Baſſa* there mention'd by the *Cardinal*, was this ſame *Bilal Baſſa*, who was at the Inſtance of the *Janizaries*, made *Baſſa* of the *Sea*.

I could not without making my ſelf an Accomplice, conceal ſo foul an Ingratitude to the *Grand Signior*, and ſo Villanous a *Treaſon* againſt the *Empire*, which holds the *Firſt Rank*, among all the *Dominions* on *Earth*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

WE have had a violent hot *Summer* in theſe *Parts*, with much *Thunder* and *Lightning*; which has done conſiderable Damage to the *Farmers*, in burning their Hay and Corn in their *Granaries*. Complaints arrive here daily from all the *Provinces*, That *Heaven* has conſum'd their *Harveſts*.

This the *Court*-Party interpret, as a *Judgment* on them for their *Rebellions*; cauſing it to be induſtriouſly ſpread about in all Companies, That *Heaven* is Angry with the *Inhabitants* of *Guyenne*, *Bourdeaux*, and other *Provinces*, for taking up Arms this Year againſt their *Sovereign*. I know not how far this Cenſure is Juſtifiable: But 'tis obſerv'd, That the People of theſe *Rebellious Provinces*, have received more Apparent and Irreparable Injuries by the *Lightning*, than thoſe of other *Parts*. Several *Members* of the *Parliament* of *Aix*, were found dead in their Beds, after a Tempeſtuous Night of *Lightning*. And, next Day, the *Roof* of the *Houſe* where they *Aſſembled*, fell down and kill'd ſeveral.

In the *Great Church* of *Bourdeaux*, as they were Celebrating their *Maſs*, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the *Altar*, ſmote down ſeveral

ſeveral *Images*, and filling the *Church* with an Intolerable Stink, flew out at a Window, without doing any farther Harm. And a great Bank of Money, rais'd by this City to pay their Souldiers, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Aſtoniſhment of thoſe who ſaw it; for, it was done in the Day-Time, the *Grandees* of *Bourdeaux* being preſent. It would be endleſs, to recount all the Miſchiefs that have been done in thoſe *Parts*. We had no great Harm here, ſave that almoſt all the *Wine* in the City, was turn'd to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philoſophers* attribute to the Peculiar *Energy* of *Lightning*; which plays the *Chymiſt* with this Liquor, and in a Moment ſeparates and drinks up its Vital Spirits, leaving only a *Mortuum Caput* behind.

The *Seaſon* has been ſo hot during the *Dog-Days*, that the Air it ſelf ſeem'd Combuſtible; and the very Winds, from whence we look'd for Refreſhment, were like the Breath of a Stove: All Things ſeem'd ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*. Heat was the Cry every where. Men's Bodies were ſcalded with Internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afforded no Relief; the Fountains could not allay their Thirſt. All *Nature* ſeem'd to be in a *Fever*, ready to expire.

Now thoſe Fervors are abated, and we begin to have Froſty Mornings. The Nitrous Air, reſtores Mens Appetites. Abundance of Rain, has new-moulded the gaping parch'd

Earth, and produc'd a *Second Spring*. The Husbandman comforts himſelf with the Hopes of *Another* Crop of Hay, to repair the Loſs of the *Former*, which the *Lightning* robb'd him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very buſie, in diſrobing the Trees, and ſcattering not only their Leaves, but alſo the Fruit that is not gather'd, on the Ground; whereby a *Banquet* is prepar'd for the *Hogs* in every *Orchard*, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the *Common Table*, as their *Owners*. And 'tis no Unpleaſant *Muſick*, to hear a Herd of *Swine*, ſet their Teeth at Work on the Wind-fallen Apples. At leaſt, this Spectacle and Noiſe, is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite theſe Three *Moons*, and but juſt begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of *Paris*, on Purpoſe to take the Country Air, where my Bread taſtes more ſavourly than in the City. There appears ſomething ſo Harmleſs and Innocent in the Faces and Behaviour of the *Ruſticks*, as Effectually relieves my *Melancholy*. I cannot diſcern in them, any Signatures of *Court-Craft* and Villany. Their Converſation, chears my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their *Rural* Affairs. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wiſh it had been my Lot, to have been bred up in ſome homely Cottage, where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Aſſes; all which, Act Regularly according to their *Nature*: Whereas, he

he that is the *Servant* of *Princes*, is compell'd to do many Things contrary to his *Reaſon*; which is the greateſt Unhappineſs can befall a Man. How ſweet is the Sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of imbittering Cares by Day? He riſes with the *Lark*, and is as chearful as that pretty Bird, ſaluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or a *Leſſon* on his *Pipe*. He ſnuffs up the wholſom and fragant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over the Lands. He beholds with Admiration and Pleaſure, the Gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *Eaſt*. He ſpurs himſelf on to his daily Labour by the Example of that Active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is Pleaſant both in his Mouth and his Belly; he feels no after-Pangs through Satiety; but well refreſh'd and nouriſh'd with his Homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and ſleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the *Plots* of the *Mighty*. Thus he paſſes his Life, in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me, Dear *Hali*, are not theſe proper Objects of Envy, to a Man in my Circumſtances? Or, canſt thou blame *Mahmut*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wiſhing himſelf in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a Thouſand Snares: My Employment is a Perfect Riddle. I muſt ſay and unſay the ſame Things, as often

as Occaſion requires. I muſt tell an Hundred Lyes, ſwear and forſwear my ſelf every Hour, if the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior* be at Stake. I muſt be a *Mahometan Chriſtian*, *Jew* or any Thing that will ſerve a Turn; Diſſemble with *God* and *Man*, Blaſpheme the *Prophets*, Curſe the *True Believers*, and my ſelf too, rather than baulk the *Cauſe* I am engag'd in. And yet, all this while they will perſwade me, I am a good Man, and ſhall go to *Paradiſe*. As if the *Mufti*'s Diſpenſations, were available to cancel the Expreſs, Poſitive *Law* of *God!* Do they think to amuſe me with ſuch Umbrages, and ſend me muzzl'd to *Hell* with my Eyes open? I tell thee, I have a *Conſcience*, and ſuch a *Conſcience*, as will not let me be at Reſt in this Manner of Life. It were better to die, than to live ſtain'd with ſo many *Prevarications*. I know not what to do, amidſt ſo many Terrors: I feel my Body decay apace, and haſtening towards its Diſſolution; What will become of me, if I ſhould die under the Burthen of ſo many Sins? What Anſwer ſhall I be able to make, to the *Two Inquiſitors* of the *Grave*, the *Angels* who ſhall Examine me, Who is my *God*? and, Who is my *Prophet*? and, What is my *Faith*? The Darkneſs of that *Region* of *Shadows*, will not be ſufficient to hide my Bluſhes, and the Confuſion I ſhall be in at ſo preſſing a Tryal.

All my Comfort is, that I have yet Friends left, to whom I may freely vent my Thoughts, and ask their Counſel.

If

If thou haſt any Remains of that Friendſhip that has been between us, weigh my Caſe throughly, and tell me, Whether I am not loſt for Ever, without a Change of Life? Flatter me not, neither uſe the Artifices of Civility, in Palliating my Crimes. But, ſearch my Wounds, and give me thy Advice without a Veil; and *Mahmut* ſhall eſteem thee, the *Phyſician* of his *Soul*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Baſſa, Chief Treaſurer *to his* Highneſs *at* Conſtantinople.

IF I have not addreſſed to thee before, attribute it to my Ignorance of thy *Quality* and *Perſon*. As ſoon as I heard of thy Advancement to this *Important Truſt*, I reſolved to ſalute thee, as becomes a *Slave* in my Poſt, and to wiſh thee all the Happineſs thou canſt deſire. Yet, when I congratulate thy *Riſe*, remember, I do but welcome thee to a *Precipice*, a meer *Pinnacle* of *Fortune*, where thou haſt no Reaſon to expect ſecure Footing. The Blaſt of an Envious Mouth, will make thee totter. Thou breatheſt in an *Element*, full of Tempeſts. The ſly Practices of a *Ri-*

val, may undermine thee; or, the more open Frowns of thy *Sovereign*, may caſt thee down. Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar, and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakneſs, the Inſeparable Companion of Humanity. If thou ſhouldeſt once look with Diſdain on thoſe that are beneath thee, the vaſt Diſtance and Height of the Proſpect, may make thee Giddy. Therefore, it will be good for thee, to have thy Eyes always fixt on thy ſelf. That will prove the beſt *Chart*, by which to ſteer thy Courſe, through the Rocks and Sands, which on all Hands threaten the Life of a *Courtier*. It will not be amiſs alſo, to place before thee, the Examples of Wiſe Men, thy *Predeceſſors*. There is a greater Force in theſe, than in the beſt Counſels; becauſe, Matter of Fact, leaves no Room for Diſtruſt: Whereas, Men are naturally jealous of thoſe who pretend to inſtruct them. We are all fond of our own Reaſon and Judgment; and are apt to ſuſpect him of ſome Deſign, who ſeeks to perſwade us, though to our Good. Beſides, there is a *Species* of *Pride*, a *Punctilio* of *Honour* in *Mortals*, which will hardly permit us to yield our ſelves in a Condition, to need anothers Advice: Whence comes the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *A Man profits more by the Sight of an Idiot, than by the Orations of the Learned.* We all love to make our own Experiments, and ſooner truſt any Senſe than our Ears. Therefore, the *Lacedæmonians* cauſed their *Slaves* to be made drunk in the Preſence of their Children; that from

from the *Squalidneſs* of the *Spectacle*, they might conceive a Hatred againſt that Vice, which by all the *Inſtructions* in the World, they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of ſome in thy *Station*, have more of Sobriety in them, but leſs Honeſty. Wonder not at the Expreſſion, nor accuſe me of Impudence. I reflect only on the *Wicked*: Number not thy ſelf among them.

Thou knoweſt, it has been an Ancient Cuſtom for our renowned *Emperors*, to divert themſelves at certain Times, with the Sight of their *Ineſtimable Treaſury*. I an no Stranger to the Ceremonies uſed at ſuch Times. One would think it impoſſible, amidſt ſo much Caution, that the *Grand Signior* ſhould be defrauded of the leaſt part of his Wealth. I do not ſpeak of the *Chamber* of *Arms*, or thoſe others which makes up the *Imperial Wardrobe*. The Bulk and Weight of thoſe Rich Velvet *Broccades*, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, diſcourages the Theft. But who can number the *Robberies* that have been committed among the *Jewels*, and *Invaluable Rarities* of the *Myſterious Cloſet*? It has been found eaſie to conceal and tranſport from thence, whole Beds of Diamonds and Chains of Pearl, undiſcovered, I will not ſay unſuſpected, at the Times when *Anackdar-Agaſi* gives *Three Knocks*, on the *Cabinet* of the *Keys*.

Theſe are Hours of Munificence and Royal Bounty, when the *Auguſt Lord* of the *Mines*, is pleas'd to gratifie his *Slaves* with Gifts, and make

make them ſenſible they ſerve *Him*, who commands this *Upper World*, and that *Underneath*.

No *Prince* can diſcommend this Domeſtick Sport of our *Sovereign*, when he makes his *Pages* ſcramble for *Diamonds* and *Rubies*; ſince it gives him a Taſte of his own *Humanity*. Nothing being more agreeable, in Caſes on this ſide of Amorous Jealouſy, than to let others partake of our Pleaſures. And, 'tis the peculiar Delight of *Kings*, ſometimes to lay aſide their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants; making them their Companions, or at leaſt, their *Proxies* in many Enjoyments.

But, 'tis pity this Favour ſhould be abuſed, as it has been in the Inſtance I mention'd. Thou art no Stranger to the *Records* of the *Haſna*, which tell us, That when *Gelep Chiaus-Baſſa*, was made *Chief Treaſurer* in the *Reign* of *Sultan Muſtapha*, the Lucre of the Glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his *Maſter*, to the Value of Five Hundred Thouſand *Sequins*. Which, upon the Information of Three *Pages*, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whiſper'd alſo, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not purloyn'd Something from the *Imperial* Coffers. They ſay, 'tis an Hereditary Theft, deliver'd by Tradition from one to another. Every *Haſnadarbaſſi* being advanc'd to that Honour, By the Recommendation of his *Predeceſſor*, for the Service he has done him in conniving

at

at theſe Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the *Sixty* who Guard the *Royal Wealth*.

Thou canſt not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of theſe Things; in Regard I am commanded, to write with all Freedom to the *Sublime Miniſters*, whatever concerns the Intereſt of Our *Great Maſter*.

I have no more to ſay, but to deſire thee, in tranſmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be Timely and Punctual; to ſend *Duplicates* by different *Poſts*, that if one ſhould miſcarry, I may not be at a Loſs: For, there is no Credit for a *Muſſulman* in *Paris*. *Eliachim* would ſupply me with what may ſuffice a *Dervich*; but, it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requiſite for an *Agent* of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

I Unwillingly Concluded my laſt Letter, before I had vented half my Thoughts on thoſe *Oriental* Subjects, ſo full of Inſtruction and Pleaſure. Thy *Journal* is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the *Gardens*, and *Solitudes*, and even to the *Libraries*, and *Churches*: To which Laſt, I am obliged to go ſometimes, That I may avoid Suſpicion.

The *Chriſtians*, when they enter the moſt Delightful *Gardens* of *Paris*, ſpend their Time, and weary themſelves, in walking forward and backward. They will meaſure ſeveral Leagues, in Traverſing one *Alley*: Which vain Cuſtom, thou knoweſt, is contrary to the Practice of the *Eaſtern* People, who love to ſolace themſelves, in ſitting ſtill under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the Grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noſes with the fragrant Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which, ſerve as Helps to their Contemplation.

After this Manner, I many Times paſs away ſome Hours in the *Gardens* of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And, when I am cloy'd with the forementioned Pleaſures, then I take out thy *Journal*, and fall to Reading;

ing; which winds up my Thoughts afreſh, like a Watch that is down: Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and ſerves as a Miraculous *Taliſman*, to bring *China*, *India* and all the *Eaſt*, into the Place where I am; ſo Lively and Natural, are thy Diſcourſes of thoſe *Parts*.

When I am in the *Churches*, it ſerves me inſtead of a *Prayer Book*: And, whilſt Others are babbling over they know not what, or, at leaſt, they care not what; I offer up to *God* the *Firſt-Fruit* of my Reaſon and Knowledge, which he has given me to diſtinguiſh me from all Sorts of Beaſts, whether in Humane Shape, or not.

When I go to the *Libraries*, I compare thy *Journal* with the *Writings* of Others who treat of the ſame Matters; and find, that thou agreeſt with ſome, correcteſt the Miſtakes of others, and in all, ſheweſt a *Genius* elevated above all others of the Common *Hiſtorians* and *Travellers*, who ſeek rather to amuſe the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to Inſtruct him with what is really Uſeful and Profitable.

Thus thy *Journal*, is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions Abroad; and, it is no leſs, the Diverſion of my Retirement and Melancholy at Home. I am a great Admirer of *Antiquity*: And therefore an old Craggy Rock, o'r-grown with Moſs, and full of gaping *Chaſms*, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the Flow'ry Meadows or Verdant

Verdant Groves; becauſe the *Former*, looks like a *Relique* of the *Primitive Chaos*; whereas, I know the *Latter*, to be only the Product of the Laſt *Spring*. 'Tis for this Reaſon, thy *Narrative* affords me ſo vaſt a Delight, becauſe it treats of the moſt Ancient *Kingdoms* and *Governments* in the *World*: And is not ſtuffed, with *Chimæra's* and *Fables*, as moſt *Relations* of thoſe Countries are; but, gives a ſincere and true Account of whatever is Conſiderable, without touching on Impertinencies.

But, above all, I am delighted with that Part, which relates thy Travels in *China*: That Country, being of ſo vaſt an Extent, ſo Rich, ſo Populous; the People ſo Induſtrious, Learned and Politick (beſides the *Antiquity* of their *Empire*, which cannot in that Point be matched by any *Government* under the *Heavens*;) that the Exact Knowledge of theſe Things, ſeems to me of greater Moment, than any other Diſcoveries whatſoever.

What thou ſayeſt of the *Chineſe* Letters and Words, ſhews, that thou haſt made ſome Inſpection into that *Language*. And, thy Remarks on the long *Succeſſion* and *Series* of their *Kings*, is an Argument, That thou art no Stranger to their *Chronology*, which takes in many Thouſands of Years before *Noah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their Publick *Tribunals* and *Courts* of *Juſtice*; as alſo, in deſcribing ſome Remarkable Bridges, Temples, Palaces, and other Structures:

Structures: Which ſerves to give the Reader a true *Idea*, of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chineſe Emperors*; and of the Ingenuity of the *People*, who ſeem to excel all others in *Arts* and *Sciences*. In a Word, it is evident, That thou didſt not paſs thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilſt thou wert in that *Kingdom*. And, I know not how better to expreſs the Eſteem I have for thee, on the Account of the Pains thou haſt taken, to Inform both thy ſelf and me in Matters of ſo great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progreſs the *Tartars* have made in the *Conqueſt* of that *Empire*, ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*. In my Laſt, I acquainted thee with the *Coronation* of the *Tartar*-King at *Pekin*. Since which, Other Veſſels are arriv'd from thoſe *Parts*, which bring an Account, that the Young *Tartarian Conquerour*, ſoon puſhed forward his Victories. And marching with an Army into *Corea*, (which *Kingdom*, thou knoweſt, borders on *China*) the King of that *Country*, made his Submiſſions; and entring into a League with *Zunchi*, held his *Crown* in *Fee* of that Victorious *Emperour*.

Afterwards, he haſtened to ſubdue the *Provinces* which remained Unconquered. His Method in accompliſhing this great Work, was by ſwift Marches, like another *Alexander* the *Great*; and by laying Siege to the Principal City of a *Province*, which he never failed, either to take by Force, or compelled to ſurrender, that ſo they mighr eſcape Famine.

mine. And when this was done, he took Poſſeſſion, both of it and the whole *Province*, ſummoning the Cities of Leſſer Note to ſurrender; which they ſeldom refuſed, after they had beheld the *Fate* of the Firſt. Thus in a little time, he became *Maſter* of all that ſpacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Succeſs, quickly brought Innumerable *Tartars* out of their *Native Country*, to follow the Fortune of their *Emperour*. To theſe he gave the *Chief Offices* of his *Army*, and continued the *Chineſes* in the Adminiſtration of *Civil* Affairs. And, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chineſes*, to cut their Hair ſhort, and to cloath themſelves after the Faſhion of the *Tartars*.

They give a High Character of this Young *Prince*, who amidſt ſo many Succeſſes and Triumphs, diſcovers not the leaſt vain Glory, but contains himſelf within the Bounds of a vertuous Moderation, aſcribes all to the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*, and, is not in the leaſt puffed up, with any of his Glorious Actions; which is an Argument, of a Spirit truly Heroick. And yet, this *Prince* is an *Idolater*, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are Men of no *Religion*, which makes their *Morals* the more admirable. For, according to the Relation of thoſe who came laſt from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very Temperate and Continent People, abhorring thoſe Vices, which are but too common in other Parts of the World, and from which the *True*

Believers

Believers themſelves are not Free. They are Rigorouſly Juſt alſo, and puniſh all Manner of Fraud and Deceit, with Immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the *Wars*, there is no *Nation* ſurpaſſes them, Few are their Equals. They are Paſſionate Lovers of an Active Life, ſpending moſt of their Time on Horſe-back, either in Hunting Wild Beaſts, or fighting with their Enemies. And their Horſes are the beſt and moſt Courageous in the World. There is Nothing the *Tartars* ſo much deſpiſe, as the Sedentary Life of *Students* and Learned Men; accounting them, the Burden of a *Commonwealth*, lazy Drones, fit only to be ſold for Slaves. But Men of Service and Merit in the Wars, they have in great Eſteem; never failing, to reward ſuch with Dignities and Commands, proportionable to their Deſerts and Capacities. Nay, ſuch is the Martial *Genius* of this Nation, That the very Women Ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that ſoft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women, are habituated from their Infancy, to live in Tents or Waggons, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*. There they are inur'd to Hunger, Cold, Thirſt, and all the Methods of a Frugal and Hardy Life. This is that, which renders them Excellent Soldiers, and a Terrour to all the Nations round about them. This is that, which ſo ſoon Reduced all *China* to their Obedience; the *Chineſes*, among all their Vertues and Accompliſhments, being the moſt

Effeminate

Effeminate People on Earth. This no doubt, thou haſt obſerved.

Brother, I adviſe thee, to go to *Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa*, our Countryman, and preſent to him theſe Obſervations on the *Tartars*; which thou mayſt eaſily do, by tranſcribing what is for thy turn, out of this Letter. He Inherits his Father's *Genius*; who, thou knoweſt, was one of the Greateſt *Hunters* in all *Arabia*, and had a Character, not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Baſſa*, will take great Delight in theſe *Memoirs*, and will think himſelf obliged, to make thee ſome proper Acknowledgment. He is Generous and Great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an *Encomium* of thy Ability. I will ſecond it with another Letter, in Anſwer to one I lately receiv'd from him, wherein he deſires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore, of ſeveral Paſſages out of thy *Journal*. He, no doubt, to make a farther Tryal of thy Knowledge, will ask thee ſeveral Queſtions, relating to theſe Matters. So ſhalt thou have a fair Opportunity, of rendering thy ſelf Conſpicuous, and of gaining his Eſteem. Follow my Advice; take Time by the Fore-lock, and the Event ſhall prove Happy.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

I Received thy Commands, and am proud of the Honour thou haſt done me, in requiring the ſmalleſt Service at my Hands; eſpecially, one of this Nature: Which is an Argument, that my Former Relation of *China*, was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happineſs, that I have a Brother, who has made ſuch Conſiderable Improvements in his *Travels*: For, 'tis to him, I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country, and the other *Parts* of the *Eaſt*. As for my Couſin *Iſouf*, he would never vouchſafe to ſend me a Syllable, relating to his *Travels*, though he had rambled throughout all *Aſia*.

I deſired this Favour of him in ſeveral Letters, but have received no Anſwer; ſo that I know not, whether he be Dead or Alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me: And, unleſs it be ſome of the *Miniſters* of *State*, who ſometimes honour me with a *Diſpatch*, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in Twenty *Moons*. Which makes me conclude, that Abſence of ſo long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou deſireſt farther to know concerning *China*, my Brother ſays, That

Empire

Empire contains 4400 wall'd Towns and Cities; 3000 Caſtles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, wherein are always Garriſoned a Million of Soldiers, who are relieved at due Times, by others of equal Number. There are a Million alſo conſtantly kept in Pay, to guard the *Governours* of *Provinces*, *Embaſſadors*, and other *Officers* of *State*. The *Emperour* of *China*, maintaining Five Hundred Thouſand Horſe, to attend his Perſon. All this is, in Time of *Peace*. But, upon any *Revolt* or *Invaſion*, the Forces are Innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, Remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World; 2099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 Triumphal Arches and other Monuments, erected in Honour of Valiant and Learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all Manner of Excellent Books. *Temples* 300000, and as many *Prieſts*, beſides the *Convents* of their *Religious*. They reverence 3036 Male-*Saints*, and 208 Female. All which have *Temples* dedicated to their Honour, beſides thoſe which are conſecrated to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, and to the *Heavens* which comprehend All, and to the *Celeſtial Gods* who rule All, and to the *Supreme God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. In theſe *Temples*, they celebrate the Praiſes of their *Gods* and *Heroes*, with Muſick and Songs, Incenſe and Sacrifices; believing, that all Things which are conſpicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which

which Mankind receives any General or Extraordinary Benefit, ought to be worſhipped with *Divine* Honours. In this, they differ not from the Ancient *Pagans* of *Greece* and *Rome*, who had almoſt as many *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, as there were ſeveral Creatures in the World; ſo that there was no Beginning nor Ending of their Superſtitions: And, the moſt Learned, and Contemplative of their *Prieſts*, found the *Ceremonies* of their *Religion*, to be an Inextricable Labyrinth, where they were often loſt. Certainly, happy are the *Faithful Muſſulmans*, who *Adore* but *One God*, the *Fountain* of the *Univerſe*, without entangling themſelves, in the Abſurdities of *Infidels*.

The *Chineſes*, are grear Admirers of Themſelves, and their Own *Nation*; believing, that no People can ſtand in Competition with them, for Learning, Wiſdom and Riches. They have a very contemptible *Idea* of all other *Countries*, with their Inhabitants; Eſteeming them, either as *Idiots*, or *Monſters*.

This Conceitedneſs, is owing to their Ignorance of the Reſt of the World; for, they ſeldom or never, travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*.

I could ſay a great Deal more of this People; but, it will be better for thee, to hear it from my Brother, who has been there, and can give thee ample Satisfaction in all Things, relating to that *Empire*. I have wrote to him, to go and kiſs the Duſt before thy Feet. If thou makeſt Tryal of his Abilities, thou wilt

wilt find him improved by his Travels, a Man fit for Buſineſs, and one in whom thou may'ſt confide; Which is a Vertue, never enough to be prized in theſe corrupt Times.

In theſe Things however, mingle thy own Diſcretion, with the Kindneſs of a Country-Man, and the Affection of a Friend.

Paris, *the* 8th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Cornezan, Baſſa.

WEre *Ovid* alive, the Events of this Year, wou'd afford him Matter for *New Fictions*. He would either tell us, that the *Goddeſs* of *Love* had ſet a Spell upon *Mars*, and charm'd him into Good Nature; or, that he had drank ſo large a Draught of *Nepenthe*, as had made him forget his Old Trade, of embroiling *Mortals* in *Wars*. However it be, *Hymen* ſeems to have the greateſt Share in this Year's Actions. For, inſtead of Battels and Sieges, the *Nazarene Princes* have been engaged in Encounters of a Softer Character, the Gentle Affairs of *Love* and *Marriage*.

In the Firſt *Moon*, the *New King* of *Poland*, whom they call *John Caſimir*, Married the Widow of his Deceaſed Brother. In the Ninth

Ninth, the *Prince* of *Hanault*, Eſpous'd the *Duke* of *Holſtein*'s Daughter. And the laſt *Moon* was Remarkable for Two Matches; One of the King of *Spain* with *Anna Maria*, the *German Emperor*'s Daughter; the Other, of the *Duke* of *Mantua*, with *Iſabella Clara* of *Auſtria*.

Theſe are all bruſhing forward in the Crowd of the *Living*; they are buſy in augmenting the *Generations* of *Men*: Whilſt others of as *High Blood*, are gone to encreaſe the *Number* of the *Dead*; being enroll'd amongſt the *Ghoſts*, and made *Denizons* in the *Region* of *Shadows*.

The *Empreſs* of *Germany*, died in the Fifth *Moon*. The *Duke* of *Braganza*, in the Ninth. The *Dutcheſs* of *Modena*, in the Eighth. And a certain *German Prince*, whoſe Name I have forgot, died in the *Moon* of *October*. Beſides theſe, Death has alſo Arreſted *Oſſalmski*, the *Great Chancellor* of *Poland*; *Wrangel*, *General* of the *Swediſh* Army; *Frederick*, the *German Embaſſador* at *Rome*; *Ferdinand*, *Elector* of *Cologne*; and the *Vice-Roy* of *Bohemia*, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window and had his Brains daſh'd out. So that tho' *Mars* may have ſeem'd to lie Dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Miſchief, Old *Saturn*, has been very Active, as the *Aſtrologers* ſay, who attribute all Events, to the *Influx* of the *Stars*. Some are alſo of Opinion, that the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon* this Year, were Preſages of the Death of theſe *Great Perſons*. They might as well plead.

That the Daily *Riſing* and *Setting* of thoſe *Luminaries*, Portended all the Tragical Events that happen'd on Earth; ſince it is not more *Natural* for them, to continue Unalterably Moving from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, than it is for them to be Obſcur'd, at certain determin'd Stations, in their Journey, by *Interpoſitions* which happen of Courſe.

We are Strangers to the *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe* and *Indian Gentiles*. Neither can any good Account be now given, of the Ancient *Egyptian* and *Aſſyrian Records*. They run many *Ages* back, beyond the Common *Epocha*, of the *Beginning* of the *World*.

But the whole *Syſtem* of *Known Hiſtory*, relates but Two *Extraordinary* or *Preternatural* Changes in the *Courſe* of the *Sun*, during theſe Six Thouſand Years.

One, when that *Luminary* ſtood ſtill in the Time of *Jehoſhua*, *General* of the *Iſraelites*, to ſerve the *Ends* of *Deſtiny*, and prolong the Light of the Day to a double Proportion, till the Oppoſite Army was quite deſtroy'd, and not one of the *Uncircumciſ'd* could eſcape the Swords of the Victorious Sons of *Jacob*.

That Day prov'd a long Night to their *Antipodes*. They turn'd themſelves in their Beds, when they had out-ſlept the Uſual Hours of Night, and ſaid in their Hearts, *Surely the* Sun *is fall'n aſleep, or is Banqueting with the* Gods *of the* Sea. *Perhaps* Thetis *detains him in her Embraces, whilſt the* Tritons *faſten his Slumbers with their ſofteſt Muſick: Or* Neptune

regales

regales in the Palaces of the Diep. Thus the Diſconſolate *Nations* argu'd in their Chambers. They were alarm'd with Fears of Unknown Events.

Such as dwelt on the Borders of the Earth, and were accuſtom'd to mark the conſtant *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the *Sea*, admir'd the Delay of the Uſual Tides, and ask'd, *What was become of the Moon?* for, that *Planet* alſo ſtood ſtill with the *Sun*.

The Light of their Souls was Eclips'd, and their Reaſon labour'd under a greater Darkneſs than that which troubl'd their Eyes. They were Ignorant of the *VVorks* of *God*; and knew not, that the *Celeſtial Orbs* ſtood ſtill at the Command of the *Spirit* which formed them, even at the *VVord* of the *Prophet* Inſpir'd from *Above*.

So in the Days of *Hezekiah*, King of the *Jews*, the *Sun* went back in his Circuit, and all the *Frame* of *Heaven* was Retrograde, to confirm the *Prophet's* Good News, when he told the ſick King, *That Fate had Prolong'd his Life for Fifteen Years.* This was in the Days of *Merodach Baladan*, the *King* of *Babylon*, who ſent *Ambaſſadors* to congratulate *Hezekiah's* Miraculous Recovery.

Beſides theſe, nothing has happen'd to the *Sun*, or any of the *Heavenly Bodies*, beyond the Ordinary Courſe of *Nature*. A Man may as well Prognoſticate from Cloudy Weather, the Calamities of *Emperours* and Meaner Men, as from the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon*: Since the *One* as well as the *Other*, obſcures the Light

of thoſe *Heavenly Bodies*: And the *Former*, quite hides them from Us; which is the greater Eclipſe of the Two.

Let us pray *Heaven*, to grant us the continual Uſe of our *Senſes*, and not to *Eclipſe* the *Light* of our *Reaſon*; and we need fear no *Diſaſters*, from the *Common Appearances* of *Nature*.

Paris, *the* 7th. *Moon Chaban, of the Year* 1649.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS
Writ by
A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

To Mahammed Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Prophetick Cave, *in* Arabia *the* Happy.

PArdon my Importunity, if I this once trouble thee with an Addreſs of Scruples, begging thy Counſel in the Affairs of my *Soul*. I ſeem to my ſelf as a Traveller loſt in a Wilderneſs of Doubts and Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct. Not that I queſtion the Truth of our *Holy Re-*

ligion, or miſtruſt the *Authority* of the *Sent* of *God*. Certainly, I revere the *Book* of *Glory*, whoſe *Sacred Verſicles*, are tranſcribed on my Heart. But, there is wanting to every Man, a particular Conduct in the Intricacies of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the General *Precepts* of the *Law*, to my Own Perſonal Occaſions and Neceſſities. Infinite Difficulties ariſe from my daily Affairs. My Converſation with *Infidels*, and the Duty I owe my *Great Maſter*, entangle my Conſcience. I am embaraſſed on all Hands; and whilſt I ſtudy to conſerve Purity, I find my ſelf ſtill defiled.

I am no *Heretick*, nor in the Number of thoſe who are *Predeſtinated* to be *Damn'd*, for the Injurious Love they bear to *Hali*; Injurious, I ſay, becauſe it derogates from the Honour they owe to *Omar*, *Oſman* and *Ebubecker*, the True Succeſſors of the *Apoſtle* of *God*.

As I firmly believe the *Alcoran*, ſo I give an entire *Faith* to the *Book* of *Aſſonah*, or the *Agreement* of the *Wiſe*, with the *VVritings* of the Four Principal *Imaums*, *Haniff*, *Schaſi*, *Melechi* and *Hambeli*. And I am reſigned to the *Sentence* of the *Mufti*, as our *Fathers* were of *Old*, to the *Oraculous* Determinations of the *Babylonian Califfs*. I Curſe the *Kyzilbaſchi* with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of *True Believers*. I ſpit at the Naming of them, who deny the *Chapter* of the *Covering*, and the *Verſicles* brought down by the *Squire* of *Gabriel*, in

Honour

Honour of the *Prophet*'s Wife. I never lifted up my Hand againſt any who deſcended from the *Divine Meſſenger*. And if in my Paſſion, I have ever Curs'd a *Muſſulman*, I took of the Duſt under his Feet, and laid it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanced a Hairs-breadth; and ſo I hindred the ſwift *Recorder* of our Words, from Regiſtring the Imprecation. For, that Duſt, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials, of our Evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Santone*, or one of thoſe Divinely Mad, I put in practice the Leſſon of *Orchanes*; and honouring the *Holy Frantick*, I fall down and Adore *Vertue*, in that Contemptible Diſguiſe.

I neglect none of the *Purifications*, Commanded by Our *Holy Lawgiver*; but rather add thoſe, that we *Arabians* have received by Tradition from our *Fathers*, the Sons of *Iſmael*: Yet, I hope, in Caſe of Neglect, ſome Indulgence is allowable to a *Muſſulman*, in a Country of *Infidels*. I uſe the *VVaſhing* of *Abdeſt* at all Times in my Chamber, where no Curious Eye can obſerve my Cleanlineſs; or Suſpicious Apprehenſion, draw Concluſions of my being a *Mahometan*. But I cannot thus practiſe the *VVaſhing* of *Taharet*; there being not ſuch Conveniences for that Purpoſe in *Paris*, as in *Conſtantinople*. Yet, I am careful to ſupply this Want, by other Methods of Purity; otherwiſe, I ſhould be an Abomination to my ſelf. There is no Neceſſity, that I ſhould frequent the *Bath*, who never touch-

ed a Woman: Yet, I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and cauſing my ſelf to be rowed half a League from the City, wherein a little Bay or Creek, I waſh my whole Body, that I may do ſomething beyond the Obligations of the *Law*, to expiate the Involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call my ſelf *Clean*.

I *Pray* at the Appointed Hours; Or, at leaſt, if the Affairs of my *Commiſſion* hinder me from complying with the *Law*, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that neglect, by *Watching* the greateſt Part of the Night. And, to the *Oraiſons* appointed by *Authority*, I add *Supernumerary Prayers* of my own, to evidence the *Sincerity* of my *Devotion*.

I *Faſt*, and give *Alms*, according to my Ability. I beſtow much Time, in Reading and Meditating on the *Alcoran*. In a word, I do all that my Reaſon tells me is Neceſſary, to render me a good *Muſſulman*; and yet, I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks, I ſee our *Holy Prophet* furrowing his Brows at me, and darting angry Looks from his *Paradiſe*. He ſeems to reproach me with Uncleanneſs and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night, I am Terrify'd with Fearful Dreams. Which makes me conclude, That notwithſtanding all my Obedience to the *Law*, and the ſtricteſt Care I take, to acquit my ſelf a *True Believer*, yet I am far ſhort of my Aim; and therefore, I number my ſelf with thoſe, with whom *God* is diſpleaſed.

It

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Horror, which this Thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed ſometimes with Melancholy and Deſpair. And, becauſe I am forc'd to keep my Grief to my ſelf, without having the Privilege of Venting it to a Boſom Friend, it is ready to burſt my Heart.

This is my Condition at Certain Seaſons; which I eſteem as bad, or worſe, than thoſe who are Doom'd to *Aaraf*. For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradiſe*, ſo they are ſecured from the Torments of the Damn'd: Whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in *Hell*. Wilt thou know how I redreſs this Evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? Receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee, Thou art my Phyſician, and the *Idea* of thy Innocent Life, my Medicine. When I have rowl'd over Ten Thouſand Thoughts, which afford me no Eaſe or Relief, no ſooner do I fix my Contemplation on the *Solitary* of Mount *Uriel*, but a ſudden Beam of Light and Comfort, glances through my Soul. I promiſe my ſelf greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imaums* and *Mollahs* of the *Empire*.

Tell me therefore, O *Holy* and *Pious Eremit*, how I ſhall diſſipate theſe Miſts of Grief and Sadneſs, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to ſuffocate my Intellect.

If in this Darkneſs and Confuſion, I ſhould apply my ſelf to the *Diſciples* of *Alhazin* for Inſtruction, they will puzzle me with Intri-

cate Niceties, about the *Eſſence* and *Unity* of *God:* Whereas, I am too much troubled already, with diſtracting Speculations. I ſeek not to dive into that which is *Incomprehenſible*, but to be inſtructed in the Plain and Intelligible Way to to *Happineſs*. What imports it, whether *God* be *Good* by his *Goodneſs*, or by his *Eſſence?* This is, to throw *Metaphyſical* Duſt in my Eyes, and ſo leave me in a worſe Condition than they found me.

No better Light, muſt I expect from the *Momſconderan:* For, if they are ſtrict Obſervers of the *Law*, ſo am I, where the *Precepts* are applicable to my Condition and Circumſtances. But, I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* ſeems to have made no Proviſion, but leaves every Man, to the Conduct of his own Prudence. And, I muſt confeſs, I dare not truſt mine, in all Caſes of this Nature. Beſides, inſtead of Interpreting to me in a plain Style the *Statutes* of the *Law*, they will Confound me with High and Unintelligible Notions of the *Divine Attributes*, which are ſufficient to dazle the Intellect of the Brighteſt *Seraphim*. And, if they could once perſwade me to be zealous for their Speculations, I might in Time turn ſuch another Religious Fool, as was one of their *Followers*, the *Poet Namiſi*, who being wrapt in his profound Speculations of the *Divine Unity*, and hearing an *Imaum* pronounce the *Sacred Sentence*, *God* is *One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, That he multiply'd the *Divinity*, in aſſigning it any *Attribute*, though it

it were only that which expreſſed his *Unity*. For which Impudent Aſſertion, he was flea'd alive.

In as bad a Condition ſhould I be, if I ask'd the Adviſe of the *Muſerin*, thoſe *Infidels* in Maſquerade, who under the Diſguiſe of *Muſſulmans*, deny the *Being* of a *God*, aſſert all Things to come by Chance: and live without Hope or Faith of Another Life. For, if this were true, that there were no Reward or Puniſhment of Good or Bad Works, I would either ſoon make my Way to Earthly Happineſs, by not boggling at any Vice that would conduce to that End; Or, if I fail'd in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a *Martyrdom* from Men, but bravely rid my ſelf of a Life, which was attended with nothing but Miſery.

Almoſt as bad as theſe, are the *Hairet*, thoſe *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not truſt their own Reaſon, but are ever Wavering and Irreſolute. If I ſhould ſeek for Inſtruction at their Hands, they would anſwer me, *God knows beſt what I ought to do*, and ſo leave me in the ſame Suſpence as I was before.

Much worſe are the *Guaid*, thoſe Moroſe Interpreters of the *Law* of *Mercy*, who damn a Man irrecoverably to *Hell*, for committing one Mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to Deſpair.

Indeed the *Morals* of the *Sabin* pleaſe me, who ſeem to be perfect *Mahometan Stoicks*, aſcribing all Events to *Deſtiny*, and the *Influence* of the *Stars*. I could willingly embrace the:

the Advice of *Philoſophers*, who appear ſo void of Paſſion; but I could never join with them, in Adoring the Sun, Moon and Conſtellations of *Heaven*, becauſe the *Alcoran* has expreſly forbidden it. And, were there no ſuch Prohibition, my own Reaſon would convince me, that I ought as well to Adore the Fire for warming me and ſerving my other Neceſſities, or the Water for quenching my Thirſt and Purifying me, or my own Hands for feeding me, as to pay theſe Divine Honours to the *Celeſtial* Bodies; ſince the one, as well as the other, Act according to their Nature.

In a Word, of all the Innumerable *Sects*, into which the *Muſſulman Empire* is divided, I cannot expect entire Satisfaction from any; for, if they appear Orthodox in ſome *Tenets*, in others they are manifeſtly *Heretical*. Yet, I cannot but ſet a higher Value on ſome, than Others, as their Doctrines and Practices approach nearer to Reaſon and Truth. For, I am not yet ſuch an *Academick*, as to ask that Mock-Queſtion, *What is Truth?*

Doubtleſs, our *Fathers* knew it, and the *Meſſenger* of *God* was ſent to divulge it on Earth. But, if Ignorance, Superſtition and Error have baniſhed it from *Courts* and *Cities*, let us ſeek it in the *Deſarts*. Perhaps we may find this Wanderer among the Rocks and Woods; or, 'tis poſſible ſhe has ſheltered herſelf in ſome Den or Cave, as hoping for greater Favour from the Wild Beaſts, than from the Society of Men.

If

If *Truth* be no where to be found Entire, but has divided her ſelf among the Different *Religions* and *Sects* in the World, then, rather than miſs of this *Divine* Jewel, I will ſearch for it in Fragments; and whatſoever is Rational and Pious in any *Sect*, I will embrace, without concerning my ſelf in their Follies and Vices.

After all, the *Munaſihi* ſeem to me, the only Orthodox and Illumined of God, who declining the private By-Ways of *Schiſmaticks*, walk in the High Road of Priſtine Juſtice and Piety, following the Steps of the *Ancients*, and obeying the Traditions which know no Origin. Among theſe, thou appeareſt as another *Pythagoras*; confirming them by thy Example in an Innocent Life; enduring the utmoſt Severities of Abſtinence, rather than be Guilty of ſhedding the Blood of thoſe Creatures, which the *Great Lord* of *All Things* Created, to enjoy the Herbage of the Field, and to partake of the Common Bleſſings of *Nature*, as well as We.

To thee therefore I have Recourſe, as to an *Oracle*. Tell me, O *Sacred Sylvian*, am I not obliged to obey the Inſpirations of my *Nature*, or *Better Genius*, which tells me, 'Tis a Butcherly and Inhuman Life, to feed on ſlaughtered Animals? Did not all thoſe who aim'd at *Perfection* among the *Primitive Diſciples* of the *Prophet*, abſtain from Murdering the Brutes? 'Tis true, the *Meſſenger* of *God*, did not poſitively enjoin *Abſtinence* from *Fleſh*; yet he recommended it, as a *Divine Counſel*.

And,

And, thoſe to whom he indulged the Liberty of Eating it, he ty'd up to certain Conditions. Do not all the *Religious Orders* Preach up *Abſtinence*, both in their *Sermons* and *Lives?* I make no longer Doubt, but the Corruption of Manners, and Voluptuouſneſs of Men, are the Cauſes, that this *Ancient* Sobriety is now diſus'd and ſlighted. My own Experience confirms me in this Opinion, who have often attempted to live in *Abſtinence*; but, by the Force of a Voracious Appetite, ſuffered my ſelf to be carri'd back to my old Intemperance.

Yet, in Eating Fleſh, I have been preciſely careful, to obſerve the Prohibitions of our *Holy Prophet*, ſo long as it was in my Power. I never *Knowingly* taſted of *Blood*, nor of any Thing *ſtrangled* or *knocked* down. But, it is Impoſſible for me to aſſure my ſelf of this; or that all the Fleſh I Eat, was *killed*, in Pronouncing that *Tremendous Name* which gave it *Life*. Neither could I Once eſcape a Neceſſity, of Eating *Swine's Fleſh*.

But, I abominate my ſelf for this Involuntary Crime. And, to obviate the like Temptation for the Future, I will taſte of Nothing, that has Breath'd the Common Air; being inclined to believe the *Metempſychoſis*: Which, if it be true, I wiſh for no greater Happineſs, than that in my next Change, my *Soul* may paſs into the Body of the *Camel*, which ſhall carry thee to *Mecha*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Minezim Aluph, Baſſa.

MY Intelligence from the *Imperial Port*, ſometimes arrives late; either through the Neglect of *Kiſur Dramelec*, to whom that Care is committed, or through the Badneſs of the Roads, which many Times are Impaſſable. Beſides the frequent Stops and Interceptions of the *Poſts*, in this Time of *War*. Which is the Reaſon, I do not always hear of the *Alterations* at the *Seraglio*, and the *Changes* that are made in the *Governments* of the *Shining Empire*, till many *Moons* are paſs'd. Who is exalted, or who made *Manſoul*, are Things to which *Mahmut* is for a Time a great Stranger.

Therefore, thou haſt no Reaſon to be offended, that I am thus late in ſending to thee my Congratulatory Addreſs. But reſt confident, that I wiſh thee increaſe of Happineſs, like the *Sprouting* of the *Palm*.

As a Mark of my Duty and Affection, I ſhall now acquaint thee with News, which though it may ſeem of ſmall Import to the *Divan*, yet has ſtartl'd all *Europe*.

It is the Impriſonment of Three of the *French Princes*; not thoſe of the *Ordinary Rank*, but *Branches* of the *Royal Stem*, whoſe Names are not unknown in the *Seraglio*, the *Reſidence* of *Fame*. They are, the *Princes* of

Conde

Conde and *Conti*, Brothers, and the *Duke* of *Longueville*, Husband to their Siſter. They are the Principal Subjects in this *Nation*; all Three, having the *Majeſtick Blood* of the *Kings* of *France*, running in their Veins.

They owe their Confinement to *Cardinal Mazarini*, or rather to their own Inartificial Conduct. The *Prince* of *Conde*, is a Paſſionate Man; and has never learn'd, how to conceal his Reſentments. When he firſt return'd from the Battel of *Lens* in *Flanders*, whereof I formerly gave an Account, the *Inſurrection* in *Paris* began. The *Prince*, block'd up the City, and promis'd the *Cardinal* (againſt whom alone all this Storm was rais'd) that he wou'd either bring him back in Triumph to *Paris*, or die in the Attempt. He perform'd his Word; and the *Cardinal* rode through the Streets of *Paris*, in the ſame Coach with the King, Queen, and all the *Royal Blood* after the Siege was rais'd, and a *Peace* concluded. And the *Prince*, when he alighted out of the Coach, addreſs'd himſelf thus to the *Cardinal*: *Now, Sir, I eſteem my ſelf the happieſt Man in the World, in that I have been able to perform my Engagement, in bringing your* Eminence *back to* Paris; *and that by my Preſence, the Hatred which the Multitude have for your Perſon, was repreſs'd whilſt we paſs'd through the Streets.*

This too nearly touch'd the *Cardinal*. And indeed the Queen, with all the Reſt, were ſenſible, that the *Prince* had too far over-ſhot himſelf, in this laſt Expreſſion. However, the

Cardinal

Cardinal reply'd in a Kind of Modeſty, not wholly void of Choler and Diſdain; *Sir, You have not only oblig'd me to that Heighth, but have done the* Kingdom *ſo conſiderable a ſervice in this Action, That I fear, neither Their* Majeſties *nor my ſelf, ſhall be ever in a State, to make you anſwerable Compenſation.*

Thoſe who ſtood by, and heard theſe interchangeable Diſcourſes, were apt to interpret the *Firſt* for a Reproach, and the *Second* as a Menace. Since it is not unuſual for Great Men, to over-value the Services they do their *King* and *Country*; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duly reward an Eminent Performance, to turn their Gratitude into Hatred.

This is certain, that the *Prince* of *Conde* has preſum'd much, on the Merit of his late Services; and, it was not eaſie for the *Queen* or the *Cardinal*, to invent ſuch Acknowledgments as he expected. For he imagin'd, they ought to deny him Nothing, who had ſo often hazarded his Life for their Intereſt.

It was on this Ground, he thought he had a Right to interpoſe in a Marriage, which *Mazarini* deſign'd to make between one of his *Nieces*, and the *Duke* of *Mercœur*.

This *Duke* is of a *Family*, which has been a long Time at Variance with that of the *Prince* of *Conde*: And therefore, the *Prince* was jealous leſt the *Cardinal*, by the intended *Match*, ſhould fortifie his Intereſt among the *Prince*'s Enemies; and ſo be in a Condition, not to want his Protection; the only Thing he was ambitious of. For, cou'd he have once reduc'd

duc'd the *Cardinal* to this Neceſſity, he himſelf had been abſolute *Maſter* at *Court*. Therefore, he oppos'd the *Match*, with all Vigor and Induſtry. This netled the *Cardinal*. He complains to the *Queen*, of the *Prince*'s Unkindneſs. She intercedes, and uſes her utmoſt Endeavours, to reconcile the *Prince* to this Marriage. But his Brother, the *Duke* of *Longueville*, had ſo poſſeſs'd the *Prince* with a Jealouſie of the *Cardinal*'s Proceedings, that no Arguments cou'd prevail on him, or overcome his fix'd Averſion for *Mazarini*'s deſigned *Alliance* with the *Houſe* of *Vendoſme* (ſo they call the *Family*, from whence the *Duke* of *Mercœur* is ſprung.) He rails at the *Cardinal*, and lampoons him in all Companies. This begets ill Blood in the *Supreme Miniſter* of *State*, who ſecretly reſolves the *Prince*'s Ruin.

In this, his Policy and Malice, exceeded the petty Revenges of the *Prince*; who being of a frank, open Heart, contented himſelf with Railleries, and Satyrical Expreſſions, whilſt the *Cardinal* conceal'd his Anger, under the Maſque of extraordinaty Civilities; returning all the Contempts of the *Prince*, with a Reſpect, which ſeem'd to ſpeak much Affection and Devoir.

He has been a long time tampering with a *Faction*, which goes by the Name of the *Frondeurs*. Theſe were his Enemies, not ſo much in Hatred of his Perſo, as out of a Zeal to ſerve their *Country*, which they imagin'd, was oppreſs'd under the Conduct of this *Miniſter*.

Theſe

These he has lately gain'd over to his *Party*, by representing to them the *Prince* of *Conde*, as the Author of all those Evils, which they ascrib'd to himself: Whilst at the same Time, he persuaded the *Prince*, that they had some Design against his Person. Thus he artificially blinded both *Parties*, and engag'd them in mutual Revenges; privately animating the *Frondeurs* against the *Prince*, and provoking the *Prince*, to seek the Ruin of the *Frondeurs*. By this Trap, the *Prince* was inveigl'd to consent, and give Orders for his own *Imprisonment*, whilst he was made to believe, the *Arrest* was designed against his Enemies; and the People were satisfy'd, since they were persuaded, the *Faction* of the *Frondeurs* had a Hand in the *Plot*.

The 18th. of the last *Moon*, the Three *Princes* were taken into *Custody*, and sent to a Place, they call the *Castle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*, some Leagues from *Paris*. The same Day, the *Queen* sent for the *Dutchess* of *Longueville* to come to her; but, the wary *Dutchess*, wou'd not put her self into a *Cage*. She immediately fled in Disguise, to a *Sea-Town* belonging to her Husband.

'Tis said, the *Prince* of *Conde* had Notice given him, of his Design'd Imprisonment; but that he wou'd not escape, projecting to himself some greater Advantages, from the Discontents of the *People* (who now behold him as a *Patriot*) than from a Clandestine, or Fugitive Liberty. This is certain, his Coach broke on the Road, between *Paris* and *Vinciennes*; and

and 'tis thought, his Friends might eaſily have reſcu'd him: For, this Accident, occaſion'd a Stop of Six Hours in their Journey; Time enough to have rais'd a Thouſand Men to his Relief, being only guarded by Sixteen *Cavaliers*. But it ſeems, he courts the *Cardinal*'s Perſecution, that he may have deeper Grounds for Revenge. I know not, whether his Policy is juſtifiable, or no: But if I were in his Circumſtances, I ſhou'd hardly take this Method to gratify my Reſentments; which in all Probability I ſhou'd not be in a Condition to accompliſh, till the *Greek Calends*, that is, *Never*.

Paris, *the* 4th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1650.

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Devotees* among the *Franks*, talk much of the *Jubilee* that is to be Celebrated this Year at *Rome*. They enrich their Phancies, with the Hopes of I know not what *Spiritual Treaſure*, which the *Roman Mufti* or *Pontiff*, will diſtribute among the *Pilgrims* that reſort to *Rome*, during this *Holy Year*.

This,

This, as I am told, is Celebrated in Imitation of the *Sabbatical Year*, formerly obſerved by the *Jews*, when they poſſeſs'd the *Holy Land*. The *Hebrew Writers*, ſuch as *Joſephus* and others, call That alſo the *Year* of *Jubilee*. Their *Cabbaliſts*, like the *Pythagoreans*, pretended to derive Great *Myſteries* from certain *Numbers*: And the Number *Seven*, was had in particular Veneration by the *Hebrews*: Therefore they kept every *Seventh* Day, Week and Year, *Holy*. In the *Seventh* Year it was not Lawful to till the Ground, plant Vineyards, or ſow any Seed. And when *Seven* Times *Seven* Years were expired, the Year of *Jubilee* was proclaim'd, being always the *Fiftieth*. They proclaim'd it by Trumpets, throughout the whole Country of *Paleſtine*, in the Forty Ninth Year. And the *Muezins* cry'd in the Gates of their Cities and *Synagogues*, at the Beginning of the *Jubilee*: "Let every Man return this Year to his Own "*Poſſeſſion* and *Tribe*, whether he be a *Slave* "or *Free*. He that has ſold his Houſes or "Lands, if he was not before able to redeem "them, let him this Year take Poſſeſſion of "his Inheritance. He that is become another "Man's *Slave*, and neither himſelf nor his "Friends can redeem him, let him this Year "be diſmiſs'd, and ſent home to the Family "to which he belongs; for, henceforth he is "*Free*, by the *Indulgence* of the *Law*. Let no "Man ſow the Ground, nor gather the Fruits "that grow of themſelves this Year. But, let "the Earth as well as its Inhabitants, enjoy Li-

"berty

" berty and Reſt; for, this is the *Year* of *Grace*
" and *Divine Bounty*.

After this manner was the *Hebrew Jubilee* Proclaim'd, and Obſerv'd. And, they ſay, from hence aroſe the *Cuſtom* amongſt the *Chriſtians*, who, in many Things, may be ſtyl'd the *Jews* Apes. But others ſay, that the preſent *Roman Jubilee*, is deriv'd from the *Secular Games*, Celebrated by their *Pagan* Anceſtors; In Regard, This was renew'd every Hundred Years at firſt, even as thoſe *Games* were. Whence it was, that the *Cryer* in thoſe Days, at the *Indiction* of the *Secular Games*, ſaid, " Come to the *Plays* which no Man Li-
" ving has yet ſeen, nor ſhall ever ſee again. For, Man's Life being Generally ſo Short, they thought it improbable, that any *Mortal* ſhould live to ſee this *Solemnity* repeated.

The Modern *Jubilee*, was firſt Publiſh'd by *Boniface* IX. *Biſhop* of *Rome*, in the Year 1300 of the *Chriſtians Hegyra*. At which Time, he promis'd Full and Entire *Remiſſion* of *Sins*, to all who ſhould reſort in *Pilgrimage* to *Rome* that Year. After him, it was Celebrated every Hundred Year, according to his Inſtitution, till the Days of *Clement* VI. Who, at the Inſtance of the *Roman* Citizens, reduc'd it to every Fiftieth Year. Then *Urban* VI. another *Pope*, reduc'd it to the Thirty Third Year. And laſt of all, *Paul* II. contracted the Interval to Five and Twenty Years. Which Space of Time, has been obſerv'd by all his *Succeſſors* to this Day.

If thou wouldſt know the Reaſon, why they have thus alter'd the *Periods*; It is for Profit. For, in the Year of *Jubilee*, there is a vaſt Conflux of People, from all Parts of *Europe*: Who bring a far greater Treaſure into the Roman Coffers, than they carry away from that City. Though the *Pope*, 'tis ſaid, is very Liberal of that which they call the *Treaſure* of the *Church*: Which is a certain *Fund* of *Merits*, and *Superabundant Graces*, left by the *Meſſiah* and his *Saints*, in the Cuſtody of this *Prelate*, to ſupply the Defects and Infirmities of Sinful Men. And they believe, 'tis only in his Power, to diſpoſe of this *Heavenly Wealth* to whom he pleaſes. They talk alſo of *Indulgencies* and *Pardons*, whereby the *Holy Father* can redeem Men from all Sin, and the Puniſhments that are due to it. And this Wonderful Prerogative, they ſay, does not only benefit the *Living*, but extends even to the *Souls Departed*; whom the *Pope*, according to their Perſuaſion, can free from the *Torments* of *Purgatory*, and at his Pleaſure admit into the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*.

We that are *Muſſulmans*, cannot declaim againſt the *Doctrine* of *Praying* for the *Dead*, ſince it is practis'd by all the *Faithful*. Neither have we reaſon to inveigh againſt *Indulgencies*, or *Releaſes* from *Penance*. But that the Power of granting and diſpenſing theſe Favours, ſhould be only repoſited in the *Chriſtian Mufti*, will not accord with the *Faith* of a *True Believer*. We know who ſwore by the *Hoofs* of his *Swift* and *Faithful Elborach*,

Elborach, which in One Night carry'd him a Journey of *Six Moons*, that from thenceforth the *Key* of *Aaraf*, or the *Place* of *Priſons*, was committed to him. Doubtleſs, the *Omnipotent* can transfer his *Commiſſions*, when and to whom he pleaſes. If he once gave this Authority, of *Remitting Sins*, to the *Meſſiah*, and *Peter* his *Lieutenant*, does it follow, that all *Peter's Succeſſors*, the *Califfs* of *Rome*, have retain'd this *Privilege*? There have been many *Good* Men in that Seat, and not a Few *Wicked:* Some *Prophets*, and ſome *Magicians:* A *Catalegue* interſpers'd with *Saints*, *Martyrs*, *Butchers* and *Devils*.

But 'tis evident, they forfeited their Authority, when they declin'd from the Truth, from the unblamable Profeſſion of the *Divine Unity*, and reſiſted the *Meſſenger* of *Heaven*, ſent to correct their Errors, reform their Vices, and reduce Mankind to *One Law* of *Purity* and *Light*.

I write not Partially, nor am I imbitter'd againſt the *Patriarch* of the *Romans*. He is a Man like others, ſubject to the *Will* of *Deſtiny*. The *Babylonian Califfs* and thoſe of *Ægypt*, Succeſſively enjoy'd the ſame Power, tranſmitted to them from the *Prophet*, who ſeal'd up all the Former *Diſpenſations*. Yet in Time, through their Sins, they forfeited their Authority, together with their *Empire*, when the *Bright Oſmans* Conquer'd *All Things*. Then was the *Prophetick Office* tranſlated to our *Mufti*, the *Guide* of thoſe who poſſeſs the *Sepulchre* of *Mahomet*. To him all the *World* ought

ought to have Recourſe for *Solution* of their *Doubts*, *Direction* in their *Lives*, *Abſolution* from their *Sins*, and for the *Paſſport* of *Immortality*, the *Fefta* requir'd of all that enter the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*.

But all Mortals, are Naturally tenacious of whatſoever advances their Honour and Intereſt. *Kings* hug *Empty Titles*, that yield them no Profit. And the *Roman Biſhops*, are unwilling to acknowledge themſelves diveſted of the Privileges, which were once annex'd to that *Chair* of *Peter*. They ſhew the *Keys*, the *Symbols* of a *Power*, which they have loſt. And the Credulous *Nazarenes* believe, that *Heaven* and *Hell* are Open'd and Shut at their Pleaſure. On the *Eve* of the *Meſſiah*'s *Nativity*, the Preſent *Pope* Knoc'd *Three Times* with a *Golden Hammer*, at the *Gates* of the *Principal Moſque* in *Rome*. Which were then Open'd, to ſignifie the enſuing Year of *Jubilee*; when the *Chriſtians* are perſuaded, that *Heaven* is open to all that viſit *Rome*, in this *Holy Time*.

I wiſh thee a Life of many *Jubilee's*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER IV.

To the Flower *of* High Dignity, *the Moſt Magnificent* Vizir Azem.

WHEN I firſt heard the News of the *Troubles* that have been at *Conſtantiniple*, the *Depoſition* of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, and the *Advancement* of the *Janizar-Aga* to that *Dignity*, I imagin'd it had been *Caſſim Hali*. But, it ſeems, that Brave Old Soldier, is elevated to a more *Lofty Station*: He has enter'd the *Immortal Poſſeſſions*, being tranſlated to an *High Seat*: For, I underſtand, he has his Reſt in *Paradiſe*. On that *Hero*, be the *Mercies* of the *Supremely Indulgent*: Whilſt I turn my ſelf to thee, his *late Succeſſor* in that *Military Honour*, but now the *Lieutenant* of the *Shadow* of *God*. I touch the Earth *Thrice* with my *Forehead*, when I ſalute thee, *Great Prince* of the *Vizirs*, in Token of my Humility and Reverence; and, in Remembrance of my Original: That I, who am but the Product of Duſt, a meer Worm, may not commit an Indecency, when I addreſs to the *Bright Image* of our *Auguſt Emperour*, who is the *Type* of the *Sun*.

In ſpeaking to *Perſons* of thy *Immenſe Power*, I ſtrive equally to ſhun Flattery, and Diſreſpect; endeavouring to deport my ſelf with

with an Even Courſe, between thoſe Two Extremes, as *Mariners* ſteer between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Theſe are dangerous Places in the *Sicilian Seas*.

All *Europe* Celebrates thy Praiſes, and Extols thy Juſtice, for releaſing the *Ambaſſador* of *Venice*, Impriſon'd in the 4*th* Moon of this Year. They ſay ſince thy Aſſumption to this Important *Truſt*, the *Ottoman Port* is Reform'd, and grown more Civiliz'd: (For, the *Franks* eſteem all the *Followers*, of the *Prophet*, who could neither Write nor Read, as *Barbairas*.)

Here is much Talk, about the Defeat given to Our Forces in *Hungary*. The *French* ſpare for no *Encomium's* on the *Baſſa* of *Buda*, who fought Valiantly, till his Legs were ſhot off; and then caus'd himſelf, to be carry'd up and down through the Army, to encourage his Soldiers. Neither do they diminiſh the Glory that is due to his *Son*, who receiv'd his Death, in defending his *Father*, at what Time the Old Captain was taken Priſoner.

But they blame the Conduct of him who Beſieg'd the *Fort* of *Cliſſa*, in Regard he undertook it in the Wrong *Seaſon* of the Year. The Defect of a *General's* Judgment in ſuch Caſes, is many Times Fatal to an Army. The *French* are the beſt in the World, at ſpying Advantages, and the moſt dextrous in making Uſe of them. Moſt of their *Campagnes*, are ſpent in their Trenches or in light Skirmiſhes; ſeldom hazarding a Battel, un-

leſs on ſome unequal Terms, to their own Intereſt; and then they never let ſlip the Opportunity. This commends their *Policy*, but is no great Argument of their *Courage*: For, true Valour never regards Dangers.

Adonai the *Jew*, ſends me Word, That the *Venetians* are put in great Hopes, of accommodating their Affairs with the *Myſterious Divan*, ſince the Releaſe of their *Bailo*: Yet, both they and all the *Nazarenes*, reſent highly the Strangling of his *Interpreter*.

They underſtand not the Meaſures of the *Sublime Port*, full of Wiſdom and Juſtice; and, that by the Terror of ſuch *Examples*, the *Miniſters* of the *Righteous Throne*, ſeek to prevent future Wickedneſs.

In theſe *Weſtern Courts*, a little Gold, or a great Friend, ſhall eaſily palliate and procure a *Pardon* for the *Greateſt Crimes*. Their *Proceſſes* here, are ſlow in the Execution of Juſtice: Being Strangers to the Impetuous Orders, and ſwift Performance practis'd in the *Eaſt*. Beſides, this *Interpreter* ſported himſelf to Death, by the Licentiouſneſs of his Tongue. He delighted to play upon *Majeſty*, and with an Inſolent Laſciviouſneſs of Speech, to deceive *Him*, whoſe high, ſublime and remote Intellect, uſes no other Expreſſions of his Wrath, but the Hands of his *Mutes*. It does not become the *Emperor* of the *World*, to be profuſe in Words, as the *Chriſtian Princes* are, who take great Pains

to

to ſatisfie their *Vaſſals*, of the Juſtice of their Proceedings. They cannot Condemn the VVicked without a Formal Proceſs, wherein various VVits ſhew their Skill in canvaſſing the Cauſe, which, upon ſincere Evidence, may be decided in Two Words. This is the *Maſquerade* of *Chriſtian Juſtice*, a mere Trap for Gold, the Secret of the *Weſtern Lawyers*, who enrich themſelves, at the Price of other Mens Folly, and to the Diſgrace of the *Monarch*, who there pretends to Command.

Should thoſe *Men* of *Law* ſee this Letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not Circumciſe and Flay the minuteſt Daſh of my Pen, to find Arguments of Revenge againſt a *Muſſulman*?

All Men are full of themſelves, and their Own Principles: And the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, are ſo brimming with them, that there is no Room left for Inſtruction of Amendment. Like the *Chineſes*, they boaſt of their own Science and Wiſdom, reputing all the Reſt of the VVorld *Ignorant* and *Blind*.

They are ſo Narrow in their *Tenets*, ſo Dogmatical in their *Deciſions*, and ſo conceited of *All*, that it is difficult for a Man who has convers'd in a freer Air, to frame himſelf to their Rules.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt determine, That it is no Eaſie Task for an *Arabian* Native, bred in the *Seraglio*, to con-

form himſelf *adroit*, to the Humours and Faſhions of *France*. Yet, I curb all the *Natural* Propenſions of my *Birth*, *Blood* and *Education*, as much as in me lies, that I may ſerve the *Grand Signior*. I am *Incognito* in all Reſpects, ſave thoſe wherein I cannot be hid. And I would change my *Maſque* a Hundred Times over, rather than fail of my Ends.

What can I ſay more to him, who only values a *Slave* for his Deeds?

I turn not my Back on thee, Sublime *Idea* of *Abſolute Power*: but, retiring after the moſt Reſpectful Manner of the *Eaſt*, I make a Thouſand Obeiſances, till the *Antiport* has cover'd me from thy *Illuſtrious Preſence*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1630.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Sedrec Al' Girawn, Chief Page *of the* Treaſury.

THOU wilt have Reaſon to wonder at a Man pretending Acquaintance with thee, whom thou canſt not remember to have ſeen. 'Tis from my Brother *Peſtelihali*, thy former *Maſter*, I received the News of thy late *Preferment*, who art thy ſelf but Early in Years. Yet no Time is Unſeaſonable, to a Man Mature in Vertue and Wiſdom.

I knew thee an Infant, in the Arms of thy Mother, the Widow of an *Arabian* Souldier, who ſerved my Brother in the *Wars* of *Perſia*. There appeared then, ſuch Evident Symptoms of thy future Wit and Dexterity, as prompted thy Father's *Captain*, to take thee into his Protection and Care; and thy Mother by her Charms, ſoon found a Way to his Boſom.

I write not theſe Things to Reproach thee with the *Meanneſs* of thy *Birth*. Thy *Merits* equal thee with thoſe who are born of *Nobles*. It is not the Cuſtom of the *Eaſt*, to prefer Men for their *Parentage*, or becauſe they can ſhew the *Duſty Statues* of their *Anceſtors*. This is the peculiar Overſight of the *Infidels*, to give that Honour to *Names*, and Men of a *Noiſy Deſcent*, which is only due to *Vertue*. There are *Families* in *Rome*

at this Day, who boaſt of their *Pedigrees* and that they ſpring from the Renowned *Hero's*, that are Recorded in the *Hiſtories* of that *Empire*. But, they Glory in their Shame; ſince they are quite degenerated from the brave *Qualities*, which ennobled their Progenitors; and by their ſordid Actions, are become a daily Subject for the Deſcants of *Paſquil*. This is an *Image* in a certain publick Place in *Rome*, to which in the Night-Time, they affix the *Libels* which they dare not own: A kind of dumb *Satyr*, on the *Vices* of the *Grandees*; not ſparing even the *Chief Mufti* of the *Chriſtians*, if he is Guilty of any Follies, which merit to come within the Verge of a *Lampoon*.

It was no Contemptible Jeſt, which was in this manner put upon the preſent *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*, at the latter End of the laſt Year. It ſeems, the Good Old *Father* had advanced this *Spark*, from a poor Ignorant *Taylor*, to the *Dignity* of a *Roman Baron*; beſtowing on him *Offices*, which brought him a *Revenue*, ſufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Port*. All the Ancient *Nobility*, were diſguſted at this: And ſome arch *Wag* was ſet at Work, to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the New *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore, on the Day which the *Nazarenes* Celebrate, with Great Solemnity, for the *Birth Day* of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*; Early in the Morning, the forementioned Image, *Paſquil*, was obſerved to be Apparell'd all in Rags, and a very naſty Habit with

with a *Schedule* of Paper in his Hand, wherein was writ, *How now* Paſquil; *what! all in Rags on a* Chriſtmas-*Day?* (for, ſo they call the *Nativity* of their *Meſſias.*) And Underneath was Inſcribed this Anſwer: *Alas, I cannot help it; for my* TAYLOR *is become a* LORD.

Yet, notwithſtanding the *Obſcurity* of this Man's *Birth*, and the *Meanneſs* of his *Former Trade*, he became an Eminent *Stateſman*, after the *Pope* had exalted him to that *Dignity*; and lived with an Unblemiſhed Reputation, whilſt he ſaw all or moſt of the Ancient *Nobility*, Paſquill'd every Day, for their Effeminate Vices.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt be aſſured, that I have not the Leſs Eſteem for thee, becauſe thou waſt not the Son of a *Baſſa*; ſince, had thy Father liv'd, his Fortune and Courage might have promoted him to that *Honour*, or a *Command* equal to it; and thou thy ſelf art in a fair Way, to ſupply ſome Future Vacancy, in thoſe Great *Charges* of the *Empire*.

I have no News at preſent to ſend thee; ſave that the Three *French* Princes, of whoſe Impriſonment I gave an Account to *Mineżim Aluph*, are removed by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Order, from the *Caſtle* of *Vinciennes*, to a *Sea-Town* called *Havre de Grace*, for fear they ſhould be reſcued by *Marſhal Turenne*; who is much Devoted to their Intereſt. The *Princeſs* of *Conde*, is retired to *Bourdeaux*, a City at this Time in Arms againſt the King,

having alſo with her the Young *Duke* of *Enguien*, her Son.

The *Marſhal de la Meilleray*, is gone with his Army to beſiege this Place; and, 'tis ſaid, the King will ſoon Follow with the Whole *Court*. All Things ſeem to portend another Relapſe of this *State*, into the *Old Diſorders*.

But this is not of ſo near a Concern to us that are *Muſſulmans*, as the Quarrels that I hear are broach'd between the *Janizaries* and *Spahi's*. They ſay, the whole *Ottoman Empire*, is warp'd this Way and that Way, into Contrary Factions; and that the *Seraglio* it ſelf, is full of different Cabals, on the Account of theſe *Military Orders*. It afflicts me with extreme Grief, to receive Nothing but ſad News from the *Port*, which is, or at leaſt ought to be, a *Fountain* of *Joy* to the *Whole Earth*. I pray *Heaven* avert the *Omen*; for it looks with an Ill Preſage, when the *Champions* of the *Divine Unity*, are thus divided againſt themſelves.

If thou wilt take my Advice, enter not thy ſelf into the Secret of either Party; but poiſing thy Affections with Prudence, ſtand Neuter to all Things, but the *Grand Signior's* Intereſt. In that be as Zealous as thou canſt. As for the Reſt, wait the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 29*d*. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

GRaphul *Eben Shahenſhah*, the *Arabian Philoſopher* has ſaid it, and every Mans Experience confirms it, That no *Humane* Care can prevent the Accompliſhment of what *Heaven* has *Decreed*. There are certain Moments of our Lives, wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our ſtricteſt Caution, and ridicule all our Conduct; That we may learn the Leſſon of *Reſignation*, and not truſt too much to our ſelves.

When I firſt ſaluted the Light of this Morning Sun, my Spirits were Serene and Joyful: No melancholy Dreams, had left their Black Impreſſions on my Mind; no ſadning Thoughts poſſeſs'd my Soul: I awak'd cheerful and ſprightly as the Lark. After I had Ador'd the *Omnipotent*, and perform'd my Accuſtom'd *Holy Things*, I began to reflect on my own Happineſs, in that I had ſo many Years ſerv'd the *Sublime Port*, in this *Station*, full of Difficulties and Perils, yet by no Misfortune, had ever betray'd the leaſt ſecret of my *Commiſſion*. It pleas'd me to think, I ſtill paſs'd for *Titus* of *Moldavia*, among the *French*, who are the moſt apprehenſive People in the World; and even in the Opinion of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, like *Janus*, has more

more Eyes than Two. I Embrac'd my ſelf (if I may ſo ſpeak) in the Conceit of my Good Succeſs; concluding, I was born under *Fortunate Stars*, and that no Diſaſter could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong meaſures of the *Ways* of *Deſtiny*, which are as Untraceable as the Minds. For before Mid-Day, my *Sun* was *Eclipſed*; the *Air* of my *Soul* rufflʼd with *Storms*, and all my *Joy* turnʼd to *Mourning* and *Sadneſs*.

Wilt thou know the Occaſion of my Grief? It was this. In the Year 1645, according to the *Style* of the *Nazarenes*, I received ſome particular Inſtructions from the then *Vizir Azem*, putting me in Mind of the Hazards I run in this Poſt, and giving me ſtrict Charge, to beſtow all my Letters in a ſecure Place, whether the Tranſcripts of thoſe I write to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, (for I always retainʼd a Copy of the Original) or the *Diſpatches* I receive from thence.

That *Miniſter* was afraid, leſt I might ſome Time or other be diſcoverʼd; and conſequently, that my Chamber would be ſearchʼd. Therefore obeying his Hint, I immediately carryʼd all my *Writings* to *Eliachim* the *Jew*; knowing his Houſe to be free from any Jealouſy of the *State*, and that the moſt Important Secrets in the World, might be there an *Age* unreveal'd.

The *Letters* of my Writing, were encloſʼd in One *Box*, and thoſe which I received from the *Invincible Port*, in Another. And this

was

was my Conſtant Cuſtom from that Time: As oft as I writ to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, or had perus'd the *Diſpatches* which came from them, I diſpos'd of both in their proper Places, leaving all to the Care of *Eliachim*.

But, neither his Caution nor mine, were ſufficient to prevent the *Reſolves* of *Heaven*. It was determin'd Above, That we ſhould loſe ſome of theſe Papers. *Eliachim* came to me to Day, before the *Hour* of *Ulanamiſi*, all in Paſſion, aſtoniſh'd, raving and ſtaring like a Mad-Man. As ſoon as he enter'd my Chamber, he tore his Inner Veſt, which was of Crimſon Silk, fring'd round with Gold; and cry'd, *We are undone, betray'd and ruin'd!*

I preſently thought of my *Writings*; and ask'd him, Whether they were ſafe. In a Word, he told me he had loſt the *Box*, which contain'd the Letters ſent from the *Miniſters* of the *Port* to me, and that his *Slave* a *Negro*, whom he kept in his Houſe, was miſſing. Thou mayſt imagine, Sage *Miniſter*, that this News put me into no ſmall Confuſion. I preſently ſuſpected, that this Villain of a *Negro*, had got the *Writings*, and was gone to *Cardinal Mazarini* with 'em: But then recollecting with Cooler Thoughts, That this *African* underſtood not *Arabick*, in which *Language* alone *Eliachim* and I us'd to converſe; and, that conſequently, he never could know our Affairs, or read the *Letters*, which might tempt him to ſuch a *Treaſon*, I was at a Loſs what to think of it: Neither am I

better

better ſatisfy'd now, though I have ruminated on it theſe Twelve Hours. Only I think, if *Cardinal Mazarini* has theſe *Papers* in his Cuſtody, he would have given Orders before this Time, to ſeize the ſuppoſed *Titus* of *Moldavia*. For, ſome of theſe *Letters* take Notice of my having aſſumed that Name. But I cannot perceive any Attempt has been made in that Kind, or that any Body has been to enquire for me at my *Lodging*. For, I ſet *Spies* to obſerve, as ſoon as I departed thence with *Eliachim*, which was about Noon. We are now together in a Friend's Houſe, where we ſhall continue till we hear farther of this Event. As yet we are in the Dark, and full of Fears: But Time, which brings all Things to Light, will convince us, what we have to truſt to.

In the mean while, there is little News, ſave a Diſcourſe of a certain *Convention* at *Norembergh*, and the Great *Jubilee* which is Celebrated at *Rome*; where, they ſay, the *Chriſtians Chief Mufti*, the Week before their *Beiram*, or *Eaſter*, waſh'd the Feet of Twelve *Pilgrims*; and that *Cardinal Ludoviſio*, entertain'd Nine Thouſand of theſe *Devotees* at once, with a very Magnificent Feaſt. They ſay alſo, That the *Pope* will get this Year Two Millions of *Sequins*, by the Reſort of *Pilgrims* to that City.

The King of *Denmark*'s *Reſident* at this *Court*, has received a Letter, which Certifies him, that his *Maſter* has declar'd Prince *Chriſtian* his Son, *Succeſſor* in the *Throne*.

They

They talk alſo, of a Marriage lately Solemniz'd between *Charles*, a *German Count*, and *Charlotte*, Siſter to the *Lantgrave* of *Heſſe-Caſſel*.

But that which moſt takes up Mens Ears, and employs their Tongues and Thoughts, are the *Civil Wars* of this *Kingdom*; which is all in a Flame, by Occaſion of the Impriſonment of the *Prince* of *Conde*, and his Brothers. The Citizens of *Paris* are very jocund, at the repeated News of the King's ill Succeſs: For, they wiſh not well to his Arms, whilſt employed againſt the *Malecontents*.

Illuſtrious Old *Grandee*, I wiſh thee the Years of *Neſtor*, and thoſe Calculated by Full *Moons* of *Proſperity*. But I pray *Heaven* avert from thee, ſome of his Moments; wherein, they ſay, he was tormented with the *Gout*, as I am at this Inſtant. It is a Pain hardly to be ſupported.

Paris *the* 11th. *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

BY the *God* whom I Adore, and by his *Shadow*, I ſwear, There is no Diſloyalty in *Mahmut:* Yet his Life is full of Temptations and Perils. The *Box* of *Letters* I mention'd in my Laſt, is irrecoverably gone, and laid up in the Bowels of the Earth; if we may believe the Confeſſion of a Man, every Angle of whoſe Heart, has been ſearch'd with exquiſite Torments, even to Death.

Eliachim's Slave, the *Negro* whom I ſpoke of, miſtook that *Box*, for one very like it, out of which he had often ſeen his *Maſter* take *Jewels:* For, this is the particular Merchandiſe of that *Jew*. And the Weight of each was not ſo Unequal, as to rectify his Error. Lucre tempted him, and the deſire of Liberty. Whilſt the Darkneſs (for he committed the Villany before Sun-riſing) and his own Guilty Fears, conſpir'd to baffle his intended Theft. The *Boxes* ſtood together (ſo Careful was *Eliachim* of the *Sublime Secrets*, as not to venture 'em in a Place leſs ſecure, than that of his *Jewels*) and the Villain haſty to be gone, and confounded for want of Light, took up that wherein were the *Writings*, inſtead of his deſign'd Prey, the *Jewels*. He went directly into the Fields, purpoſing to bury this ſuppos'd Treaſure in the Earth,

in

in ſome private Place, where he might take it forth at Diſcretion. But firſt opening the *Box*, to ſupply himſelf with ſuch *Stones* as he thought would be unqueſtionable Pawns for Mony, to anſwer his preſent Neceſſities, that ſo he might the better provide for his Concealment; he was aſtoniſh'd, and his Heart became like Lead, when he found Nothing but Papers, full of Characters, to which he was wholly a Stranger. A Thouſand Reſolutions preſented themſelves to him, in that Agony of his Mind, and he knew not which to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the *Box* back again as he found it; and ſince his Deſign had been thus ſtrangely baulked, to Content himſelf till another Opportunity. But then he conſider'd, 'twas too late to return before his *Maſter* would miſs both his *Slave* and *Box*; for the Sun was now far advanced in our Hemiſphere, and *Eliachim* is an early Riſer. In a Word, therefore he thought it the ſafeſt Way, to bury it in the Ground, as he firſt intended had it been the *Box* of *Jewels*, and ſo ſhift for himſelf. Propoſing to himſelf this Advantage, in hiding the *Papers* in a ſecure Place, That if they were of Value, he might at any Time make Compoſition with his *Maſter*, by diſcovering where they were.

All that I have here related, is drawn from his own Mouth in the midſt of Tortures. For *Eliachim* ſoon heard of his Fugitive *Negro*, who was ſeiz'd on the Rode to *Lyons* by ſome Correſpondents of this *Jew*. Who having

having Intelligence of it, took Horſe immediately, and went to the Place. He did not think it ſafe to make a publick Buſineſs of it, or to arraign him before the appointed *Judges* of the *Country*; But relying on the *Juſtice* of his *Cauſe*, and the *Right* of a *Maſter*, he privately put him to *Tortures* of divers Kinds, in a Houſe where he cou'd command any Thing.

The ſtout *African*, at firſt deny'd that he had medl'd with any *Box*; ſaying, he eſcap'd purely for the Sake of *Liberty*. But when a Succeſſion of divers *Torments* had quite overthrown his Conſtancy, he confeſſed all that I have already related. *Eliachim* ſtill ſuſpecting worſe, and that he only fram'd this as a plauſible Story to be freed from, or at leaſt to reſpite the Pains he ſuffered, caus'd ſharp Thorns to be thruſt under the Nails of his Fingers and Toes; believing, that the Extremity of ſo ſenſible a Pain, wou'd extort the true Secret from him. But he cou'd get Nothing elſe from the poor excruciated *Negro*, though now almoſt ready to expire, than that he had hid the *Box* under-Ground in a certain Corner of a Field, out of the City: To which he knew not how to direct *Eliachim*, but promis'd to ſhew it him, if he wou'd carry him alive to *Paris*.

This was no hard Task to perform, in the Opinion of the *Jew*; it being but a Days-Journey to this City, from the Place where they then were. But he was deceived in his Hopes; and now all the Applications and Cordials they cou'd uſe, came too late: For, that very Night, the *Negro* breath'd out his Soul.

However,

However, when *Eliachim* came to *Paris*, he follow'd the Directions of his dead *Slave* as well as he cou'd, in ſearching every Corner of the Fields on that Side of the City, where this *Black* had been ſeen to go out. But all to no Purpoſe. He cou'd find nothing; nor have we any Hopes, ever to ſee that *Box* again. Yet I have many Qualms of Fear, leſt ſome Time or other it ſhould come to Light, to our Diſadvantage and Ruin.

I deſire thy Inſtructions, Sage *Governour* of the *Capital* City, how I ſhall deport my ſelf, if it be my Lot to be diſcover'd. As to the Remaining *Box*, which has in it the Tranſcripts of my own *Diſpatches*, I have taken it Home to my Lodging. Believing it will be as ſafe here, as in the Houſe of *Eliachim*; ſince that faithful *Few*, is no more exempted from Contingencies, than my ſelf: And I have no Servant to betray me.

This *Kingdom* abounds at preſent, in Treaſons and Rebellions. The *French* ſpare not to maſſacre one another, for the Sake of a Paſſion: While the *Spaniards* make their Advantages of theſe Inteſtine Feuds. For, under Pretence of aſſiſting the *Princes* of the *Blood*, they get Footing in *Picardy*, from whence it will not be eaſy to expel them. *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*, is at the Head of the *Spaniſh* Army; and has taken ſeveral Towns, belonging to the *French King*.

When the *Quarrels* of theſe *Infidels* will end, I am not ſollicitous; my Thoughts being ever taken up, in the Service which I owe to the *Empire* of *True Believers*. I can-

I cannot bid thee Adieu, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, till I have aſſur'd thee, I am macerated with Zeal for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 23d of the 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kuſſir Aga, Prince *of the* Black Eunuchs.

AFter I had perus'd thy *Diſpatch*, wherewith thou haſt honoured the *Slave Mahmut*; as I was full of Joy for the continued Demonſtrations of thy Friendſhip and Protection, ſo my Breaſt conceiv'd an Indignation at the Affront, which has been offer'd to the *Sublime Port* by the *Cham* of the *Tartars*, in preſuming to demand the *Tutelage* of our Auguſt *Emperor*. It is an Indignity to the *Miniſters* of *Supreme Juſtice* and *Honour*, *Lights* of the *Imperial Divan*, to whom is committed the Cognizance of all Human Events; The Illuſtrious *Vizirs*, who manage the Affairs of the Mighty and Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*, whoſe *Throne* may *God* fortify, till the *Moon* ſhall no more appear in the *Heavens*.

Thoſe People have been ever thirſty of Rule, and 'tis number'd among the Vertues of their *Anceſtors*, that they enlarg'd their *Dominions* by

by the keen Edge of their Swords. But in all the *Regiſters* and *Archives* of the *Empire*, it has not been found, that any of that Nation challeng'd a Right to Govern our *Sultans* though during their Minority. It is ſufficient, That they ſhall have the Honour (according to the Ancient *Capitulations)* to ſucceed in the *Throne* of the *Oſman Princes*, if ever that *Sacred Line* ſhou'd be extinct. Which *God* avert, till the *Final Conſummation.*

It is a Wonder, they demanded not alſo his *Royal* Brothers, the other Sons of *Sultan Ibrahim*; that ſo they might at one Blow, cut off the whole *Oſman Race*, and take *Poſſeſſion* of the *Vacant Throne.*

I have not heard any Thing theſe many *Moons*, what is become of thoſe *High-born Infants*; whether they are alive, or ſacrific'd to the Jealouſie of the *Sultan*, as has been the Cuſtom. Here are various flying Reports concerning them. Some ſay, that thou haſt convey'd away *Sultan Achmet*, and that he is privately Educated in the Houſe of a certain *Georgian.* The *Bleſſing* of *Mahomet* be upon thee, and refreſh thy Heart, if thou haſt taken this Care to preſerve the *Life* of an *Oſman Prince*, which is more precious than a Hundred Thouſand of *Common Birth.*

As for *Solyman* and the Reſt of that Sublime *Race*, the *French* give 'em over for loſt; And I cannot contradict 'em, for want of true Intelligence. Beſides, I have Reaſon to fear it is too true: In Regard it has been the cruel Practice of all, or moſt of our late *Emperors*, either

either to ſlaughter their Brethren as ſoon as they aſcend the *Throne*, or to put 'em to a more lingring Death and Martyrdom in a Priſon.

'Tis true indeed, our preſent *Sovereign* is not yet arriv'd to thoſe Years, wherein Children commonly loſe their Native Innocence. I believe, he ſuſpects none of his Brethren, nor harbours any unkind Thoughts againſt their Lives. Yet Cruelty may be inſinuated into his Tender Years, by the Artifices of his Mother; eſpecially againſt thoſe of his Father's *Blood*, that did not alſo partake of hers. For *Sultan Ibrahim*, thou know'ſt, had Children by other Women, beſide the *Sultana Valede*.

The *Malteſes* think they have one of theſe *Royal* Infants in their Poſſeſſion: Thou knoweſt the whole Story of thy *Predeceſſor's* Voyage toward *Egypt* with his Beautiful *Slave* and her Son, whom theſe *Infidels* honour as the *Off-ſpring* of the *Grand Signior*. Thou art not Ignorant alſo, that this *Infant*, with his *Mother* were Baniſh'd, out of Jealouſie; by the Order of *Her* who bore in her Womb *Sultan Mahomet*, our Glorious *Sovereign*. The Remembrance of which makes me tremble, for the Sake of the Young *Princes*, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy Power to certify me, and in doing ſo thou wilt rid me of much Anxiety.

I am but a *Slave* of the *Slaves* who ſerve the *Grand Signior*; and it is not decent for me to deſcant on the Actions of our moſt *Abſolute Monarch*, whoſe Will is not to be controul'd.

But

But I am ſtill a Man, and have ſome Share of Humanity and Reaſon. Thou alſo art my particular Friend, and wilt permit me to diſcource with Freedom. Was it not a *Bloody Feaſt*, to which our King's Great Grandfather, *Mahomet* III. invited Nineteen of his Brethren, on the Day of his *Inauguration*? Was it not a cruel Act, to cauſe thoſe *Royal Gueſts*, in whoſe Veins ran the *Blood* of his *Own Father*, to be ſtrangled, before they departed from his Table? No leſs Inhuman was it of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, to guide the Hand of this our Preſent *Sovereign*, when but Six Years Old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to ſign a *Warrant* for the *Execution* of his *Father*. Well may the *Nazarenes* call us *Barbarians*, when they contemplate the *Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*, ſupported by ſuch *Unnatural* Methods.

Thou that haſt the Superlative Honour, of being the Immediate *Guardian* of our Young *Emperour*, wilt pardon the Liberty I take. Aſcribe all to the Force of my Zeal and Loyalty. Thou art Valiant and Wiſe. Protect thy Charge, as the *Chryſtal* of thine Eyes, which thou wilt not ſuffer to be hurt by the Duſt of the Streets.

Paris, 14th, *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Gnet Oglou.

NOtwithſtanding all my *Philoſophy*, I have not Command enough of my Paſſion, to conceal it from thee, who haſt always been the Partaker of my Unequal Fortunes. What ever Magnanimity of Spirit I pretended to formerly in my Sickneſs, 'tis at preſent overcome by the Deſire of Eaſe. At that Time, I remember, ſome *Stoical* Conſiderations made me induſtriouſly hide from thee the tormenting Pains I felt. I endeavoured to diſguiſe my Sufferings, and to paint my Miſery in ſuch Colours, that it could hardly be diſtinguiſhed from Happineſs. But now I have not Courage enough, to hide from thee my Fears and Apprehenſions: And all *Seneca's Morals*, are too little to hinder me, from complaining of the Uncertainty that we daily experience in Human Affairs. This is a *Theme* ſo Popular, that were not my particular Miſfortunes very preſſing, 'twould make me ſick to ſay any Thing on a Subject, that has been in every Man's mouth, ſince the Time that our *Firſt Father* appear'd among the *Trees*. Therefore thou may'ſt be aſſured, I am not going about to make a *Declamation*, or play the *Orator*; to expatiate and make large Deſcants, on the *Inſtability* of *all Things*. What I have to ſay, referrs to my ſelf, and no body elſe, ſave

ſave to thoſe who are the Occaſion of my Melancholy.

In the 10th. *Moon* of the laſt Year, I ſent a *Letter* to *Kenan Baſſa*, the New *Haſnadar-Baſſy*. I have a *Copy* of it by me, as I always retain of whatever *Diſpatches* I ſend to the *Sublime Port*, whether to the *Publick Miniſters*, or my *Private Friends*.

I have perus'd this *Letter* ſeveral Times within theſe Eight and Forty Hours, and can find no juſt Ground of Offence, which that *Grandee* cou'd take thereat: Unleſs he was angry with me, for deſiring him to be careful in tranſmitting my Money. As for the Reſt, I only obey'd the particular Inſtructions, I receiv'd from *Mahomet* the late *Vizir Azem*: Who commanded me not to ſpare the Greateſt *Miniſter* of the *Port*, if I had reaſon either to counſel or to reprehend him. For, ſaid he in his *Letter*, *To this End art thou plac'd at ſuch a Diſtance, that beſides the Service thou doſt our* Sovereign *in diſcloſing the Secrets of the* Infidels, *thou mayſt alſo be free to write, whatever thou thinkeſt will conduce to his Intereſt, without ſtanding in Fear of the Revenge of the Grandees.* Theſe were the very Words, of the *Prime Miniſter* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Now I only told him of ſome Miſcarriages in his *Predeceſſors*, warning him to be wary in his *Station*. Either he was offended at this Freedom I took, or becauſe I preſum'd to adviſe him how to order my *Bills*. Be it which it will, I have a ſevere Reprimand from the *Reis Effendi*, whom I have the greateſt

Reaſon in the World, to eſteem my Friend.

It wou'd never have vex'd me, had he wrote plainly, and not diſguiſed his Sentiments. But all was obſcure, ſaving One blunt Expreſſion, which convinc'd me, That the real Ground of all this Anger was my *Letter* to *Kenan*, wherein I deſir'd his Care as to my Money.

Can that *Miniſter* blame me, for being apprehenſive of Want in a Foreign Country, a *Region* of *Infidels*, where I have no other Commerce, but with *Courtiers* and *Strangers*; where if I ſhould be in the leaſt ſuſpected, they wou'd preſently put me in Priſon, which wou'd hazard a Diſcovery of the *Sublime Secrets*? Does he not know, That *Money* commands all Things; and that the Greateſt *Potentates*, obey the Power of *Gold*? It cannot be imagin'd, but that a Man in my *Poſt*, has a Thouſand preſſing Occaſions for Money, which 'tis troubleſom to expreſs. And I have had very wrong Notions of my *Employment*, if I deſerve on this Account, to be reprov'd and threatn'd with ſuch Politick Circumlocutions: For, the *Secretary* charges me, with Unwillingneſs to continue in the *Service* of the *Ever Happy Port*: As if he thought my Fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an Inclination to the *Nazarene* Intereſt.

I tell thee, my *Gnet*, *Perfidy* I ever abhorr'd. This appears to me, the moſt terrible and odious of all Vices. I cou'd bear the Guilt and Reproach of a great many Crimes, which have leſs of Malice in their Conſtitution. I am not aſhamed of many Venial Frailties, which

which I daily commit, though the *Law* is ſevere againſt them. But, cou'd any Man accuſe me of Wilful Treachery, and Ingratitude, I wou'd pray inſtantly, That the *Luminaries* of *Heaven* might be extinguiſh'd, and that no *Terrene Subſtance*, might henceforth have in it the leaſt *Potential Light*: That ſo I might neither be capable of ſeeing my ſelf, or of being expos'd to the Eyes of Others. And the better to eſcape the Confuſion, which wou'd attend that Horrid Guilt, I would not only avoid Human Society, but if it were poſſible, I wou'd run away from my ſelf.

After all this, methinks ſuch a Temper need not be ſuſpected, as averſe from the Intereſt, to which he has ſo ſolemnly ſworn.

I wou'd not have troubled thee with the News of any other Affliction; but, to be ſuſpected of what I never was Guilty of, and to be menac'd in dark Myſterious Terms, not by an Enemy, but by my Friend, and one who has in his Keeping the *Immortal Records* of my *Zeal* and *Integrity*; This cuts me to the Heart. And I had no other Way to eaſe my ſelf, but by venting my Anguiſh to thee.

If any of the *Miniſters* will charge me with Weakneſs, or want of Ability to act in this *Station*, I ſhould have no Reaſon to repine: Since none of them can think ſo meanly of *Mahmut*, as he does of himſelf. I boaſt of Nothing, but a Loyalty to my Truſt, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a *Muſſulman*, and therefore ought to be reſig'd to the *Will* of *Heaven* in all Things, without Complaint or Murmur. Beſides I am infinitely oblig'd, in many Regards, to the *Reis Effendi*; and therefore, he may be allow'd to take his own Advantages. Perhaps his Reproofs may be Juſt, and 'tis my own Peeviſhneſs that hinders me from diſcerning it. However, I cou'd wiſh he wou'd henceforth expreſs his Reſentments with leſs Obſcurity, and not give me Grounds to apprehend the Loſs of his Friendſhip.

For, where I once love, I hate a Change. And if thou beeſt of the ſame Mind, We Two ſhall continue our *Friendſhip*, to the *Other Side* of the *Grave*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

IF thou wilt permit me to learn Something from *Husbandmen*, They ſay, 'tis not profitable to plow the Fields whoſe barren Glebe brings forth Nothing but Briars and Thorns. Such are the Grounds of Paſſion and Anger among Friends. Let 'em lie Fallow for ever. Perhaps, thou wilt call it Preſumption in me, to challenge ſuch a Relation between us. Or, if thou owneſt the Title of a Friend, thou wilt claim a Right to reprove me. Be it how it will, Reproofs make the beſt Impreſſion, when they are given with Mildneſs and Moderation. Eſpecially they ought not to be founded on a Miſtake, or falſe Apprehenſion. For they appear like Arrows diſcharg'd in the Dark, which being ſhot at Random, may by giving an undeſerved Wound, make an Enemy of a Friend, or at leaſt render a Friend ſuſpected to be an Enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the Embers of a Fire, whoſe Flame is extinguiſh'd long ago, and whereof by this Time, I hope, there remains not the leaſt Smoak. I never lov'd to add Fuel in ſuch Caſes: Otherwiſe had I return'd an Anſwer to thy angry Letter, in the Heat of my Reſentments, I might

have play'd the Incendiary: For I had both Matter enough, and Paſſion ſufficient, to ventilate the already kindled Sparks. And, of this, I know thou art ſenſible.

Well! to make the beſt Conſtruction of it: The *Haſnadarbaſſy* was affronted, I believe, at the Freedom I took in adviſing him; not knowing that I had Poſitive Orders to do ſo, even to the *Firſt Miniſter* of *State*, if I ſaw Occaſion. And to vent his Choler, he miſrepreſented the Buſineſs to thee, hoping by thy Means, to awe me into a fawning Acknowledgment of my ſuppoſed Crime. If this was thy Intention in writing that ſharp Letter, I ſmile at his Miſtake; but am ſorry for thine, becauſe I eſteem thee my Friend. 'Twas but an Overſight in you both; and ſo let it paſs.

Thy Friendſhip I court, and refuſe not his, nor that of any *Officer* of the *Seraglio*. I honor all the *Baſſa's* and *Miniſters* of the *Imperial Port*: I ſhew to every one the Reſpect that is due to his *Quality*: But I am commanded to write with Freedom to all, and not to ſpeak, as if I had the Bearded Head of a Barly-Stalk on my Tongue, which is apt to ſlip down a Man's Throat, and threatens to choak him that ſpeaks whilſt it is in his Mouth. This Charge I firſt receiv'd from the late *Vizir Azem*, *Mahomet*, and it has been ſince renew'd with freſh Inſtructions from others of *Great Authority*. They all tell me with much Aſſurance, That one chief End of my being plac'd here is, that being out

out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, yet holding a conſtant Intelligence, I may freely and withou Fear, reprove the Vices and encourage the Virtues of the Greateſt *Governors* and *Princes* among the *Muſſulmans*. Nay, I am threat'ned with Puniſhment and the *Sultan*'s Diſpleaſure, if I neglect any Opportunity of this Nature, or appear Partial and Timorous in my Reprehenſions.

For, it ſeems, this is judged the moſt ready and effectual Method, to reform the Corruptions that are crept into Court, Camp and City: Since every Man is oblig'd to communicate the Letters which he receives from me: And they are all *Regiſtred* by thy Care: Whereby the *Grandees* are compell'd, either to live within the Limits of Juſtice, and their Duty, or elſe to be the Diſcoverers of their own Faults: Which will unvoidably bring them into Diſgrace, if not the Loſs of their Liberty and Lives; or at leaſt put them to the Expence of coſtly Preſents, to make their Atonement. And thou knoweſt, ſome Men would almoſt as willingly part with their Lives, as their Money, which is their *God*.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be diſpleaſed, if I perform my Duty. It is not for me to be frighted with Menaces, or ſoftned with Bribes. My Integrity is Proof againſt the Pride of the one, and Baſeneſs of the other. Yet I have great eſteem for the *Treaſurer* and thee, with other *Miniſters* who are my Friends. I could, to ſerve ſuch, freely hazard my Liberty, Fortune and any Thing

but my Honour, which I value at a far higher Rate than my Life.

Thou may'ſt *Regiſter* it for a Truth, That an *Engliſh Embaſſador* was in the 6th. *Moon* of this Year, murder'd by *Villains* in his Chamber at *Madrid*, the *Capital* City of *Spain*. There has been alſo a Great Battle fought in *Scotland*, between the Army of that *Nation*, who maintain their King's Intereſt, and the Forces of the New *Engliſh Common-wealth*; wherein the Latter obtain'd a Signal Victory, having kill'd Three Thouſand on the Spot, taken Nine Thouſand Priſoners, Fifteen Thouſand Arms, Two Hundred Enſigns, and all their Cannon and Baggage. Theſe are Proſperous Beginnings of that *Republick*, and redound much to the Honour of the *Engliſh General*, *Oliver*, whom every Body extols for a Gallant Man. And I can aſſure thee, theſe *Weſtern Nations* are not barren of *Hero's*.

Principal Scribe of the *Muſſulmans*, I wiſh thy Heart may be a *Tranſcript* of the *Beſt Copies*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Solyman Aga, Principal Chamberlain *of the Womens Apartments in the* Seraglio.

THeſe *Tartars*, of whom I ſpake to thee in my laſt, are a ſtrange Sort of People in their Manner of Life. But we muſt not cenſure 'em, becauſe we are of Kin. I ſpeak not of my ſelf: For, though I am an *Arab*, yet the greateſt part of thoſe who ſerve in the Armies of the *Grand Signior*, are deſcended from the *Crims*. I mean, the *Spahi's* and *Timariots*. Thou know'ſt the *Originals* of theſe *Military Orders*, and that they are more Honourable than the *Janizaries*; who being *Strangers* by *Blood*, are brought up to the *Lure* of the *Seraglio*. They know neither Father nor Mother, (I ſpeak of the *Tributary* Youths) nor have they any Partial Fondneſs for their *Native* Country. They are Educated in a perfect Reſignation to the *Grand Signior*, and his *Chief Miniſters*: Yet often diſobey both, and not ſeldom put 'em in Hazard of their Lives. How many *Vizirs*, have been ſacrificed to a cunning *Janizar-Aga*; who to prevent his own Ruin, has tempted thoſe under his Command to Mutiny, and accept of no Atonement for their pretended Grie-

vances, leſs than the Life of the *Firſt Deputy*. The Rigid *Fate* of *Sultan Oſman*, Uncle to our preſent *Sovereign*, will not be forgot by thoſe who love the *Ottoman Family* better than theſe *Baſtard Hectors*. Shall the *Empire* of *True Believers*, be ruin'd by the *Renagades*? Beſides, their *Diſcipline* is extreamly corrupted; they marry, and follow *Mechanick* Trades, repugnant to the Auſtere Manners of the *Primitive Guards*, who were wholly attentive to *Martial* Exerciſes.

Were this to come to the Hands of a *Janizary*, he would curſe me to the *Pains* which have neither *Medium* nor *End*. Yet I had once a Friend of that *Order*, *Caſſim Haly*, the *Chief Aga*, a brave Man, and of the ſame Sentiments as my ſelf. He ſought to reform that Diſorderly *Militia*, but was oppos'd by the Wiſe Men in Power. He wou'd freely have ſacrific'd his own Grandeur and Intereſt, for the Good of the *Muſſulman Empire*; but was over-aw'd by thoſe, who had no other Intereſt, but in its Ruin.

Thou know'ſt who I mean: Neither am I a Stranger to the Heroick Bravery of the Faithful *Solyman*, when he bearded the *Boſtangi Aga* on that Account. That *Gardiner* was of the *Faction*, being the Son of a *Janizary*, and train'd up in all the Practices of the *Seditious*. It makes me aſham'd, when I hear the *Infidels* upbraid the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſe*, the *Supreme Monarch* on *Earth* with Folly, for permitting this Inſolent and Mutinous *Soldiery* to continue in tthe *Empire*. And I tremble

to

to think, That one Time or other, the Renown'd *Off-spring* of *Ertogriel*, will owe its Ruin and *Cataſtrophe*, to theſe Diſloyal *Vipers*, whom it cheriſhes in the *Seraglio*.

Much more aſſur'd is the *French* King, of his *Guards* of *Switzers*; whoſe Fidelity was never ſtain'd, with the leaſt Infamous Brand of Perfidiouſneſs, in taking up Arms againſt their *Maſter* whoſe Bread they eat. Theſe are Mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their *Native* Country, to ſerve *Foreign* Princes; and will ſhed the laſt drop of their Blood, rather than betray their Truſt. Therefore they are admitted into the *Palaces*, and nigh the Bed-Chambers of the *Pope* and the *King* of *France*, with full Confidence of their Valour and Integrity.

As for their *Country*, it is barren and poor, conſiſting chiefly of Rocks and Deſarts: Which occaſions the Youth, who are generally very ſtrong and hardy, to ſeek their Subſiſtence Abroad, by ſerving in the *Guards* and *Armies* of Neighbouring *Monarchs* and *States*.

Some Regiments of the *Switzers*, now ſerve in the *Wars* of *Candy*, under the *Standard* of *Venice*.

There are Veſſels arriv'd lately in ſome of the *French* Harbours, which bring News of the Ill Succeſs of our Arms in the *Siege* of *Candia*, the Chief City of that *Iſland*. They talk, as if above Two Thouſand *Muſſulmans* were blown up in the Ninth *Moon*; and that *Chuſaein Baſſa*, diſcourag'd by this Loſs and with the Inconveniences of the approaching

ing *Winter*, was forc'd to raiſe the *Siege*, in the *Moon* of *October*.

The *French* magnify the Valour of the *Knights* of *Malta*, who ſignaliz'd themſelves by many brave Actions, during this *Siege*. And if all be true, that is related of theſe *Chriſtian Champions*, we cannot in common Juſtice deny 'em their due Character, and number ſome of them at leaſt among the *Hero's*.

Otherwiſe, we ſhou'd come ſhort of theſe *Weſtern Nazarenes* in *Generoſity*, who with no leſs honourable Expreſſions, extol the repeated Courage, and invincible Conſtancy of the Illuſtrious *Chuſaein*, and the Alacrity of all the *Muſſulman* Soldiers, in the Service of our *Great Maſter*.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the Cowardice of the *Janizaries*; who after that fatal Blow, had they ſtoutly maintain'd their other Poſts, that brave *Baſſa* wou'd not ſo ſoon have quitted the *Siege* of this *Important Place*.

As for other News, I have little to acquaint thee with, ſave a ſeeming Calm at preſent in this *Kingdom* of *France*, which has for the greateſt Part of the Year, been haraſs'd with *Civil Diſcords* and Slaughters. *Bourdeaux*, the Chief City, which held out againſt the King, is now reduc'd to Obedience, the pacify'd *Monarch* retired, and an Appearance of *Peace*.

The *Queen* of *Sueden*, we hear, was ſolemnly *Crowned* in the Tenth *Moon* of the laſt Year;

Year, having declar'd for her *Succeſſor*, *Caro-lus Guſtavus*, Prince-*Palatine*, and her Couſin.

In the ſame *Moon*, died the *Prince* of *Orange*; and ſoon after, the *Count d' Avaux*, a *French-Grandee*, and *Miniſter* of *State*.

In the mean Time, I rejoyce to hear, that my old Friends are alive and Flouriſhing; and, that the Knot is not looſened, which was tyed in our *Youth*. May it continue firm, to the *Day* of the *Earthquake*, and to a *Term Unlimited*.

Paris, *the* 29th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETER XII.

To Kiſur Dramelec, Secretary *of the* Nazarene *Affairs at the* Port.

IN the Name of *God* and his *Prophet*, what Occaſion hadſt thou to ſend me ſuch an angry Letter; Thou that art thy ſelf but a *Slave*, as I am, to the *Slaves* of him, whoſe *Throne* is above the Flight of the Eagle! Doſt thou think to frighten *Mahmut* into a ſordid Compliance with thy Ambition, whom Nothing can terrify, ſo long as he preſerves himſelf free from any Stain of Diſloyalty? I tell thee,

I'm

adviſe thee, to forbear threatning. It is a Reflection on thy Prudence, to menace a Man who has no other Reſentments of thy Paſſion, than to own himſelf oblig'd to thee, for ſo open a Diſcovery of it. Would'ſt have the very Spleen of my Humour? I ſmile at thee. Thou haſt made me as Jocund as *Democritus*. If thou know'ſt not who I mean; He was a pleaſant ſort of a Philoſopher, to whom all Human Actions, were Objects of Mirth. There was another whining *Sage*, that perpetually wept. The moſt Comical Paſſages, and ſuch as mov'd all Men to Laughter, drew Floods of Tears from his Eyes. His Name was *Heraclitus*. It is hard to determine, which of theſe Two was in the Right. But I think I am not much in the Wrong, to be a little pleaſant with thee. Perhaps, it may put thee into a better Humour. However, I would not have thee be diſpleas'd with thy ſelf, for being of ſo peeviſh a Diſpoſition. 'Tis obſerv'd, That Paſſionate Men are always beſt Natur'd, and free from ſecret Malice. *Choler* is as neceſſary as our *Blood*. Without the *Latter*, we cou'd not live; and if we were void of the *Former*, our *Lives* wou'd be as *Unactive*, as that of *Snails* and *Oyſters*. We ſhou'd be abſolute *Drones*.

Hippocrates, the famous *Phyſician*, ſays This *Complexion* is the moſt Noble of all the *Four*, transforming *Men* to *Heroes*, and refining our *Earthly Mold*, to a Conſtitution like that of the *Immortal Gods*; whoſe *Bodies*, according to the *Poets*, conſiſt wholly of an *Ethereal Flame*. There-

I'm another *Achilles*, Invulnerable all over, ſave the *Soles* of my *Feet*, which are the *Emblems* of our moſt tender *Affections*. There thou may'ſt wound me, with the ſoft Arrows of pretended Friendſhip. But if once thou appeareſt, with the Naked Face of an Enemy, I'm preſently on my Guard.

Thou accuſeſt me of many Crimes, whereof I was never Guilty, loadeſt me with a Thouſand undeſerved Reproaches, and all to vent thy Choler: Threatning me with Revenge, becauſe I once excus'd the Lateneſs of my Addreſs to *Minezim Aluph Baſſa*, then newly Veſted by our Munificent *Sultan*, by laying the Blame on the Badneſs of the Ways, or the Inſolence of Soldiers by whom the *Poſts* are often intercepted in Time of *War*: or, in Fine, on thy Neglect in not ſupplying me with more early Intelligence. Wherein 'tis eaſy to diſcern, That thou wert the laſt I wou'd accuſe to that *Miniſter*, though thou wert Principally in the Fault. For I was afterwards inform'd, that the *Poſts* were neither retarded by any *Impaſſable* Roads, or ſtopp'd by the *Orders* of *Military* Men, but arriv'd here at their accuſtom'd Seaſons. Wherefore thou haſt no Reaſon to be offended at me, unleſs it be for the Shortneſs of my Accuſation, and that it was defective in Malice.

Thou wouldſt take it ill, if in my own Defence I ſhould complain to the *Vizir Azem*, of thy frequent Neglects in this Kind. But I ſcorn to vindicate my ſelf, at the Price of another Man's Diſgrace and Peril. Only I adviſe

Therefore be not diſcouraged, neither repine at a Temper, which ranks thee among thoſe, to whom *Sacrifices* are made. On the other Side, take it not amiſs from *Mahmut*, if he tells thee, he has not Devotion enough, to become thy Voluntary *Victim*.

Yet if I cannot be ſo obſequious as to throw my ſelf away, by acknowledging Crimes wherein I was never concerned, and for which I have a Natural Abhorrence; reſt ſatisfy'd at leaſt, That I will ſerve thee as far as I can, without entrenching on the Duty I owe to the *Grand Signior*. And be aſſured, I will do thee no Harm, ſo long as thou obſerveſt that Rule.

In fine, I adviſe thee to order thy Steps like a Man that is walking in the *Bogs* of *Egypt*, where if he obſerve the *Track* of thoſe who have gone before him, he may be ſafe; but if his Foot ſlips, he Sinks in the *Mire*. Such is the *Life* of *Courtiers*.

Paris, *the* 18th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year*, 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Minezim Aluph, Baſſa.

IN the Beginning of the laſt Year I ſent thee a *Diſpatch*, wherein I acquainted thee with the *Impriſonment* of Three *Princes* of the *Royal Blood* of *France*. Now thou ſhalt receive the News of their *Liberty*.

They were releas'd by an *Order* from the *King*, on the 13th Day of this *Moon*, and arriv'd in this City on the 16th, which was Yeſterday, attended by a numerous *Cavalcade*, conſiſting of ſome *Princes*, divers of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and one wou'd think, of *Half* the *Citizens* of *Paris*. Even thoſe who triumph'd laſt Year, and made Bonfires for their Confinement; Yeſterday throng'd out of the City, to welcome them Home with Acclamations of Joy, and to congratulate their Releaſe. So fickle and inconſtant a Thing is the *Multitude*, driven hither and thither, with every Artificial Declaration of *Stateſmen* or Pretence of *Faction*.

But there were divers *Princes* and *Noblemen*, who from the Firſt Hour of their being ſeiz'd, reſolv'd not to leave a Stone unturn'd to procure their Freedom. The *Grandees* that were their Friends, retir'd to their *Governments*, and rais'd *Rebellions* in the *Provinces*. All the *Kingdom* was haraſs'd with *Civil Wars*. The *Parliaments* decreed againſt the

the *Court*: And there wanted not Cabals of Seditious *Courtiers*, even in the *Palace* of the *King*, to undermine the *Royal* Authority; which the *Cardinal Miniſter* thought to eſtabliſh, by the Impriſonment of the *Princes*. In all Places, the *King*'s Intereſt ran Retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this when thou ſhalt know, that the *Princes* of *France* are not *Slaves* to the *King*, like the *Baſſa's* of the moſt Serene *Empire*, who owe all their Greatneſs, to the ſole Favour of our Munificent *Sultans*. Theſe *Princes* enjoy all that and more by Inheritance, which our *Grandees* acquire only by their Merits, and the Smiles of their *Sovereign*. Hence it is, that their Intereſt is rivetted in the Hearts of the People, who revere the *Blood Royal*, in whatſoever Channel it runs.

Therefore thinking Men blame the *Cardinal*'s Conduct in this Affair; ſaying, There was neither *Juſtice* nor *Policy* in it. Indeed, if a Man's Wit is to be meaſur'd by the Succeſs of his Contrivances, the Cenſure of theſe People is true. For the *Cardinal* ſeems to have made a Trap for himſelf.

Aſſoon as he perceiv'd the *King* was prevail'd on by the Importunity of his Uncle, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and the *Parliament* of *Paris*, to releaſe the *Princes*, and that they had at the ſame Time earneſtly begg'd of him, that this *Miniſter* might be remov'd from the *Court*; he ſuddenly pack'd up his Moveables, and with-drew privately towards the Place, where the *Princes*

ces were Confin'd: Hoping, that though he had loſt his Firſt Point, yet he might make an indifferent After-Game, by going in Perſon to the *Royal Priſoners*, and aſſuring them, 'twas to him they ow'd their Releaſe; ſince it was in his Power to carry 'em away with him, as alſo thoſe who brought 'em the King's *Mandate*. For, he travell'd not without a conſiderable *Guard*.

'Tis ſaid, the *Princes* receiv'd him with ſeeming Compliments and Addreſſes of Civility; promiſing their Friendſhip to the *Cardinal*, now a *Voluntary Exile*, and in a worſe Condition than themſelves.

It is very ſtrange that ſo great a *Miniſter*, who inherited all that *Abſolute Power*, which his *Predeceſſor Richlieu* had at this *Court*, ſhould thus on a Sudden abandon his Fortune. But it is thought, he is not gone to pick Straws.

However, he has by this timely Flight, avoided the Diſpleaſure of ſeeing himſelf compell'd to depart by an *Arreſt* of *Parliament*, which was publiſhed within Two Days after he was gone; commanding him to depart the *Kingdom*, within Fifteen Days.

The Wiſe *Miniſter*, foreſaw this Diſgrace approaching, and therefore thought it more becoming his Honour, to depart of his own Accord: Having ſtill the Advantage, to reproach the *State* with Ingratitude, in that they have reduced to ſuch Streights, the Man by whoſe Auſpicions Conduct, *France* had been elevated to an Extraordinary *Grandeur* in *Europe*.

By

By this thou mayſt comprehend, Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, that there is no *Stability* in *Human Greatneſs*; but that the *Wheels* of a *Courtier's* Life, run through *Unequal Tracks*, often ſticking in the *Mire* of the *Valley*, and not ſeldom threatning to overthrow a Man, and caſt him Headlong from the *Precipice* of a *Mountain*. Againſt theſe *Inconſtant Turns* of *Fortune*, I adviſe thee to be arm'd with *Moderation*; ſince no Man can avoid his *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year*, 1651.

LETTER XIV.

To Iſouf, *his* Kinſman *at* Fez.

I Am glad to hear thou art alive. Thy Letter came in a good Hour; for I bear a true Affection to thoſe of my *Blood*, and have been particularly anxious for thee theſe many Years. The Sun has *Nine* Times meaſur'd the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*, ſince I receiv'd thy laſt Letter before this, or heard any News of thee. It ſeems, thou haſt travell'd a great Part of the Earth, during that Time.

'Twas kindly done of thee, to remember thy Sick *Uncle's* Requeſt, when thou wert at *Aleppo*, in making *Oblations* for his *Health* to

to *Sheigh Boubac*, the *Santone*; and diſtributing *Corban* to the Poor, in Honour of *Syntana Fiſſa*.

Thou haſt ſent me a large and ſatisfactory Account of thy *Obſervations* in *Aſia*: Yet I am ſorry, thou hadſt not Time to penetrate into the *Religon* and *Secrets* of the *Indian Bramins*. I am more ambitious, to pry into the *Wiſdom* and *Learning* of thoſe *Philoſophers*, than into any other *Species* of *Knowledge* whatſoever. Methinks, 'tis pity the *Records* of ſo vaſt an *Antiquity*, ſhou'd be conceal'd from the *Reſt* of the *World*, and only known to thoſe *Happy Prieſts*. I proteſt, 'tis impoſſible for me to think of it without Envy. But perhaps, it is the *Will* of *Heaven*, to lock up thoſe *Myſteries* in the Remoteſt *Provinces* of the *Eaſt*, as a Reward of their Conſtancy, in adhering to the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*, which know no Origin; and as a Reproach to all other *Nations*, who in Matters of *Religion*, have been Mutable as the *Winds*.

I have convers'd with ſeveral *Jeſuits* and others, who have been in the *Indies*; but they ſeem to relate all things Partially, out of a *Natural* Averſion for the *Manners* of the *Eaſt*: And I knew not how to diſprove 'em till my Brother *Peſtelihali* undeceived me. He has alſo viſited thoſe *Parts*, and reſided a conſiderable Time in *China*. It is a difficult Thing for a *Traveller*, to keep himſelf within the Bounds of Truth in his Relations; but, I believe, he has not exceeded. Thy *Journal* touches but lightly the *Indian* Affairs, not ha-

having Leiſure, as thou telleſt me, to obſerve much. However, thou haſt made Amends in thy Relations of *Perſia*, *Tartary*, and the *Land* of the *Curds*.

I depend much on thy Promiſe of ſending me a *Journal* of thy *Travels* in *Africk*. To that *Quarter* of the *World*, I am much a Stranger; not having met with any Authentick Relation, of the *Regions* in the *South*.

It ſeems, thou haſt been in *Æthiopia*, *Libya*, *Egypt*; and, in Fine, all over the *Torrid Zone*.

Hiſtorians tell Wonderful Things of theſe *Parts*. *Herodotus* mentions a Sort of *People* in *Africk*, whoſe Bodies were more Venomous than *Serpents*. Theſe affronted once at the *Winds*, for driving the *Sands* of *Libya* into their *Country*, and filling up all their Wells and Streams, enter'd into a *War* againſt the *Kingdom* of *Æolus*; but the *South Wind* met 'em in their March, and bury'd 'em under *Mountains* of *Duſt*.

I do not repreſent this to thee as a Truth, tho' related by that Learn'd *Grecian*. Thou may'ſt repute it for a *Fable*, as I do. But let this Paſſage be a Hint, that I expect from thee none but ſolid Remarks.

It wou'd pleaſe me to be aſſur'd of one Thing, which perhaps thou haſt heard of when thou waſt in *Barbary*. Very credible *Authors* report, that when the *Phœnicians* were expell'd by the *Iſraelites*, and driven into this Corner of *Africk*, they ſet up *Two* *Pillars* of *Marble*, whereon they Engrav'd theſe *Words*, as

as a *Laſting Monument* of their *Expulſion*, *WE ARE A REMNANT OF THOSE, WHO FLED FROM THE FACE OF* JOSUA, *THE ROBBER, THE SON OF* NUN.

The *Firſt Invention* of *Ships*, is by ſome aſcrib'd to theſe *People*, whom Neceſſity taught to ſeek Reſt on the Unquiet *Ocean*; ſince the more Turbulent Sons of *Jacob*, wou'd not permit them to enjoy any Repoſe on the *Land*, having haraſs'd 'em from one Place to another, till at length they drove 'em to the very *Borders* of the *Earth*. But, thou know'ſt, the *Chineſes* pretend to the *Uſe* of *Ships*, many Thouſand Years before this *Depredation* of the *Iſraelites*. Every *Nation* aims to be eſteem'd the moſt Ancient. And when there was formerly a Diſpute between the *Egyptians* and *Scythians* on this Point, it was adjuſted in Favour of the Latter; but the *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe* and *Indians*, far exceed all others in the *World*. For they ſeem to out-ſtrip *Time* it ſelf in *Antiquity*; at leaſt, they tranſcend the *Common Date* of the *World*'s *Creation*.

I have heard a *Traveller* aſſert, That as he was journeying through the *Deſarts* of *Lybia*, he diſcover'd an *Altar* of *Stone*, with this *Inſcription* on it, in *Grecian Characters*, I POLYSTRATUS *OF* ATHENS, *HAVE CONSECRATED THIS ALTAR, TO ALL THAT IS GOOD IN HEAVEN; AND IF THAT ALL BE BUT ONE, AS SOME SAY,*

MAY

MAY THAT ONE ACCEPT MY VOWS.

I desire thee to inform me, Whether thou hast ever seen or heard of such an *Altar*, when thou wert in those *Parts*. You *Travellers*, must expect this Kind of Trouble from your Friends. Every Body is Naturally Inquisitive, and Desirous of *Knowledge*.

'Twill be acceptable also, to send me an *Abstract* of the *Present State* of *Fez*. I should be glad to hear of the Health of *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, the *Superiour* of the *Magnificent College* in that *City*, built by *Al' Habu Ennor*, *King* of the *Country*. They say, it cost him Two Hundred and Forty Thousand *Sequins*.

'Tis added, That in *Fez* there is a *Mosque* near Half a League in Circuit: In which are as many *Gates*, as there be *Days* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*. And that the Number of the *Pillars* which support it, is equal to the *Year* of the *Hegira* wherein it was Founded: being encompass'd also, by Seventeen High *Minarets*; besides Innumerable *Domes* and *Terasses*. Having also 900 *Lamps* burning in it by Night, and 300 *Windows* to let in the Light of the Day. The Revenue of this famous *Mosque*, is said to be 36500 *Sequins* a Year. They relate many other things of *Fez*, and the *Provinces* belonging to it. Of all which, I desire thee to send me a Distinct Account.

I had almost forgot one Passage, which have read in the *Ancients*, concerning a certain

tain ſubtle *African*, whoſe Name was *Pſaphon*. This Man had train'd up a *Parrot*, to repeat very frequently theſe Words, *Pſaphon is a Great God*. When the Bird had perfectly learn'd his Leſſon, he let it looſe; which being accuſtom'd to a Domeſtick Life in a Cage, fled not preſently to the Fields, but perch'd on the *Temple* of the Town, where it was heard by the People, to utter the aforeſaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They, Ignorant of the Quality of *Parrots*, and led with *Native Superſtition*, eſteem'd it an *Oracle* from *Heaven*. Wherefore immediately flocking to the Houſe of *Pſaphon*, they offer'd *Sacrifice* to him, and in all Reſpects treated him as a *Divinity*.

Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain, *Idolatry* had no better Foundation, than Artifice and Lyes: Unleſs we ſhall conclude with the *Poet*, *That Fear made the Firſt* Gods *in the World*. Couſin, let there be a frequent Intercourſe between us. It will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XV.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

'TIS a Cuſtom in the *Court* of *Rome*, that every *Nation* of the *Weſt*, has a *Protector* among the *Cardinals* there, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. Such I eſteem thee, in the moſt Exalted *Court* of the *Eaſt*.

Arabia gave thee thy firſt Breath: But thy own Merits have lifted thee up to the *Dignity* of a *Baſſa*, a *Prince* of the *Ottoman Empire*, whoſe Limits far exceed thoſe of Modern, or even of Ancient *Rome*.

'Tis from hence, our Countrymen addreſs to thee, as to their Patron; uſing thy Power and Meditation with the *Grand Signior*, in all their Neceſſities.

Among the Reſt, wonder not that the humbleſt of thy Slaves, *Mahmut*, the Son of thy Father's Neighbour, falls at thy Feet, in a Time of great Diſtreſs; in the Agonies of his Spirit, the Hazard of his Fortune, and Peril of his Honour, which he values more than his Life.

I complain not of the many repeated Abuſes and Contempts I have received from ſome in the *Seraglio*, to whom it belongs not, to meddle with Things out of their *Sphere*, much leſs to diſcourage the Faithful *Agents* and *Miſſioners* of the *Grand Signior*. Yet the Perſecutions I have felt from their Hands, are ſuch as wou'd drive another Man, leſs patient of Injuries, either to Revenge or Deſpair. They

They have vilify'd all my Conduct in this *Station*; reproach'd my beſt Actions, with the odious *Characters* of *Imprudence* and *Diſloyalty*; and miſrepreſented the ſmalleſt *Peccadillo's* (for which alſo, I have the *Mufti's* Diſpenſation) under the Ignominious *Title* of *Infidelity* and *Atheiſm*. In a Word, they thirſt after my Blood: Nothing will ſatisfy their greedy Malice, but my Life.

I never was afraid to *die*, ſince I perfectly underſtood what it is to *live*. Nor can I be fond of protecting my Breath, when my *Great Maſter* ſhall pleaſe to call for a Surrender of it, for whoſe Service only it was given me. But it would render the *Scene* of my *Death* Tragical, and ſtrew my Paſſage into the *Other World* with Thorns, to be ſent out of *This*, under the Notion of a *Traytor*, who have acted my Part, without a real Blemiſh.

Ikingi, that Learn'd *Tutor* of the *Royal Pages*, was the firſt that broach'd this Enmity againſt me; (for I have forgot the Prevarication of *Shaſhim Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*, ſince the Time he acknowledg'd his Fault with much Candor and Ingenuity.) 'Twas that *Athenian Sophiſt*, who debauch'd the Integrity of my *Couſin Solyman*; and perſwaded the Unwary Youth, to enter into a Conſpiracy againſt his Uncle. But I reprehended my Kinſman's Folly in one Letter; and his Anſwer, though late, convinc'd me, That he was not guilty of Malice, ſo much as of Raſhneſs and Credulity. I was extreamly oblig'd to the *Kiaimacham*, for his Be-

nignity and Friendſhip in this Affair. The good old *Miniſter* had a real Kindneſs for me, and took no ſmall Pains to penetrate into the Cauſes of my *Couſin*'s eager Paſſion, and Malice againſt me. At length he found it to be only the Practices of *Ikingi*, who took Advantage of *Solyman*'s Temper, equally Loyal and Flexible; inſinuated into his Youthful Mind, Monſtrous *Idea's* of me; and, in fine ſet him a railing at me with a fierce kind of Liberty, where-ever he came. The wiſe *Baſſa* ſoon open'd my Kinſman's Eyes; brought him to his Senſe; and the Iſſue of all was, that *Solyman* writ me a Letter of Apology.

But ſince this, the *Maſter* of the *Pages* has laid new Trains for me, and drawn a great many more to his Party. He has corrupted *Muſtapha Guir*, an *Eunuch*, and *Page* to the *Old Queen*; with whom I once held a Correſpondence, and, as I thought, had contracted a Familiarity and Friendſhip. But, it ſeems, it was only an Appearance, without Reality. I could give thee a long Liſt of thoſe, whom this *Academick* has taught to ſlander *Mahmut*: But I will not appear ſo Revengeful. Beſides, this is not the only Grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonſtrate to thee, moſt Excellent and Serene *Baſſa*, the true Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs? I am weary of living among *Infidels*. Favour me with thy Aſſiſtance and Interceſſion, that I may have leave to retire from this Place, and vindicate my ſelf before the

Faces

Faces of my Enemies. And having had that Honour, rendring alſo a juſt Account of the Affairs wherewith I am entruſted, I may viſit my *Native Country*, and ſpend the Reſidue of my Days in *Arabia*, the *Scene* of all our *Prophet*'s Great Actions, the Place where I firſt drew my Breath. I languiſh for the Aromatick Air of *Admoim*, the Cryſtal Fountains, and Cooler Shades of that Happy *Province*. I long to ſee the Groves which encompaſs the *Village* of my *Nativity*, the Turrets of thy Father's Houſe, and the *Moſque* of *Haſen* the *Prophet*. For, tho' I took no Notice of theſe Things in my Infancy; yet having once ſeen 'em in my riper Years, when I were able to make more laſting Reflections, I ſhall never forget theſe delightful Objects, ſo long as I live.

If this be an Infirmity, pardon it, Illuſtrious *Arab*, ſince it is Natural to all Men. Thou thy ſelf, haſt enjoy'd the Pleaſure of reviſiting that ſweet *Region*: Pity *Mahmut*, who burns with Deſire to taſte the ſame.

Or, if this ſhall be thought too great an Indulgence, to the poor *Exil'd Mahmut*; yet it will be eaſie for thee, who art a Favourite, to obtain of the *Grand Signior*, that I may at leaſt be recall'd from this *Employment*, and ſome body elſe ſubſtituted in my Place. There are thoſe among my Enemies, who are Ambitious of the Fatigue; and *Ikingi*, my Old Friend, would exchange all the Honours he is poſſeſs'd of in the *Seraglio*,

for this Obſcure, yet Hazardous Poſt. 'Tis Pity but ſuch a Man's Thirſt of Perils, ſhould be gratify'd.

But if after all that I have ſaid, my *Superiours* ſhall think it expedient to continue me here, I am reſign'd: Only deſiring, that from henceforth my Slanderers may be ſuſpected, as Men ill affected to the *Sublime Port*, for traducing a Man that has waded through a Thouſand Difficulties, Temptations and Perils; and ſerv'd the *Ottoman Empire* in this *Station*, fourteen Years, without making a falſe Step, or Tranſgreſſing the leaſt Point of his Inſtructions.

I hear that *Chuſaein Baſſa*, is made *Vizir Azem*. The *French* have a very great Opinion of his Valour. They are generally *Impartial Criticks* in *Martial* Affairs, ſcorning to deny a *Brave Enemy* his *Due Character*.

We are at preſent barren of other News, ſave a New *Arreſt* of *Parliament* againſt *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his Kindred and Creatures; whereby they are declared *Enemies* to the *State*, and charg'd with a long Catalogue of Crimes, whereof perhaps they were never Guilty.

Here are alſo ſome flying Reports of the *Cardinal*'s Death: who, they ſay, has poyſon'd himſelf for Grief of his ill Succeſs in this *Court*. But I eſteem this, only as the Froth of his Enemies Malice, who really wiſh him Dead; and, to diſcourage his Friends, give it out that he is ſo.

Serene

Serene *Baſſa*, I commit my Affairs to thy Protection, beſeeching thee, to do the Office of a Countryman and a Friend, to the betray'd for *God*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVI.

To Chuſain Baſſa, *the* Magnanimous Vizir Azem, *and* Invincible General *of the* Ottoman Forces *in* Candia.

I Am not much above Forty Three Years Old, yet have ſeen Great *Changes* in the *World*, mighty *Revolutions* in *Kingdoms* and *States*, and the *Death* of many Sovereign *Monarchs*, Illuſtrious *Generals*, and Wiſe *Statesmen*. Doubtleſs, all *Sublunary* Things, are ſubject to *Viciſſitude*. There appears Nothing *Conſtant* and *Setled*, but the *Heavens* and *Stars*. They indeed perſevere in their *Immutable Courſes*, never change their *Orbs*, nor ſtart from their *Eternal Poſts*. The *Sun* riſes and ſets at his accuſtom'd Hours, and the *Moon* exactly obſerves the determin'd *Periods* of her *Encreaſe* and *Wane*: Theſe vary only, as the *Seaſons* of the *Year*, with Exqui-

ſite Regularity, and Conſtant Returns.

But here *below*, there is an Univerſal *Tranſmigration* and *Metempſychoſis* of *States*, and *Forms of Things*: A Perpetual Flux and Reflux of Human Events. Men die hourly, and others are hourly born to ſupply their Places. One *Age* treads cloſe upon the Heels of another. And we who live at preſent, as we walk in the Steps of our *Fathers*, ſo ſhall we follow them down to the *Grave*, where our *Fleſh* by a new *Metamorphoſis*, ſhall be turn'd into the Bodies of *Worms*, *Inſects* and *Serpents*: And what ſhall become of our *Souls*, is Uncertain.

I was born in the *Reign* of *Sultan Achmet*, from whom our preſent *Sovereign* is the Sixth *Emperour*, that has aſcended the Glorious *Throne* of the *Ottomans*. May *God* grant him a Long Life, and a *Series* of Years bleſs'd with Continual Health, and Victory over his Enemies. I pray *Heaven* alſo, to perpetuate thy New *Office*, to the laſt Period of the *Sultan*'s Life; and in wiſhing this, I ſay all that can be expected.

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody *Tragedies*, that have been acted in the *Seraglio* ſince I can remember, and the many *Sacrifices* that have been made of *Sultans*, *Vizirs*, *Baſſa's*, and *Principal Miniſters* of *State*, beſides the Maſſacres and Butcheries of meaner Perſons; It makes me melancholy, amidſt the Joys I conceive for thy late *Exaltation*; and fills me with Fears, leſt my good Wiſhes to the *Grand Signior* and Thee, who art his Right Hand, ſhou'd by ſome

ſome ſiniſter *Decree* of *Fate*, be almoſt as ſoon diſannull'd as pronounc'd. I pray *Heaven* avert my melancholy Preſages.

The Death of the Old *Queen* (the News of which is lately arriv'd at this *Court*) does but revive and encreaſe my Apprehenſion, of Greater *Tragedies* to come: Becauſe one Act of Cruelty, ſtill propagates another. Revenge is Prolifick, and Miſchief is never at a Stand. 'Tis true indeed, as it is not decent to inſult o'er the *Aſhes* of *Illuſtrious Perſons*; ſo neither has a Loyal *Muſſulman*, any great Reaſon to mourn for the Fall of a Woman, by whoſe Connivance her *Royal* Son, and our late *Great Maſter*, *Sultan Ibrahim*, fell a *Sacrifice* to the *Mufti*'s Indignation. 'Twas an Unnatural Part in a *Mother*: And we may ſay, the *Divine Juſtice* has overtaken her, in making her *Grandſon* ſign the *Warrant* for her *Death*, with the *Conſent* of that very *Mufti*, at whoſe *Inſtigation* ſhe had conſented to the Murder of his *Father*.

Yet after all, may not ſhe have left behind her a Party in the *Seraglio*, or at leaſt in the *State*, who will ſtudy to revenge her Fall; or, however, do ſome Miſchief to prevent their own? Let me not ſeem to contradict my own Arguments; and whilſt I plead againſt Revenge and Cruelty, appear an *Advocate* for thoſe Inhuman Paſſions. I do not mention the ſurviving *Creatures* of this Unhappy *Queen*, to excite in thee, falſe Sentiments of Juſtice, ſuſpicious *Chimæra's* of a poſſible *Conſpiracy*, and ſo ſtimulate thee to puniſh them

by Anticipation, for Crimes of which perhaps they never will be Guilty. I rather ſuggeſt theſe Things, that after ſo many *Tragedies* in the *Royal Family*, a Stop may be now put to future Miſchiefs; leſt, whilſt Men purſue a particular and ſelf-Intereſs'd Revenge, the Contagion ſhou'd ſpread, and *Cruelty* become Univerſal, and Infinite.

Let it ſuffice, that no leſs than Three of our *Sultans*, have been Depos'd and Strangl'd within theſe Thirty Years: Not to mention the *Deluge* of *Royal* Blood, that has overflow'd the Private Chambers of the *Seraglio*, the Priſons of the *Ottoman Princes* Brothers, or Sons to the *Emperours* formerly Reigning.

Theſe were Barbarous Cures of untimely Jealouſies; and it is Pity that ſuch Royal Maſſacres, ſhou'd ever be repeated again. Why ſhou'd the *Poſterity* of *Ottoman*, be in this Regard the only *Unfortunate Princes* on Earth? Were it not much more Noble, and equally Wiſe, to take the Meaſures of *Æthiopian* Policy, where, to prevent Sedition and Diſcords about *Succeſſion*, the *Princes* of the *Blood* are confin'd indeed, but to a very Pleaſing Liberty: Whilſt they have Palaces, Parks and large Fields at Command; are ſerv'd by a *Princely* Train, and deny'd no Lawful Pleaſures, within the *Pale* of their *Reſtraint*: For there is an exceeding high Mountain in the Country, the Top of which is very Spacious, containing large Tracts of *Ground*, many beautiful *Seraglio's*, furniſh'd with whatſoever can contribute to the Enjoyment of theſe *Princes*, or

at

at leaſt to compenſate for their Want of greater Liberty. This Mountain is environ'd with a high and ſtrong Wall, having but one Entrance, and that guarded by Soldiers; ſo that no Man can go in or out, who has not the *Emperor*'s Warrant, or at leaſt a Permiſſion from the *Prime Miniſter* of *State*: For he, upon the *Death* of the *Emperor*, immediately calls a *Council* of the *Supreme Officers*, who from among theſe Impriſon'd *Princes*, chuſe him whom they think moſt worthy to ſucceed. The reſt, who never felt the Appetite to *Reign* (for they are carry'd to this Place in their Infancy, and kept in perpetual Ignorance of *State-Affairs*) paſs away their Time without Envy, or repining at the Exaltation of their Brother, Addicting themſelves wholly to the Innocent Delights of that Rural Life, or to the Study of *Books*, whereof they have great Plenty in their *Libraries*, and thoſe altogether treating of Matters of Divine or Natural Speculation. Whereby, though they know nothing of *State-Artifices*, and *Intrigues of Courts*, yet they become able *Philoſophers*, and vers'd in all the *Liberal Sciences*.

Wou'd to *God* our *Ottoman Princes* (I mean the Younger Brothers) had but half this Liberty, granted them. Then the *Infidels* wou'd have no reaſon to call the *Exalted Port*, a *Neſt* of *Vulturs*.

But we muſt not find Fault with the Actions of our *Sovereigns*, though they tend to the Scandal and Ruine of the *Muſſulman* Empire. Yet I know to whom I write theſe Things; having often heard thee declaim a-

gainſt

gainſt this *Barbarous Cuſtom*, of ſhutting up the *Royal Off-Spring* in a *Dungeon*, without Light or Comfort during their Lives; which many Times are alſo Cruelly ſhorten'd, by the Hands of the *Executioner*.

But, turning our Eyes from the *Tragedies* of the *Eaſt*, let us fix 'em on the Affairs of the *Nazarenes* in the *Weſt*.

The chief Diſcourſe at preſent is, about a Marriage lately ſolemniz'd between the *Emperour* of *Germany*, and the *Dutcheſs* of *Mantua*. She is his Third Wife ſucceſſively; for *Polygamy* is not allow'd, even to the *Sovereigns*, in theſe *Parts*, where the *Prieſts* bear all the Sway.

The Poſts from *Sueden* inform us, of the Death of *General Torſtenſon*, of whoſe Exploits in *Germany* thou haſt often heard. That *Empire* is very Unfortunate, ſpending its Time and Vitals, in Unprofitable *Aſſemblies* and *Conſults*, whilſt her Active Enemies take whole *Provinces* from her with Eaſe: But this need not grieve Us.

Great *Atlas* of the *Muſſulman Empire*, I wiſh thee the *Continence* of *Scipio*, the *Fortune* of *Alexander*, and the *Temperance* of *Cato*; who when he was marching through the *Sands* of *Libya* with his *Army*, all ready to expire with Thirſt, and one of his Soldiers brought him his Helmet full of Water, as a rare Preſent in that General Diſtreſs, gratify'd the Soldier for his Gift, but ſpilt the Water on the Ground, ſaying, That ſince there was not enough to ſatisfy the whole Army, he

wou'd

wou'd not taſte a Drop; and that he was Unworthy to be a *General*, who wou'd not endure as much Hardſhip as the meaneſt Soldier.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1651.

LETTER XVII.

To Naſſuff, Baſſa *of* Natolia.

PRaiſe be to *God*, *Lord* of the *Seven Heavens*, and of all that is within their Circumference: Theſe *Weſtern Nazarenes*, are always a quarrelling. They are reſolved to do their Parts towards the fulfilling the *Muſſulman Predictions*, and thoſe of their own *Prophets*. It makes me ſmile, to ſee theſe *Infidels* employing their Arms againſt each other, contending about *Petty* Rights and Poſſeſſions, whilſt they neglect the *General* Conſervation and Defence of *Chriſtendom*, from the *Impetuous Torrents* of our *Invincible Armies*.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, is enter'd into the *Dutchy* of *Mons* with conſiderable Forces, pretending to adjuſt, I know not what *Differences*, between thoſe whom they call *Catholicks* and *Proteſtants*.

'Twould be too tedious for a Letter, to run back to the *Firſt Original* of this *War*, and

and trace it down from above a Hundred Years ago to the preſent Time. Beſides, 'tis of no Import to a *Muſſulman*, to hear a long Story of the Marriages, Deaths, Heirs, and Law-Diſputes of theſe Petty *Infidel Princes*. Yet, that thou may'ſt know ſomething of it, I will relate the whole Buſineſs as briefly as I can.

In the Year 1546. *William Duke* of *Mons*, *Juliers* and *Cleves*, marry'd *Mary* the Daughter of *Ferdinand* I. *Emperour* of *Germany*, and by this Match obtain'd of the *Emperour* (whom they call *Cæſar*, as they did the Ancient *Emperours* of *Rome*, whoſe *Succeſſor* he pretends to be) ſome Privileges, touching the *Succeſſion* of his *Children*, and their *Right* to his *Dominions*; and particularly, that this vaſt *Eſtate* ſhould not be Divided, but reſt in the entire Poſſeſſion of One *Heir-Male*, or in Default of that, it ſhould deſcend to the next *Female*, which, as I am told, is a Cuſtom in *Germany*; that ſo the *Grandezza* and Authority of *Princely Families*, may be ſupported.

I will not trouble thee with the particulars, which would take up a *Volume*. But in ſhort, it appears, that notwithſtanding all the ſtrict Proviſion that was, or could be made; this great *Eſtate*, after it had remain'd Sixty Years *United*, was at Length *Divided* between Two *Princes*, both claiming an Equal Right to the *Whole*; yet to prevent Wars, and Effuſion of Blood, each was contented with *Half*. Theſe were *Wolf-*

gang,

gang, Duke of *Newburgh*; and *Erneſt*, *Marqueſs* of *Brandenburgh*. In whoſe *Families*, the Parted *Succeſſion* has continued to this Day.

The Occaſion of the preſent Quarrel, is their *Difference* of *Religion*; the Duke of *Newburgh* being a *Catholick*, and he of *Brandenburgh* a *Proteſtant*. It ſeems, the *Brandenburghers* had formerly made Inrodes on thoſe of *Mons* and *Juliers*, carrying away Captive their *Prieſts* and *Dervoiſes* from their *Altars* and *Convents*, and detaining them in Servitude, for many Years, contrary to certain *Articles* that had been drawn up between 'em. They alſo uſed them with great Cruelty, and committed a Thouſand Inſolences on the *Roman Imaums*, where-ever they got 'em in their Power.

Thus their Affairs continu'd, till the late *Agreement* at *Munſter*. Since which Time, the *Duke* of *Newburgh* endeavoured to free his Subjects from their former Calamities, and reſtore things to their Ancient State.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, making this an Occaſion of *War*, has now invaded the *Dominions* of the ſaid *Duke*. He is not gone in Perſon, but has ſent a good Soldier, whom they call *Otho Sparr*, with Four Thouſand Men to begin the Campaign; who, 'tis ſaid, will be follow'd by a greater Army.

But before he took the Field, the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* had an *Interview* and *Conference* with the *Duke* of *Saxony* about this Affair, who is alſo a *Proteſtant*: So that 'tis thought,

thought, no ſmall Diſturbance will ariſe in the *Empire*. All Joy and Peace to *True Believers!*

He of *Brandenburgh*, has caus'd a *Declaration* to be ſpread abroad full of Specious Pretences, that ſo his Conqueſts may be the more eaſy. He talks of nothing, but reſtoring the *People* of *Juliers* and *Mons* to their Ancient Liberties and Rights, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters; promiſing the faireſt Things in the World, to thoſe that obey him, and receives his Armies with Friendſhip: On the other ſide, threatning to treat thoſe who reſiſt him, with the utmoſt Severity that is due to Traytors and Rebels. And all this, for the Sake of Two or Three Inſignificant *Ceremonies* and *Opinions*, wherein they differ; mere Trifles, Litteral Whimſies, the Sport of their *Doctors*, the Spawn of wanton and Luxuriant Brains. For, no greater was the *Original* Difference between the *Lutherans*, and thoſe of the *Roman* Church. *One* will be ſav'd by the Strength of his *Phancy*, which he calls *Faith*, without doing any *Good Work* toward it: The *Other* toils all his Life-Time to merit *Heaven*, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his End. He wears out the Pavement of *Churches*, and makes the Skin of his Knees like that of a *Camel*, with perpetual Kneeling, and Praying to *Images* and *Pictures*. And after all, they may be both *damned*, for ought I know, for their Ill Lives. They tear and devour one another like wild Beaſts, and think to gain *Paradiſe* by their Unnatural Zeal.

The

The *Duke* of *Newburgh* has publiſh'd a *Manifeſto* againſt the Proceedings of *Brandenburgh*, and ſollicited the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Aid, as alſo that of *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*. What will be the Iſſue, no Man knows; but oft-times, a ſmall Spark kindles great Fires: And it is not impoſſible, that this little Feud, may ſet the whole *Empire* in a Flame.

Mighty *Baſſa*, I pray *Heaven* bleſs thee with *Peace*, *Health*, and thy *due Revenue*. If theſe be not enough to make thee *Happy*, I wiſh thee an *Encreaſe* of *Honours*, and all the *Glorious Fatigues* which *Mortals* court as their *Way* to *Bliſs*.

Paris, *the* 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

SUſpect me not: I have an equal Eſteem for thee, as I have for the other *Baſſa's* and *Miniſters* of the *Divan*. But I find it difficult to pleaſe any. They are Captious, and every one wou'd have all my Letters addreſs'd to himſelf: As if I were plac'd here to ſerve *Particular* Intereſts, and not the *Publick*. However, I cannot but acknowledge the tacit Honour they do me, in being ſo covetous of poor *Mahmut's* Correſpondence. I wiſh I were in a Condition to be more Partial: Then I wou'd quickly make thee and ſome others ſenſible, which are the Perſons, for whom I have a peculiar Regard.

But as the Caſe is at preſent, I muſt obſerve the *Inſtructions* I have receiv'd; and, by Turns write to all.

Wherein, if I fail of *Arithmetical Proportions*, I will make Amends by the *Rules* of *Geometry*: If I write but ſeldom to ſome, I deſire that the Length of my Letters, and Solidity of the Matter, may be accepted as a proper Supplement.

But thou haſt no Reaſon to complain on this Score, unleſs it be of thy ſelf for travelling into *Remote Countries*, whether I knew not how to follow thee with Letters, or any other

other Way. Beſides, the former Friendſhip that has been between us, is a ſufficient Counterſcarp againſt all Suſpicion of Neglect on my Part, who am a Thouſand Times obliged to thee for ſo many repeated Favors. For the ſake of *God* therefore, and *All* that is *Good*, wound my Heart no more with theſe Undeſerv'd Reproaches: But believe ſtedfaſtly, that *Mahmut* can never be ungrateful and falſe.

Thy Letter is a Miſcellany of Friendly Complaints and Compliments. Thou giveſt me a Character, to which I do not pretend. 'Tis true, indeed, and I thank *God* and my *Good Stars* for it, that I was not born Blind, Deaf or Dumb. *Nature* gave me my *Senſes* free from any Manifeſt Defect; and I have an Indifferent good *Memory*. When I was Young, I had an Inclination to read *Books*; and Fortune has ſince favour'd me, with many Opportunities for that Purpoſe. But I found the moſt profitable *Study* to be, that of *MY SELF*, to which all the Laborious Pains of the *Schools* and *Academies*, ſerve only as a certain Gradation and Diſcipline. Nay, without theſe a Man may attain all the Knowledge that is Neceſſary to the Accompliſhment of his Nature; for ſo did the Firſt *Philoſophers*, before *Books* or *Letters* were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly Wiſe, read the *ALCORAN*, and the *UNIVERSE*; After that, peruſe *THY SELF*. Thou wilt find, Matter of Wonder and Improvement in *Each*;

Each; but moſt of all, in the *Laſt*: For *Man* is a *Medley* of *all Things*.

Were this Leſſon well learn'd and practis'd in the *Court* of *France*, there wou'd not be ſo many little Quarrels among theſe *Infidels*; or at leaſt, ſuch *Petty Originals*, wou'd not produce ſo many *Fatal Conſequences*.

From the Firſt Time the *Prince* of *Conde* with his Brothers, were releas'd from their *Impriſonment* (whereof I have given an Account to *Mirezim Aluph*) there appear'd much Coldneſs in the *Queens* Reception of 'em, and their Addreſſes to her. On both ſides they were at a Loſs, how to behave themſelves: For, all their Civilities were forc'd. 'Tis true, there was a Splendid Umbrage of Reconciliation; but it ſoon vaniſh'd. Their ſuppreſs'd Paſſions, diſcover'd themſelves by Degrees, and at length broke out into open Enmity.

The *Queen* appear'd full of Condeſcenſion and Favors: But Young *Conde*, is as full of his *Merits* and brave *Exploits*; remembring what *Services*, he has done to this *Crown*. Beſides, he is not void of Suſpicion and Jealouſie, leſt all thoſe Exceſſes of *Royal* Kindneſs are ſtrain'd, only to render him more ſecure, and ſo intrap him a ſecond Time with greater Advantage. The Horror of his Firſt *Impriſonment*, is yet fix'd in his Mind; from whence it will not be eaſie to efface it. Three Principal Servants of the *Queen*, were Baniſh'd, to remove his Fears: For, he imagin'd them to be Inſtruments of Correſpondence

dence between the *Queen* and his old Enemy, *Cardinal Mazarini*. Yet ſhe publiſh'd a *Declaration*, ſignifying, *That the* Cardinal *ſhould be for ever Baniſh'd, not only from the* Court, *but from the* Kingdom.

And this *Moon*, the King being come of *Age*, invited the *Prince* to the *Ceremonies* uſual on ſuch Occaſions: Which *Conde* apprehended as a Snare, and ſo fled out of *Paris*.

The Event of theſe Emergencies, is yet in the *Secret Pages* of *Deſtiny*: But in all Likelyhood, a *Civil War* will follow. People are whiſpering, caballing and making *Parties* on both Sides. All the Powder in *Paris*, is engroſſed and gone; but no body knows by whom. Some ſay, the *Prince* is poſted into *Flanders*; others report, that he is retir'd to his own *Government*, there to raiſe an Army. The moſt knowing averr, That were-ever he is, he has Two Hundred Thouſand *Sequins* in Bank, to give Life to his New Deſigns, let them be what they will.

Think not this News of ſmall Importance, Serene *Baſſa*: But when thou heareſt of the *Civil Wars* among *Chriſtians*, eſpecially in the Realm of *France*, the *Firſt*, and moſt *Victorious Empire* of the *Weſt*, look on thy *Right* Hand and on thy *Left*; for our *Holy Prophet*, or his *Herald*, is near at Hand.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

THou ſeeſt, what thy *Libertiniſm* has brought on thee. For my Part, I am Sick in reading thy Letter, full of Melancholy, and the worſt Kind of *Enthuſiaſm*.

Hadſt thou follow'd my Advice, or if that be contemn'd, hadſt thou but obey'd the Precepts of thy Father, an honeſt Man, and one that went down to the Grave in Peace, thou woul'dſt have Liv'd as happily as other Men; but now thou art over whelm'd with *Hypochondriack* Vapours, and Dreams of a ſickly Brain. I counſel thee, to purge thy ſelf with *Hellebor*; for thou haſt more Need of that, than of *Books*. In all my Life, I never heard ſuch *Religious Nonſenſe* from a *Muſſulman*, as thy laſt Letter is ſtuff'd with.

I have not Patience to make Repetitions, or anſwer every particular *Whimſie* of thine. But in *God*'s Name, what makes thee fright thy ſelf with ſuch a Wrong Notion of *Hell*? It is a Common *Maxim* in *Nature*, *That Nothing Violent, is Permanent*. Either therefore, the *Pains* of the *Damn'd* are not *Infinitely Intenſe*, or elſe they are not *Eternal* in their *Duration*. Thou wilt ſay, The *Alcoran* it ſelf aſſerts the *Eternity* of thoſe *Torments*.

ments. But doſt thou underſtand the *Figurative* Manner of *Speech* us'd in that *Divine Book*, and in all our *Eaſtern Writings*? Is it not common to call a very High Mountain, *the Mountain of God*? As if all the Mountains and Valleys of the Earth, were not equally his. So, to expreſs an Uncertain Length of Time, 'tis Cuſtomary to uſe the *Epithet* [*Eternal.*] Thus, we in ordinary Converſation ſay in *Arabia*, *I love You Eternally*, *I will ſerve You*, *fight for You*, &c. *Eternally*; and the ſame of the *Contrary Paſſions*: And yet we all know, we ſhall live but a few Years.

But, granting that the *Alcoran* ſpeaks in a *Literal* Senſe; it does not follow, That thoſe *Pains* are without *Intervals* of *Reſt*. We read of the Tree *Zaccon*, which grows in the *Center* of *Hell*: But who will interpret, what is underſtood by this *Plant*?

Couſin, make uſe of thy *Reaſon*; and practiſe the *beſt Things*. As for our Condition after *this Life*, trouble not thy ſelf; for no Man knows, what will become of him when he goes Hence. However, we cannot believe, the *Supremely Merciful* Delights in *Cruelty*.

There is a *Path*, which the *Eagle* has not winged, nor the *Serpent* trac'd, though 'tis obvious to both. But their own Raſhneſs blinds them, and they cannot diſcern the *Way* of the *Wiſe*. There are Men of towring Speculations, and others very Crafty; yet neither one or'tother, can grope out the *Direct* Road to *Bliſs*. If I may adviſe thee, let *Nature*

ture be thy Guide. Do nothing, but what *Humanity* prompts thee to: 'Tis this alone, diſtinguiſhes thee from other Animals. Honour the *Memory* of thy *deceas'd Parents*, love thy *Friends*, and be generous to thy *Enemies*: Do Juſtice to all Men: Obſerve the *Purifications* and *Prayers* preſcrib'd by the *Law*: But give no Credit to the *Fables* of *Infidels*. It is common here among the *Chriſtians*, to paint *Hell* with Horrid Flames, and *Devils* flying up and down with red-hot Prongs, to toſs the *Damn'd* from Fire to Fire. And their *Preachers* make long and direful Harangues, on the ſame Subject: When all the while, neither *they* nor *we* know, *What* or *Where Hell* is, or after what Manner the *Wicked* ſhall be Chaſtis'd.

Only the *Illuminated* of *God* have this *Standard* of *Truth*; That both our *Pains* and *Pleaſures* after *this Life*, ſhall be Exactly proportion'd to our *Vertues* and *Vices*. There is no *Malice* or *Injuſtice*, in the *Good Creator* of All Things.

Couſin, once again, let thy Senſes be awake, and ſuffer not thy Reaſon to dream of Things, which have no Exiſtence. For aſſuredly, *God* is the moſt *Impartial Judge* of the *Univerſe*.

Paris *the* 22d. *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LET-

LETTER XX.

To Endel Al' Zadi Jaaf, Begler-beg *of* Dierbekir.

I Have not the Honour to know thee in Perſon; but have heard of thy Fame. So *Mortals* are unacquainted with the *Secrets* of the *Fixed Stars*; yet we obſerve their Luſtre and Rank, and the Figure they make in thoſe *Remote Worlds*.

Thy Exploits among the *Curds* and *Georgians*, are not unknown in theſe *Parts*. The *Franks* that travel in the *Eaſt*, have tranſported hither ſuch a Character of thy Magnanimous Actions, as makes all Men of Honour in Love with thee: And I have conceiv'd a particular Veneration for thy Vertues. May *God* encreaſe them with thy Hours, and grant thee a *Monopoly* of *Bliſs*.

Thou art plac'd in an *Eminent Seat*, and may'ſt with Reaſon be call'd *Lord* of *Lords*, as thy *Title* imports; for thou art *Poſſeſſor* of the *Terreſtrial Paradiſe*, if we may give Credit to the *Tradition* of the *Ancients*. They tell us, that for a Time *Adam* dwelt there, with his *Second Wife*; and that the particular Place of his Abode was an *Iſland*, encompaſs'd with the Rivers *Euphrates*, *Tygris*, *Piſon*, and *Gihon*. From whence it was call'd *Meſopotamia* by the *Greeks*; which

ſignifies. *A Region environ'd with Rivers.*

All the *VVeſt* of *Aſia*, have a profound Reſpect for this *Country*. And the *Jews* relate ſtrange Stories of a *Tree* in *Dierbekir*, which grew Five Hundred Miles high, in the Days of *Adam*; which they ſay, was cut down by an *Angel*, leſt *Man* ſhould climb to *Heaven* by it before his Time. For, it ſeems, *Ambition* was a *Vice*, early as our Nature; and *Adam* was no ſooner ſenſible that he was a *Man*, but he aſpir'd to be a *God*, or ſomething like One: So great a Charm there is in Honour and Authority.

They ſay alſo, that *Abraham* was born in this *Region*. However, 'tis certain, if there be any Certainty in *Records* and *Hiſtories*, that he reſided there a conſiderable Time. But thou knoweſt beſt, what *Traditions* thy *Subjects* have of theſe Things.

The *Chineſe* and *Indians* laugh at all this, as a *Romance* of *Later Date*, than their *Chronicles*; which make thoſe Extremities of the *Eaſt*, to be the *Stage* of the *firſt Mortals*. Inſtead of *Adam* and *Eve*, or *Alileth*, they aſſert the *Names* of the *Original Parents* of *Mankind*, to be *Panzon* and *Panzona*: Whoſe *Off-ſpring*, they ſay, continu'd Ten Millions of Years; but at length, were all deſtroy'd from the *Earth*, by a *Tempeſt* from *Heaven*. After whom, they tell us, *God* created *Lantizam*, a Man with *Two Horns*, each as big and tall as a *Tree* in that Country, which they call the *Plant* of *God*, being the Largeſt and Firſt of all *Vegetables*. This Man's

Horns

Horns being Prolifick, according to their *Tradition*; out of the *Right*, ſprang a Thouſand Men every Day for a Hundred Years; and as many Women out of the *Left*, in the ſame Space. From whom deſcended all *Mortals* of both *Sexes* to this Day; tho' we are much diminiſh'd in Bulk, through the General Decay of *Human Nature*. For, theſe *People* affirm, That the *Firſt Race* of *Men*, were all *Gyants*: But that through Intemperance and other Vices, their *Off-ſpring* ſhrunk by degrees into ſmaller Dimenſions, till at Length they arriv'd at the preſent Stature, and appear'd like *Pigmies* in Compariſon of the *Primitive* Sons of *Lontizam*. In Confirmation of this the *Indians* ſhew to *Travellers*, ſome of their *Temples* hewn out of vaſt Rocks, with the *Images* of thoſe *Giganeick* Men, who they ſay were employ'd in the Work. Theſe they honour, as *Hero's* or *Demi-Gods*.

I do not relate this for Truth, but only to divert thee, in repreſenting the different Opinions of Men. *God* only knows, how to ſeparate the *Truth* from *Falſhood* in *Hiſtories*.

But to return to *Dierbekir*: This *Country* is Famous for the *Tower* of *Babel*, built by *Nimrod* and his *Followers*; at what Time, the *Languages* were confounded, as *Moſes* relates. 'Tis Remarkable alſo, for the Battel fought between the *Parthians* and *Romans* at *Harran*, and for the Death of *Caracalla*, the Son of *Severus*, Emperour of

Rome, who was Murdered by *Macrinus*, the *Roman General*. Theſe *Emperours* were all call'd *Cæſars*, as the *Kings* of *Egypt* were call'd *Pharaoh's* and *Ptolomies*. It ſeems, the Word *Cæſar*, was firſt apply'd to *Julius* the *Roman Dictator*, for that his Mother dying under the Pains which were to give him Life, her Belly was ript up, and he drawn forth from her Womb by the Hands of a *Surgeon*. In Memory of which, he and all his *Succeſſors* were call'd *Cæſars*; that Word ſignifying [drawn forth by Violence] But, whatſoever the Manner of his Birth was, this is Certain, that he and Forty of his *Succeſſors*, were hurri'd out of the World, by untimely Death: For, they either laid Violent Hands on themſelves, or were Murder'd by *Traytors*.

If thou woud'ſt have any News out of theſe *Parts*, the Chief Diſcourſe at Preſent is, of a great Victory obtain'd by the *Polanders* againſt the *Coſſacks* and *Tartars*. And I cou'd wiſh this were all: But the *Nazarenes* are continually made joyful, with the Succeſs of the *Venetians* againſt the Arms of the *Invincible Empire*. They beat us by *Sea*, and baffle all our Attemps by *Land*. We have not got an Inch of Ground in *Candia*, during the laſt *Campaigne*, but loſt many Thouſands of Men, and brought the Name of the *Sublime Port* and *Victorious Muſſulmans*, into Contempt and Scorn. Where the Fault lies, *God* knows. 'Tis too Melancholy a *Theme*, to inſiſt on Particulars.

Don

Don Juan of *Auſtria*, has alſo beſieged *Barcelona* by Sea and Land.

Several *Arreſts* of *Parliament*, are here publiſh'd againſt the *Prince* of *Conde* and his *Adherents*; and, 'tis reported, the *King* will recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Baniſhment*.

Illuſtrious *Prince* and *Governour* of a Happy *Region*, I beg thy favourable Conſtruction of this Addreſs. And thus in Reverence I deſiſt, full of Dutiful and affectionate Vows for thy Proſperity.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS
Writ by
A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Abdel Melech Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THou haſt formerly received a Letter from me, wherein I mentioned the *Tenets* of a certain *French Philoſopher* who maintains, That the *Earth* moves like the Reſt of the *Planets*, and the *Sun* ſtands ſtill, being the *Center* of this our *World:* For he aſſerts, that there are *Many*.

The Name of this *Sage* is *Des Cartes*, Renowned throughout the World for his Learning and Knowledge. He lays as a *Baſis* of all his *Philoſophy*, this ſhort *Poſition* and *Inference*, *I THINK, THEREFORE I AM.* In this alone he is *Dogmatical*, allowing a Lawful *Scepticiſm*, in all the Uncertain *Deductions* which may be drawn from it.

Pardon me, *Oraculous Sage*, if I expoſe before thee my Infirmities. I am Naturally diſtruſtful of all Things. This Temper puts me upon Perpetual *Thinking*. And that very Act convinces me, of the *Truth* of my *Being*, according to the Method of this *Philoſopher*. But *What* I am, I know not. Sometimes I Phanſie my ſelf, no more than a *Dream* or *Idea* of all thoſe other Things, which Men commonly believe do Really Exiſt: A mere Imagination of Poſſibilities. And, that all which we call the *World*, is but one Grand *Chimæra*, or *Nothing* in *Maſquerade*.

At other Times, when theſe wild Thoughts are vaniſhed, and my Spirits tired in the Purſuit of ſuch Abſtracted Whimſies begin to flag, and that my Lower Senſe awak'd by ſome preſent Pain or Pleaſure, rouzes my ſleeping Appetites: when I am touch'd with Hunger, Thirſt, or Cold, or Heat, and find experimentally, I am Something that cannot be a mere Thought or Dream, but of a Compoſition which ſtands in Need of Meat, Drink, Garments, and other Neceſſaries: Then, rather than fret my ſelf with Vain and Endleſs Scruti-

Scrutinies, I tamely conclude, I am that which they call a *Man*, I lay the *Sceptick* aſide, and without any farther Scruples or Doubts, fall roundly to eating, drinking, or any other Refreſhments my Nature craves for.

But no ſooner have I taſted theſe Delights, when my Old Diſtemper returns again. I then conſider my ſelf as a *Being*, capable of Happineſs or Miſery in ſome Degree, as I ſhall poſſeſs or Want thoſe very Delights I juſt before enjoyed. This is a ſufficient Damp to a Thinking Man, when he knows, that he ſtands in Need of any Thing out of himſelf. But 'tis far greater, when he will take the Pains to number all the Train of his Particular Neceſſities, which he is not ſure he ſhall always be able to ſupply.

This makes me preſently conclude, That as I am indebted to Other Creatures for my ſenſible Happineſs, ſo I owe my very *Being* to Something beſide my ſelf. I examine my *Original*, and find I am born of Men and Women, who were in the ſame Indigent Circumſtances as my ſelf: And that it is not only ſo with my Particular Family, but with all Mankind; our whole Human Race, being born *Natural Mendicants* from the *Womb*. As ſoon as we breath the Vital Air, we Cry; and with thoſe *Inarticulate Prayers*, beg for Help and Protection from others, without whoſe generous Aid we could not ſubſiſt a Moment: So poor and beggerly a thing is Man, from his Birth. This is the Condition

of all: Neither is a *King* any more exempt from this *Common Character* of *Mortals*, than the *Slave* who *ſweeps* the *Streets*.

If I could have reſted in this Thought, I ſhould have been happy: For it would have had this Influence on me, either to convince me, that I ought to be content with the Condition to which I was born, or to rid my ſelf out of ſo deſpicable a State by Death.

But alas, one Thought produces another: And from the Contemplation of our preſent Miſery in this *Life*, I fall to thinking what will become of us after *Death*. For, as we know not *What*, or *Where* we were before we came into this *World*; ſo there is no Human Certainty, *Whither* we ſhall go, or in *What Condition* we ſhall be, when we leave it: And therefore, it would be an unpardonable Madneſs, to throw my ſelf headlong into a State of which I have no Account: And, to avoid the Little Miſeries of this Life, which muſt have an End one Time or other, caſt my ſelf down a *Precipice* (for ought I know) of *Intolerable Torments*, which has no *Bottom*.

I hear the *Philoſophers* talk of *Immortality*, the *Poets* of *Elyzium*, the *Chriſtian Prieſts* of *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Purgatory*; the *Indian Bramins* of *Tranſmigration*. But I know not *what*, or *which* I have Reaſon to believe, of *all theſe*.

I ſpeak

I ſpeak after the Manner of *Philoſophers*; for, if we come to *Faith*, the Caſe is altered. Think not, I beſeech thee, that I call in Queſtion the *Sacred Oracles*, the *Revelations* of the *ſent* of *God*. But I only acquaint thee how my *Natural Reaſon* hatters me with Doubts.

I ſee Men every where profeſſing ſome *Religion* or other; paying *Divine Honours* to ſome *Superiour Being*, or *Beings*, according as they have been Educated: Which many Times tempts me to think, that *Religion* is nothing but the *Effect* of *Education*.

Then I wonder, how Men when they come to Years of Diſcretion, and their Reaon is able to Diſtinguiſh between Things *probable*, and mere *Romances*, can ſtill retain the *Errors* of their *Infancy*. 'Tis Natural for Children, to be wheadled or aw'd into a *Belief* of what their *Parents*, *Nurſes*, or *Tutors* teach them. But when they come of Age, they ſoon rectify their miſled Underſtandings, in all Things, ſave the Affairs of *Religion*. In this they are Children ſtill, tenacious of the *Sacred Fables* of their *Prieſts*, and Obſtinate in maintaining them, ſometimes even to Death.

It puzzles me to find out the Cauſe of ſo ſtrange an Effect, That Men otherwiſe endu'd with Mature Judgment, and an extraordinary Sagacity in all Things elſe, ſhould yet be *Fools* in *Matters* of *Religion*, and believe Things *Inconſiſtent* with the *Common Senſe* and *Reaſon* of *Mankind*.

I could

I could never give Credit to the *Histories* of the Ancient *Pagans*, which acquaint us with the devout *Adoration* they paid to the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*, did not I see the same practised among the *Christians*: Or, that those *Wise* Men of Old, cou'd swallow the Forgeries of their *Priests* concerning their *Gods* and *Goddesses*, were I not an Eye-Witness, how bigotted the Modern *Nazarenes* are to the *Legends* of their *Saints*, and the *Jews* to those more Ridiculous *Figments* of the *Talmud*.

It perplexes me, to see *Mankind* generally labouring under so great a Darkness, not so much the Effect of *Ignorance*, as of *Superstition*: To behold Men well ver'd in *Sciences*, and all kinds of *Human Learning*; yet Zealous Assertors of manifest Contradictions in Matters of *Divinity*, rather than oppose, or so much as examine the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*.

When I behold *Mankind* divided into so many innumerable Different *Religions* in the *World*, all vigorously propagating their own *Tenets*, either by Subtilty or Violence, yet few or none seeming by their Practice to believe what they with so much Ardour profess; I could almost think, that these various Ways of *Worship*, were first invented by *Politicians*; each accommodating his *Model* to the Inclinations of the *People* whom he design'd to *Circumvent*.

But when on the other side I consider, there appears something so *Natural* and *Undisguis'd*

guis'd in the *Furious* Zeal, and *Unconquerable* Obſtinacy of the *Greateſt* Part; I am as ready to Join with *Cardan*, and conclude, That all this *Variety* of *Religions*, depends on the Different *Influence* of the *Stars*. This was a famous *Philoſopher* in *Europe*; and held, That the *Religion* of the *Jews*, ow'd its Original to the Force of *Saturn*, that of the *Chriſtians* to *Jupiter*, and Ours to *Mars*. As, for the *Pagans*, he aſſigns to them many *Conſtellations* and *Aſpects*.

Thus there is ſo equal an Appearance of Truth and Falſhood in Every *Religion*, that I ſhould not know how, in Human Reaſon, to fix on any.

Superſtition renders a Man a Fool, and *Scepticiſm* is enough to make him Mad. To believe *All Things*, is above *Reaſon*; to give Credit to *Nothing*, is below it. I will keep the *Middle* Path, and direct my *Faith* by my *Reaſon*.

That *Faculty* tells me, that if I were inclined to *Adore* the Sun, Moon and Stars for their Beauty and Influence, I might on the ſame Ground *Worſhip* my own *Eyes*, without which I could not behold their tempting Splendors: Or, I might as well pay *Divine* Honour to that more Intimate *Senſe*, my *Feeling*, or any of my other *Senſes*, which only render me capable to know the Vertue of theſe *Luminaries*. The ſame may be ſaid of the *Elements*, and of all Viſible *Beings*.

What

What then ſhall I *Adore*, or to whom ſhall I return Thanks for all the *Bleſſings* I enjoy (for, even in this Miſerable Life, I taſte ſome Happineſs?) To what *Being*, I ſay, ſhall I addreſs my *Vows* and *Supplications*, for all the Good that I poſſeſs and want? Is it to any Thing that I have ſeen or can ſee, or that I can repreſent to my ſelf under a Figure? Is it to any Part of the *Univerſe*, or no? No. To the whole *Complex* together? No. I have a Thouſand kind Thoughts for the Sun, Moon and Stars, for the Elements, and many other Compound Creatures. My *Soul*, and *that* of the *World*, are *Uniſons*. But 'tis the *Profound Depth* of *Eternity*, the *Infinite* and *Immortal*, who is the *Diapaſon*, and makes perfect *Harmony*.

To that *Being* which has no *Reſemblance* neither is *Divided* into *Parts*, nor *Circumſcrib'd* with *Limits*; whoſe *Center* is *every where*, *Circumference no where*; Who hath neither *Beginning* nor *End*: To the only *Omnipotent*, from whom all other Things flow, and to whom they all return; To him I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And ſomething by his Determination, I am Indebted, and will diſcharge it to thee, *Orient Light* of the *Moreſco Muſſulmans*; that is, the *Duty* of an *Humble Slave*, in begging *Pardon* for this *Preſumption*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

'TWas the Contemplation of *Iſouf Eb'n Hadrilla*, an *Arabian Philoſopher*, That all Men were at Firſt *Created* in a *State* of *War*: For this *Sage*, gave no Credit to the *Writings* of *Moſes*, the *Jewiſh Hiſtorian* and *Prophet*; neither cou'd any Arguments perſwade him to believe, That all *Mortals* deſcended from *Adam*. 'Twas an *Article* of his *Faith*, That in the *Infancy* of the *World*, Men were *Form'd* of the *Prolifick Slime* of the *Earth*, Impregnated by the Vigorous *Warmth* of the *Sun*, and that all other *Animals* had their *Original* in the ſame Manner: But that in Proceſs of Time, The Richneſs of the *Seminal Soil* being exhauſted by a continual *Spontaneous Production* of Living Creatures, there was no other Way to perpetuate the Various Kinds of *Beings*, and multiply the *Individuals*, but by the *Ordinary* Method of *Generation*. For which Reaſon, *Nature* ſeems to have ſubdivided every *Species* into Two *Sexes*.

Hence, this *Philoſopher* concludes, That at Firſt there was no nearer Relation between Man and Man, than there is now betwixt a Lyon and a Sheep, or any other different Kinds of Animals: Saving only, that as theſe are diſtinguiſh'd by their *Forms*, into Four-Footed Beaſts, Fowls, Fiſhes, and Creeping Things;

Things; ſo Men aſſum'd to themſelves, the Character of *Rational* Creatures: and a *Principle* of *Self-Preſervation*, was the Firſt Ground of a Tacite and Common *League* between Men, againſt the Reſt of their Fellow-Animals: Eſpecially againſt thoſe, which made a more frightful Figure on Earth than we do, and ſeem'd more Rapacious and Inclin'd to Miſchief; ſuch as Dragons, Tygers, Bears, Lions, *&c.*

But notwithſtanding this General Aſſociation of our *Race*, againſt the more Salvage and Fierce Troops of Beaſts; yet one Man ſtill ſtood upon his Guard againſt another. And all the *Sons* of the *Earth*, endeavour'd to maintain the Poſts which *Nature* had alotted each Man; That is, the Place where he was firſt Form'd, and drew Breath. But Things cou'd not laſt long in this State: For, either by *Inſtinct* or *Reaſon* (call it which you will. ſays this *Author*) Men being ſtreightned for want of Fruits, or ſpurr'd on by ſome ſecret Deſire of Novelty, ſoon went out of their Bounds, and encounter'd each other, more by Chance than Deſign: Whence aroſe the Firſt Occaſions of Actual War. For, every *Stranger*, appear'd like an *Invader*: They Naturally ſtartled and ſuſpected each other. Reciprocal Paſſions of Choler ſprung in their Breaſts; and every Man to prevent the Effect of his own Fears and Apprehenſions, ruſh'd on his Neighbour: who was on the ſame Ground as ready for an Aſſault as himſelf. Thus an *Univerſal War* Commenc'd in the *World*, which

which by Various Methods of Improvement, was carried on by the Succeeding *Generations* and continu'd to the Preſent Times.

As for the *Original* of *Governments*, the Particular Time cannot be determin'd; but it may be ſuppoſed, That Men Generally finding the Inconvenience of theſe private Perſonal Combats, and by Degrees arriving to greater Maturity of Experience, form'd themſelves at Firſt into little *Societies* and *Friendſhips*, or as they dwelt near one another, or as they agreed in ſome Common Inclinations, Principles, and Intereſts. From which Small *Aſſociations*, they gradually ſpread into Larger *Communities*, living under certain Laws and Obligations of Mutual Peace, Juſtice and Aſſiſtance toward each other, and of Defence againſt their Common Enemies: Some living under the Form of a *Common-VVealth*, Others of a *Monarchy*; each *Body* of *Men*, ſetting up ſuch a *Model*, as beſt ſuited their own Intereſts and Neceſſities. From hence ſprung the Diſtinction of *Nations*, *Kingdoms*, and *Empires*. Thus far the *Arabian Philoſopher*.

But without enquiring into the Truth of his *Principles*, one wou'd think, that ſome of the *VVeſtern Nazarenes* were his *Diſciples*. And indeed, all *Civil* Diſſentions, ſeem to be grounded on the ſame *Maxims*: Whilſt Men on the leaſt Diſcontent or Jealouſie, lay aſide the Obedience they owe to their *Sovereigns*, claiming I know not what *Natural Right*, to defend themſelves againſt the Encroachments

croachments and Uſurpations of others.

Thus no ſooner was it ſuppos'd here, that the *King* intended to recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Exile*; but the *Parliament* of *Paris*, who are ſecret Friends to the *Prince* of *Conde*, publiſh'd an *Arreſt* againſt the *Cardinal*, whereby all Perſons are forbid to contribute toward the Return of this *Miniſter*; and Ordering, That his *Library*, with all his Moveables ſhou'd be ſold to raiſe a Sum of a Hundred and Fifty Thouſand *Livres*, which is promis'd as a Reward to thoſe who ſhall either take him Priſoner, or kill him. They alſo Petition'd the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to make the utmoſt Uſe of his Authority againſt the *Cardinal*. Who, thereupon rais'd Conſiderable Troops, and gave the Command of them to the *Duke* of *Beaufort*.

In the mean Time, the *Cardinal* is not Idle, but with what Forces he has, performs ſome Conſiderable Actions, in his own Defence. He has taken *Priſoner*, an Eminent *Councellor* of *Parliament*. The *Parliament* ſent a *Trumpet* to demand his Releaſe. This Meſſenger was rejected. Whereupon, the *Parliament* are taking New Methods.

The *Prince* of *Conde* has ſent a Letter and Requeſt to the *Parliament*, deſiring them to ſuſpend the *Execution* of the *Arreſt* publiſh'd againſt him; ſince the Time given him to lay down his Arms, was not yet expir'd, and that the *Cardinal* was returned into the *Kingdom*, contrary to a *Prohibition*, ſign'd by the *King*.

But

But, notwithſtanding all theſe Traverſes *Mazarini* is come again to the *Court*, which is now kept at *Poictiers*; Where he was receiv'd with Infinite Reſpect and Careſſes, by the *King*, the *Queen*, and all his Friends. Animoſities daily encreaſe between the different Parties: *Private* Grudges are improv'd to *Publick* Factions: An Univerſal Peeviſhneſs, has poſſeſs'd the Hearts of the *French* Nation: They are alarm'd and offended, at one another's Looks. If a Man ſmiles too much or too little, in converſing with his Friend, 'tis enough to give him the Character of an Enemy, or at leaſt to render him ſuſpected. So that he who wou'd live peaceably here at this Juncture, had need to be well skill'd in all the Secrets of *Phiſiognomy*, and make frequent Uſe of his Looking-Glaſs; leſt any Oblique Caſt of his Eye, or Satyrical wrything of his Noſe, ſhou'd be Interpreted for Symptoms of Hidden Malice. For now they'll ſpy *Treaſon* in every Feature of a Man's Face.

As for me, when I go abroad, I conform to all Companies; yet alter not my *Addreſs*. I neither play the *Ape*, nor counterfeit a *Statue*: But obſerving a *Medium*, I pay a Civil Reſpect to all, without being Courtly or Rude: For this Carriage beſt Suits with my Circumſtances. Hence it is that no Body ſuſpects the plain, deform'd, blunt, Crook-back'd *Titus* of *Moldavia*, to be what I am really, *Mahmut* the *Slave* of the *Exalted Port*.

Paris, 14h. of the 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652. LET-

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Prince* of *Conde*'s taking up Arms, has more puzzl'd the Counſels of the *King* of *France*, and more embaraſs'd his Affairs, than any Occurrence that has happen'd ſince the Death of his Father.

I have already inform'd the *Kaimacham* and others, of all Paſſages hitherto, relating to theſe *Inteſtine Broils*. Since which they ſeem to be improv'd into a *War*, wherein *Foreign* Nations take a Part. After the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this *Court*, the *Prince* of *Conde* was driven to great Streights, being compell'd by the ſwift Marches of the *King*'s Army, to retire to *Bordeaux*. Where, conſidering that it would not be ſo much his Intereſt to keep this Place, as to encreaſe his Forces, he ſent *Envoys* to the *King* of *Spain*, and *Arch-Duke Leopold* in *Flanders*, to deſire their Aſſiſtance.

The *Former* immediately diſpatched away Orders for a conſiderable Body of Men to approach the Confines of *Gaſcoigne*, where the *Prince* had a great Intereſt; and the *Latter* ſent him Eight Thouſand Men, to act on the ſide of *Flanders* and toward *Paris*, as Occaſion offer'd,

This

This is the particular Game of the *Spaniards*, to take Advantage of the *Civil Wars* in this *Kingdom*, that ſo by aſſiſting the weaker Party, they may balance the Conteſting *Powers* of the *Nation*, and keep 'em in a perpetual Quarrel: Whilſt in the *Interim*, they gain Ground; recover the Places which the *French* took from 'em in Time of *Domeſtick* Peace, and ſo pave the Way to *New Conqueſts*.

In the mean Time, the *Parliament* ſent *Deputies* to the *King*, beſeeching him to remember his *Royal* Word, by which he had for ever baniſh'd *Cardinal Mazarini*; and repreſenting to him the Fatal Conſequences, which were like to proceed from his Return. But the *King*, inſtead of complying with their Requeſts, caus'd an *Edict* of *Council* to be Publiſh'd, which juſtify'd his Conduct in this Matter.

He alſo writ a Letter to the *Parliament*, full of Complaints, that they had not yet publiſh'd any *Order*, to hinder the Entrance of a *Foreign Army* into the *Kingdom*. But all ſignified Nothing, to Men paſſionately bent, to maintain the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Quarrel againſt their *Sovereign*. He has but few truſty Men in that *Senate*, and they are over-aw'd by the Reſt. Beſides, the *Duke* of *Orleans* bears a ſtrange Sway both in the *Parliament* and *Country*.

At the Inſtigation of the *Prince*, the Citizens of *Orleans* ſhut up their Gates, when they heard the *King* was coming that Way in his

his return to *Paris*. Yet the Country was open for the *Prince* of *Conde*, a *Subject*: He travell'd up and down the *Provinces*, to make New Intereſts, and confirm the Old; leaving the Command of his Army in *Gaſcoigne*, to his Brother the *Prince* of *Conti*.

There have been many Skirmiſhes and Encounters, between the *King's* Forces, and thoſe of the *Male-Contents*; and one fierce Combat, wherein the *Prince* of *Conde* defeated the *Vanguard* of the *King's* Army, as he was marching to this City. Whereby getting the Start of his *Sovereign*, he arriv'd here, and was receiv'd in the *Parliament*, whilſt the *Monarch* was forc'd to lie encamp'd in the Field.

The *Prince* found a different Reception, according to the various Humous of People. The greateſt Part favour'd him, and he receiv'd infinite Careſſes from the Citizens of *Paris*: But met with ſome Oppoſition from Perſons of *Higher Rank*, and more ſtedfaſt *Loyalty* to the *Crown*. The *Duke* of *Orleans* is his greateſt Friend, and one for whom the *Parliament* have a great Deference: Not ſo much in Contemplation of his Wit and Policy, as for the Sake of his near Relation to the *Crown*; he being *Uncle* to the preſent *King*: Whereby he has a Right to aſſume more Authority than others, in regulating the Diſorders of the *Court*; among which, the greateſt is eſteem'd, that of *Cardinal Mazarini's* Return.

In

In a Word, both Parties ſerve themſelves of thoſe who have the greateſt Intereſt, and are moſt likely to compoſe the Quarrel. The Exil'd *Queen* of *England*, and her Son, who have taken *Sanctuary* in this *Kingdom* from the *Perſecutions* of their *Own Subjects*, make it their Buſineſs, to mediate between the *Court*-Party, and the *Faction* of the *Princes*.

The *Prince* of *Conde* alſo, ſent *Deputies* to the *King* to repreſent to him, That the only Means to give Quiet to the *State*, was to baniſh the *Cardinal-Miniſter*: And as they were delivering their Addreſs, *Mazarini* came in; at the Sight of whom, they aggravated their Charge, and ſaid to his Face, 'That he 'was the Cauſe of all the EVILS, which 'the Kingdom ſuffer'd. *The* Cardinal *Interrupting them, turn'd to the* King, *and ſaid*, Sir, 'It will not be Juſt, that ſo Flouriſhing a 'Kingdom, and, to whoſe Grandeur I have 'contributed all that lay in my Power, ſhould 'ruin it ſelf for my ſake: Therefore, I humbly entreat your Majeſty to grant, that I 'may return to my own Country, or whitherſoever my Fortune ſhall call me. No, 'no, *reply'd the* Queen (*not without ſome Paſſion*) This cannot be granted; the King had 'never more need of your Counſels, than at 'this Juncture. We cannot conſent, that ſo 'Serviceable a Man ſhould be Baniſh'd, only 'to humour his Enemies. Therefore, let us 'hear no more of that.

The

The *Deputies* perceiving nothing of Hopes, return'd to *Paris*. Then the *Parliament* deputed others to go to the *King*, and Remonſtrate the Deplorable State of the *Realm*. This was done a few Days ago.

In the mean time, we have been alarm'd here in this City, with daily Inſurrections of the Multitude. The Occaſion was, ſome private Orders which the *Duke* of *Orleans* had given to the *Provoſt* of the *Merchants*, relating to his Charge, and the Welfare of the City. This being miſunderſtood by the People, who have not the Senſe to diſtinguiſh the Good Offices of their *Governors* from Injuries, put 'em all into a Tumult. They aſſaulted the *Provoſt* in his Coach, as he was paſſing the Streets: And had he not eſcaped into an *Apothecary*'s Shop, they wou'd perhaps in their Fury, have torn him in Pieces: For ſo they ſerv'd his Coach, as an after Revenge.

I am weary of beholding the Malicious Quarrels of theſe *Infidels*. But when I conſider, that their Diſcords will be Inſtrumental to the Future Conqueſts of the *True Believers*, I am Patient and Reſign'd.

However, 'tis one Comfort to me in this Thorny *Station*, that one Time or other, inſtead of the perpetual jangling of Bells in *Paris*, I may again have the Happineſs, to hear the *Muzeins* cry on the *Minarets* in *Conſtantinople*, *There is but One God, and* Mahomet *his Prophet*. Or, if I ſhall not live to enjoy this Wiſh; yet, in the *Inviſible State*, I ſhall

ſhall hear the ſame Cry, and ſhall be paſt Doubt of thoſe Things, whereof I have no Certainty in this Life.

Paris 29th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1652.

LETTER IV.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

THE *Chriſtians* ſeem to have too proud an Opinion themſelves, and ſet a greater Value on *Humane Nature* than ſuits with Reaſon. They aſſert, that all Things were made for Man, and ſtyle him *Lord* of his *Fellow-Creatures*; as if *God* had given him an Abſolute Dominion over the *Reſt* of his *Works*, eſpecially over the *Animal-Generations*; and that all the Birds of the Air, Beaſts of the Earth, and Fiſh of the Sea, were Created only to ſerve his Appetite and other Neceſſities of Life. I remember a Letter I formerly ſent to thee, wherein I diſcourſed of the *Carteſian Philoſophers*, and their Contempt of the *Beaſts*, in denying them *Souls*, or the *Uſe* of *Reaſon*.

Give me leave to entertain thee now, and divert my ſelf with ſome farther Remarks on this Subject. 'Tis a Refuge from Melancholy,

when I can thus freely diſcover my Thoughts to a Friend, who I know will not be Partial to the Truth.

I have been long an Advocate for the *Brutes*, and have endeavour'd both to abſtain from injuring them my ſelf, and to inculcate this Fundamental Point of Juſtice to others. This is owing to the *Example* and *Philoſophy* of *Mahummed*, the *Eremite* in *Arabia*, that *Light* and *Glory* of *Religious* Men. And were it not that my Honour is to be doubtful in all Things, the Influence of his Converſation would make me a profeſs'd *Pythagorean*, a *Diſciple* of the *Indian Brachmans*, a *Champion* for the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls*.

The laſt Letter ſave one I writ to that *Solitary*, was upon this Subject: Such an one as wou'd divert him in his *Cave*. It contain'd an Account of the *Primitive* Manner of Life practis'd by the *Ancients*, a *Narrative* of the *Golden Age*, a *Hiſtory* of *Human Innocence*, and the *Steps* which Men firſt took, to uſe *Violence* and *Cruelty* to their *Fellow-Creatures*. Now I will preſent thee with ſome Additional Obſervations, ſome Remnants of Antiquated Truth, glean'd from *Philoſophers* and *Hiſtorians*, and winnow'd from the *Chaff* of *Error* and *Superſtition*.

Who wou'd not believe the *Beaſts* to be endu'd with *Reaſon*, when he beholds them perform all the Actions of *Rational* Creatures, with more Caution, tho' leſs Pride than Men? They are more Provident than We, and much more ſubtle in avoiding any Affliction or

Danger. Witneſs *Thales* the *Philoſopher's Mule*, which he often employed to carry Salt to a certain Market; but the Cunning *Beaſt* finding herſelf over-loaded, when ſhe was paſſing through a River lay down, whereby the Water penetrating into the Sacks of Salt, melted it away and lightned her Burden. And this was her Conſtant Practice; till the *Philoſopher* perceiving himſelf thus out-witted by his *Beaſt*, was reſolv'd to circumvent her another way. Wherefore, inſtead of Salt he loaded her with Wool, which he knew would grow heavier by being Wet. But the wary *Mule*, ſenſible of the Difference of her Burden, wou'd couch no more in the Water; but ſeeing no other Remedy, went forward on her Journey.

Who will not admire the Wiſdom of the *Fox* in *Cold Countries*, which the Inhabitants uſe as a Guide when they would paſs over any Frozen Lake or River. For this Creature going before them, lays her Ears cloſe down to the Ice, and liſtens to try if ſhe can hear any Motion or Noiſe of the Water running underneath: Which if ſhe does, ſhe will not venture on the Ice; but if all be ſtill, then by a *Logical Deduction* ſhe concludes, The Ice is thick enough to bear Paſſengers; and ſo ſhe leads the Way, whilſt the Men follow.

When a *Dog* is hunting in the thick Woods, and by chance comes to a Place where *Three* Paths meet, he firſt Scents the *One*, then the *Other*: And perceiving that the Game is not

gone by any of those *Two Ways*; he throws himself swiftly forward in the *Third*, without such a particular Application of his Nose. Which is an evident Argument, that he makes use of the like Case we our selves should do.

And now I have mention'd this Creature, I cannot forbear celebrating their Virtue and Fidelity: Whereof we have daily Experience; and there are many pleasant *Examples*, recorded by grave *Historians*.

Such is that of *Hircanus*, a *Dog* belonging to *Lysimachus*; who would never depart from the Body of his dead Master, but following it to the *Funeral Pile*, leapt into the Fire, and was burned for Company,

But the Gratitude of a *Lyon* to a certain *Slave* in *Rome*, is beyond all Parallel. This *Slave* was one of those, who were appointed to combat with *Wild Beasts*, in the *Amphitheatre*, according to the Custom of the Ancient *Romans*, in the *Publick Shews* which were exhibited to the People. As soon as the *Lyon* was let loose in the Pavement, he ran furiously at the *Slave*, but coming nearer, he stop'd on a sudden, as one astonished: Then he came gently toward the *Slave*, fawning upon him, and licking his Hand, which caus'd all the People to give a Shout. The *Emperour* being present, and taking Notice of the seeming Friendship and Acquaintance that was between the *Slave* and the *Lyon*, sent for the *Slave*, and enquired the Occasion of so strange an Accident. To whom the *Slave* made the following Relation: 'My

'My Name, ſaid he, is *Andredus*, and I 'am *Slave* to a certain *Proconſul*, who ha- 'ving determin'd to Kill me, I made my 'Eſcape, and hid my ſelf in a Cave: Where 'I had not layn long, before this *Lyon*, which 'you now ſee, came in, being very lame of 'one Foot. As ſoon as he ſpy'd me, he came 'limping toward me, and ſtretch'd forth the 'Paw that was Wounded, as tho' he begg'd 'of me to eaſe him. Affrighted as I was, 'I took his Paw in my Hand, and pull'd out 'a great ragged Thorn, which ſtuck faſt in 'it. Then I waſh'd the Wound with my 'own Water, whilſt he lay very patiently 'till I throughly dreſs'd it. The Eaſe he 'found by my Application, made him fall 'aſleep; and when he awak'd, he lick'd my 'Hands, and ſhew'd other Signs of Affection 'and Gratitude. I liv'd with him thus, Three 'Years in that Cave, and every Day he brought 'me a Share of his Prey, on which I ſu- 'ſtain'd my Self. But at length Tyr'd with 'this manner of Life, I took my Opportu- 'nity, when he was gone abroad, to make my 'Eſcape. I wandred up and down Three 'days, when a Company of Soldiers meeting 'with me, and knowing to whom I belong'd, 'took me and brought me hither to my *Old* '*Maſter*, who has Condemn'd me to this 'Cruel Death. But it ſeems, *Fortune* ſo or- 'der'd it, That this *Lyon* ſhould be taken a- 'bout the ſame Time, and appointed to be 'my *Executioner* this Day. Yet you ſee, he 'refuſes to perform his Office, out of Grati-

' tude to me for my former Kindneſs.

The *Emperour* aſtoniſh'd and pleas'd at this Paſſage, gave the *Slave* his Life and Freedom, beſtowing alſo the *Lyon* on him, which brought him in a Conſtant Livelyhood, by ſhewing him to all People; who having heard of this Wonderful Accident, were deſirous to ſee both the *Lyon* and his *Tenant*: For ſo they ſtyl'd the *Slave*; and ſome call'd him, the *Lyon's Phyſician*.

I ſhould think I had ſaid enough already to tire thy Patience, and make thee forſwear reading my Letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy *Genius*, and know that thou delighteſt in Relations of this Nature, being no Enemy to the harmleſs Brutes.

VVhatever thy Sentiments are towards theſe, I dare be ſure, thou art my Friend, and wilt bear with my Importunity, when I ſtrive to convince all Men, and confirm my ſelf in this Truth, That the *VVild Beaſts* are not void of *Reaſon* and *Moral Vertue*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Captain Baſſa.

IN the *Name of God*, ſuperlatively Indulgent and Benign, *Lord* of *Armies* which cannot be *Numbred*, *Conſervator* of the *Empire* founded on his own *Unity*; Praiſe be to *him*, that has neither *Beginning*, nor *End!* What is the Reaſon, that we are always Baffl'd by the *Infidels?* Every Year our *Auguſt Emperour* ſends out mighty *Armies* by *Land*, and our *Fleets* by *Sea* are term'd *INVINCIBLE*, yet they are ſtill overcome by the *Chriſtians*. Where the Fault lies, is beſt known to thee, and the *Generals* to whom the Command of all is committed.

My Spirit is diſquieted about theſe Things, and I am uneaſy by Day, neither does the Night accord me any Repoſe. This hot Weather, I go up the *Terraſs* of my *Houſe* at the *Hour* of *Sleep*, thinking that the Coolneſs of the Air would incline me to Reſt; but I can find none. I turn my ſelf on the *Leads* to the Right-Hand and to the Left, yet all Poſtures are alike. Sleep has abandon'd my Eyes. My *Zeal* for the *Empire* of the *Faithful* will conſume me.

One Night I made Solemn Preparations to welcome the *Firſt Appearance* of the *Moon*, after the Manner of my Countrymen. I

ſprinkl'd *Water* on the *Floor* of the *Terraſs*, and with a *New Beſom* ſwept away all *Uncleanneſs*: I fill'd a *Lamp* with the moſt *precious Oyl* I could get in *Paris*, which having lighted at the going down of the *Sun*, I plac'd directly on that Part which is neareſt to *Mecca*. Then I fell on my *Face*, and pray'd the *Eternal Source* of *Lights*, "That at the "Moment, when the *Moon* firſt Aſcended "our *Horizon*, an *Intellectual* Splendor might "ſhine in my Breaſt: That I might there, "as in a *Mirror*, behold the *Future Fate* of "the *Muſſulmans*, and the *Events*, which "as yet, were hid in the *Dark Womb* of *Poſ-"ſibility*.

My *Petition* was granted: The *Night* was in her *Shady Courſe*; the *Stars* on their *Watch*; and *Time*, as from a *Limbeck*, diſtill'd the Silent Minutes, till the Moment wherein the Neighbour *Planet*, firſt peep'd on the Tops of Mountains. At that Inſtant I ſaw, and heard Things (or at leaſt I thought ſo) which I never ſo much as dreamt of before, neither can I remember the Thouſandth Part.

Believe me, *Supreme Commander* of the *Marine*, I do not boaſt, or Joy in this. For, I think there can be no greater Affliction, than to be once made Partaker of ſuch a *Bliſs*, and then to loſe it, almoſt as ſoon as gain'd. Yet there are ſome Footſteps of the *Viſion* remaining on my Memory.

"Methinks I beheld *Armies* of *Muſſulmans* "(for I thought 'em to be ſuch by their *Turbants*) making ſeveral Deſcents on the Shores

" Shores of *Italy*: Methought I ſaw them " proſtrate themſelves on the Ground, and " after a conſiderable Space of Silence, the " Air echo'd with the Sound of *Allah, Allah*, " much like the Noiſe of great *Caſcades*, or " *Falls* of *Water*.

" Then they ſeem'd to diſperſe themſelves " all over the Country in divers Bodies. The " Inhabitants of *Rome*, appear'd all in a great " Conſternation. The *Chief Mufti* of that " Place, went forthwith into the Streets, fol- " low'd by his *Cardinals* and *Derviſes*, ac- " companied by an Innumerable Multitude of " People. They carried their *Gods* of Gold " and Silver along with them; and being ap- " parell'd with Garments of coarſe Hair, they " ſprinkled Aſhes on their Foreheads, in To- " ken of their Humility, and to pacify the " Indignation that was kindled againſt " them.

" But, *Heaven* was deaf to their Clamo- " rous Vows, neither could all the Pomp of " their *Superſtitious* ſolemnity, dazle the Eyes " which are a Thouſand Times brighter than " the *Sun*, penetrating into the darkeſt Corners " of the Heart. In a word, theſe *Infidels* ſeem'd " a while after to be in a great Confuſion and " Hurry, running this Way and that Way " to hide their Goods, and ſave themſelves " from the Victorious *Strangers*. In fine, I " ſaw the *Croſſes* taken down from the *Mi-* " *narets* of the *Moſques* in *Rome*, and *Cre-* " *ſcents* advanc'd in their place.

I do not relate this, as if I gave Credit to *Viſions* and *Trances*: Perhaps all this might be but a *Waking Dream*. Yet ſuch *Viſionary* Entertainments, happen of Courſe to our Countrymen, when they obſerve the foreſaid *Ceremonies*. But I tell thee, I am not aſleep at this Moment; and yet it appears to me a very Probable Undertaking, for the *Muſſulmans* to fit out a Mighty *Fleet*, which having a ſufficient Army of Land-men aboard, might deliver them with little or no Oppoſition, on ſome of the Wealthy Shores of *Italy*: And if it is not, thought worth the Labour to make New Conqueſts, which would be difficult to maintain; yet at leaſt our Soldiers by plundering only the Rich *Temples* and *Convents* of the *Nazarenes*, might carry away Ineſtimable Treaſures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy *Predeceſſors* about the ſame Matter, propoſing the Surprize of *Loretto*, as a very eaſy Attempt, and that the Booty would infinitely ſurpaſs the Expence and Trouble: But *Mahmut's* Advices are never regarded, till 'tis too late. We ſquander away Thouſands of Men, and Millions of Mony to purchaſe little inſignificant *Iſlands*, which are defended indeed with ſeeming Vigour by the *Chriſtians*, but 'tis rather to amuſe us, than out of any real Value they have for thoſe Places.

It is only a *Maxim* of *Weſtern Policy*, thus to give Diverſion to the Arms which are deſtin'd to ſubdue *All Nations*. They ſport themſelves, to ſee the Flower of the *Eaſtern Militia*

Militia conſum'd in their Trenches, before the Impregnable Fortreſs of *Candia*, which if won will not quit the Coſt of ſo tedious a Siege. Whereas, in half that Time, our Invincible Forces might have over-run all *Italy*.

Thou wilt not think this an Impracticable Enterprize, when thou ſhalt conſider the Diviſions of the *Italian Princes*, the Univerſal Security and Voluptuouſneſs of the Inhabitants, and yet the Oppreſſions and Tyranny they live under, being fleec'd and poll'd of all their Subſtance, to maintain the *Grandeur* of their *Governours*, and the *Pride* of the *Clergy*; which renders 'em equally diſguſted at their preſent Slaviſh Manner of Life, and deſirous of a Change. It is not hard to ſurmiſe after all this, that a Conqueſt wou'd be eaſy to the Victorious *Muſſulmans*; or at leaſt ſuch Depredations, as would mightily enrich them.

The moſt proper News that I can ſend thee, is of a Combat lately fought at Sea, between the *Engliſh* and the *Dutch*. The *Generals* on both Sides, are ſaid to be brave Men. He of *Britain* is call'd *Blake*, the Other's Name is *Trump*. Which had the beſt on't is not certainly known. Men ſpeak as they are byaſs'd. Yet the *Dutch* loſt Two Ships in this *Engagement*, tho' their *Fleet* was far more Numerous than that of the *Engliſh*.

If I were worthy to adviſe my *Superiours*, I would propoſe ſome Notable Exploit by *Land*; for *God* has given the *Earth* to the

the *True Believers*, but the *Sea* to the *Chriſtians*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1652.

LETTER VI.

To the Kiaya Bey, *or* Lieutenant General *of the* Janizaries.

I HAD once a great Intimacy with *Caſſim Hali*, the brave *Aga*, who now is no more on Earth. That Honeſt Old *General*, merited all Men's Love: Follow thou his Example, and in Time his *Poſt* will fall to thy Lot. Thou art already in the laſt Advance to it; let no Airy Vice make thee Giddy, and give thee a Fall. 'Tis a Common *Aphoriſm*, That *Health*, *long Life*, and *Honour* deſcend from *Above*. But if they do, I tell thee, 'tis like the Rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the Earth, and moiſtens to the Root. An *Humble Heart*, is like a *kindly Mold*, receiving the *Dews* of *Heaven* with Advantage and Profit; but *Pride* is a *Rock*, which ſpatters away the *Bleſſings* ſhowr'd down on it.

Perhaps thou wilt be affronted at my blunt Way of Writing. Yet aſſure thy ſelf, I honour thee more than a Thouſand Flatterers.

I am

I am not ſent hither to ſtudy Nice Expreſſions, but to ſerve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity. Beſides, I know thou haſt not been accuſtom'd to the *ſoft Entertainment a* of *Ladies* Chambers, but the *Rough Dialect* of *War*. It is thy Honour to be unacquainted with the Delicacies of Diſcourſe, Diet, or Dreſſing; Things only fit to enervate a Man's Courage, and change his Heart into that of a VVoman. Thou know'ſt how to handle the *Curiaſs* and *Lance*, the *Sabre* and *Shield*, the *Bow*, and *Gun*: and art perfectly vers'd in all the *Military Terms* of *Art*. A Diſcourſe of Sieges and Campaigns, ſtorming of Forts, and plundering of Camps, is more agreeable to thee, than all *Tully*'s *Oratory*, or the fineſt Strains of the *Perſian Poets*. I am therefore confident, thou wilt not take it ill, that I addreſs to thee in a Style void of Artifice, yet full of Real Reſpect and Love.

If I counſel thee, 'tis for thy Good; and I am commanded to expreſs my Sentiments with Freedom. Beſides, I have a *Perſonal* Priviledge to adviſe thee, the *Right* of a *Friend*: VVhich thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the Happineſs to ſave thy Life, as we travell'd together in *Arabia*.

Thou canſt not but remember that Paſſage, and how that in heat of Youthful Blood, thou had'ſt provok'd an *Emir* to kill thee in the Sight of the whole *Caravan*, had not I fallen at his Feet, and told him, Thou wert a *Stranger* to the *Cuſtoms* of the *Country*.

Believe

Believe me, I do not reproach thee with this, but only make Uſe of it, as an Argument to convince thee, That the ſame Motive which prompted me to interpoſe my ſelf at that Time, between thee and Certain Death, induces me now to give thee Warning of a *Precipice*, of which thou art in *Danger*. Every one gives thee the Character of a brave Man, and no Body diſlikes thee the Worſe, for being of an *Air* as Fierce as a *Tartar*. All this becomes a *Man* of the *Sword*; And they ſay, thou doſt every Thing with a *Martial* Grace.

But I am told likewiſe, that thou art Guilty of Avarice: And that for the Lucre of *Preſents*, thou enrolleſt Men in the *Liſt* of the *Janizaries*, who are not fit to ſerve in the *Wars*: ſuch as are Houſe-keepers, Perſons entangl'd with Wives and Children, with Debts and other Encumbrances: That they only appear on certain Days in the *Military* Habit, and then return to their *Domeſtick* Buſineſs, without ever regarding the *Diſcipline* of the *Royal Chambers*, or thinking themſelves oblig'd to learn the *Art* of *War*: That thou in the mean Time takeſt their *Pay*, and many *Additional* Bribes, whilſt they are only contented with the *Title* and *Privilege* of a *Janizary*, to ſhelter themſelves from Juſtice, and protect them in their Rapine and Villainies.

I tell thee, ſhou'd this be known and prov'd againſt thee, it would be to thy Ruine. But I hope better Things, and that theſe are only the Surmizes of thy Enemies. For, thou knowſt,

knoweſt, that none ought to be admitted into that *Ancient Order*, but the *Tributary Sons* of the *Nazarenes*; who being in their *Infancy* liſted in the *College*, know neither *Father* nor *Patron*, ſave the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Common Parent* and *Protector* of the *Oſman Empire*. On his Service is all their Zeal and Courage fix'd, having no private Byaſs, no partial Inclinations, to warp them from the Fidelity they owe their *Great Maſter*. They are devoted to Indefatigable Toils and Hardſhip, during their whole Life.

This was the *Firſt Inſtitution* of the *Janizaries*, though through the Corruption of the Times, they have much degenerated from their *Primitive Rules*. But thou, who art honour'd with an *High Command*, wilt ſignalize thy Vertue and Loyalty, in reforming theſe Abuſes, and in not ſuffering the *College* of *Men* of *War*, to become a *Receptacle* of *Rogues* and *Drones*.

Such Diſorders as theſe, have promoted the *Inteſtine Broils* of this *Kingdom*. I ſay not that they are the *Original Cauſes*: Yet, 'tis a great Diminution of *Sovereign Majeſty*, when a *King* ſhall find his Own Armies fighting againſt him, as they do at preſent here in *France*. How many Mutinies and Rebellions have been rais'd by the licentious *Janizaries* at *Conſtantinople*: when laying aſide all Reſpect and Duty, they have not ſpar'd to violate the *Seraglio* it ſelf; but entring within thoſe *Sacred* Walls with Bands of Armed Men, have turn'd all things Topſy-Turvey, ſeiz'd on the

the *Imperial* Treaſure, chang'd the *Domeſtick* Officers of their *Sovereign*, and ſometimes chas'd him from his Own *Palace*, to the Hazard, if not to the Loſs of his Life?

I thou woul'ſt know what they are doing here in *France*, the *Men* of *Arms* are cutting one anothers Throats, whilſt the *Rabble* are burning their Neighbours out of their Houſes.

Two Days agoe, the *Multitude* aſſembled in the Streets, and having beſet a certain *Palace* in this City, they put Fire to it, reſolving to kill all that ſhould attempt to make their Eſcape, out of the Flames. A Perſon of *Quality* coming out to pacify them, fell a *Victim* to their unbridl'd Rage: And had not the *Duke* of *Beaufort* (of whom I have often made mention in my Letters) interpos'd his Authority, they had murder'd all that were within thoſe ſuſpected VValls.

Sometime before this, the *Mareſchal Turenne* took a *Place* of *Strength* from the *Prince* of *Conde*; who in Lieu of it took St. *Denis*, a Town not far from *Paris*, wherein there is a *Temple*, which the *French* ſay, is the Richeſt in *Europe*. But they are are laught at by the *Italians*, who boaſt of far Richer *Moſques* in *Venice*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Rome*.

The *Duke* of *Lorain* plays faſt and looſe with the *Prince* of *Conde*. He enter'd the *Kingdom* with an Army, pretending to eſpouſe the *Prince*'s Quarrel, but was quickly bought off by the *Queen*, ſo that he is now gone to *Flanders* again; by this Action leaving a Free

Free Paſſage to the *King's* Army under *Marſhal Turenne*, to range whither they pleaſe, which were before block'd up by his Forces.

Four Days ago there was a Bloody Encounter, between the Troops of the *Prince*, and thoſe of *Marſhal Turenne*, in one of the *Suburbs* of *Paris*. Neither cou'd boaſt of the Victory, tho' the Battel laſted Five Hours. But at length, the *Prince* of *Conde's* Troops retir'd into the City, being frighten'd with the *Main Body* of the *King's* Army, which appear'd on the Neighbouring Hills.

Illuſtrious *Janizary*, fortify thy Heart with all the Neceſſary *Retrenchments* of *Heroick Vertue*: And rather than Surrender to Temptations of Vice on diſhonourable Terms, run the Hazard of a *Storm*.

Paris *the* 6th. *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

WE are all together by the Ears in this *Kingdom*; killing, burning and deſtroying one another: Whilſt you in *Germany* enjoy Abundance of Peace. The Occaſion of our Quarrels here, is, the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini*, againſt whom the *Duke* of *Orleans* and *Prince* of *Conde* are Inveterate Enemies. The former is declar'd *Lieutenant-General* of the *Kingdom*, by the *Parliament* of *Paris*; Who give it out, That the *King* is *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Priſoner. They have alſo beſtow'd the Command of all the Forces, under the Authority of the ſaid *Duke*, on the *Prince* of *Conde*.

Their Principal and only Pretence is, the Removal of the *Cardinal* from the *King* and his *Councils*. What will be the Iſſue, Time will demonſtrate.

There has been a *Duel* lately fought, between the *Dukes* of *Beaufort* and *Nemours*, Two Eminent Friends to the *Prince* of *Conde*.

The *King* going to a Town call'd *Pontoiſe*, ſome Leagues from *Paris*, drew a great many *Councellors* and *Preſidents* of *Parliament* thither, Men who are Loyal and Stedfaſt to his Cauſe. This encouraged the *King* to put forth a

De-

Declaration, commanding the *Parliament* to meet at *Pontoiſe*. They, on the other Side, publiſh'd an *Arreſt* againſt this *Declaration*. Thus they continue pickeering one at another.

But here is News arriv'd from *Cologne*, which ſurprizes People very much. I know not the true Ground of their Aſtoniſhment: but the *Prieſts* ſeem to he Mad for Joy. All that I can hear about it is, The Reſtauration of the *Roman Catholick Religion* in that *Province*, which is a Novelty unexpected; eſpecially the *Eccleſiaſtick* Grandeur, which it ſeems, has been laid aſide above theſe Hundred Years. I tell thee only as I am inform'd my ſelf: It lies in thy Power to certify me of the Truth of Matters.

They ſay alſo, That the famous *General John de Werdt* is dead: As likewiſe the *Arch-Biſhop* of *Treves*. It is added, that *Frankendal* is ſurrendred to the *Elector* of *Heidelberg*, according to the late *Agreement* at *Munſter*; And that there is a *Diet* begun at *Ratisbon*.

I deſire thee to inform me of all theſe Things particularly, and of whatſoever elſe occurs in the *Court* where thou reſideſt.

As to *Matters* of *Religion*, be not over ſedulous: *Piety* is compriz'd in a *Few Rules*. Yet, the *Soul* of *Man* is *Naturally* Inquiſitive, and would fain be acquainted with All Things. I adviſe thee to caſt thy Eyes frequently on the *Earth* that is under thy Feet; ſurvey the Groves and Fields; the Mountains

tains and Valleys, Rocks and Rivers. Then look up to the *Heavens*, and take a ſtedfaſt View of the Stars: Conſider the Beauty and Order of All things. And after this, tell me, if thou canſt imagine, That the *Great* and *Immenſe Creator* of this *Wonderful Fabrick*, Form'd all the *Nations* of the Earth, to *Damn* 'em *Eternally*, ſave only thoſe of your *Race*.

Son of *Iſrael*, I wiſh thee heartily Adieu.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Pariſians* ſeem to be all in a *Dream* or *Trance*. They know not what they ſay or do, or at leaſt they care not. Such is the Immenſe Joy, for the Return of the *King* to this City. The Steps to this ſuddain Change, were the Retiring of *Cardinal Mazarini* from the *Court*. Which was ſeconded with a *Declaration* of *Indemnity*, or a *General Pardon* for all that had paſs'd during theſe *Troubles*, ſave ſome particular Reſerves of Sacrilege, Fires, and ſuch like. This work'd ſtrangely on the Inha-

Inhabitants of *Paris*. But the *Prince* of *Conde* not finding any Satisfaction, as to his own Perſon, in this *Amneſty*, call'd in the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Army to his Aſſiſtance. Theſe reduc'd the *King*'s Forces to ſo great a Streight and Extremity, that the *Parliament* being ſenſible of the Advantage, made uſe of it, and ſent *Deputies* to the *King*, beſeeching him to continue in the ſame good Reſolution he had taken before this Misfortune.

The *Monarch* ſuffer'd himſelf to be overcome, by a Violence mix'd with ſo much Submiſſion, and yielded to their Requeſts. Immediately, the Hearts of the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Friends grew cold, and began to change their Sentiments. In a word, they were reſolv'd to deſert their New *Maſter*, and caſt themſelves at the Feet of their Lawful *Sovereign*. The *Grandees*, who had moſt affected *Conde*'s Intereſt, laid down their *Offices*. The Foreign Armies of *Spaniards* and *Lorrainers*, retir'd out of the *Kingdom*. The Citizens of *Paris* ſent a Deputation conſiſting of Sixty Six *Perſons* of *Honour*, to invite the *King* to this City, and aſſure him of their Future Allegiance. All the *Officers* of the *Militia*, did the like. The *King* being ſatisfy'd with the timely Penitence of his *Subjects*, and having commanded ſome Preparatory Alterations in *Places* of *Truſt*, enter'd this City on the Twenty Firſt of the laſt *Moon*, with all the Joy and Acclamation which cou'd expreſs the Love of

his

his People, and the Regret they had labour'd under, during his Abſence.

Thou ſeeſt, Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, that tho' by the Artifices of a *Faction*, a *King* may be render'd odious to his *Subjects*, be baniſh'd from his *Palace*, and have the Gates of his Cities ſhut againſt him, as befel to this *King*: Yet the Inconveniences they feel in taking up Arms againſt him, ſooner or later bring 'em to Repentance; and they are glad to court his Return, whom but a while ago they forc'd away by their Undutifulneſs, to gratify the Ambition of a bold Young *Prince* of the *Blood*, who promis'd, and ventur'd all Things in Hopes of a *Crown*. For, it cannot be ſuppos'd, That the *Prince* of *Conde* had leſs Aims, when he firſt began this War; tho' his Pretences were ſpecious, only to remove *Cardinal Mazarini*, and other evil *Miniſters* from the *King*, and to protect the *French*, from the Machinations of *Spaniſh* and *Italian* Counſels: Whilſt it is evident, that all along he and his Party, have been ſupported by the *King* of *Spain* in their *Rebellion*. One wou'd wonder, how the *French*, a Senſible and Witty *Nation*, could be thus impos'd upon. But the *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *There are none ſo blind, as thoſe that wilfully ſhut their Eyes.*

Yet, whatever Stupidity reigns among the *Franks*, Methinks Nothing but Light and Reaſon ought to appear in the Actions of the *Muſſulmans*. I am confounded, to hear of the *Rebellions* in *Syria* and *Ægypt*. Will they never give Reſt to the *Banner* of the *Prophet*?

Prophet? Muſt the *Supreme Miniſter*, be ever employ'd in proclaiming the *Neſiraum*? What offence has been given to the *Baſſa* of *Damaſcus*, or to him of *Caire*?

Sage Preſident of the *Imperial City*, I am abaſh'd before the *Infidels*, when I hear theſe *Tragical* Reports out of the *Eaſt*.

But what can be expected, when the Manners of the *Faithful* are quite eſtrang'd from thoſe of their *Fathers*? The *Muſſulmans* almoſt out-do the *Franks* in Vice and Debauchery.

When thou readeſt this, draw thy *Cymetar*, and make a *Scabbard* of the next Man, who mutters a Word againſt our *Lawful Sovereign*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year*, 1652.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Tell thee, I am neither Melancholy nor Merry; but in a kind of a Mungrel Humour between both. I am half *Democritus*, and t'other half *Heraclitus*; being Equally disposd to Laugh and Weep, at the Vanity of All Things here below. That Thought touches me sensibly, yet not enough to carry me into Extreams. The Misery and Happiness of the Whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or possess as a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an *Excess* of *Grief*, so neither does the other deserve a *Paroxysm* of *Joy*. A Sigh or a Tear, are enough for the First; and a Smile is too much for the Last. My Mind at present is an *Æquilibrium*.

What signifies the *Birth* of the Greatest *Monarch*, or that he can boast of a *Long Descent* of *Kings*, his *Progenitors*? He is born to Labour and Trouble, as well as other Men; and all the Charming Pleasures that attend a *Crown*, are scarce sufficient to recompence his Cares and Fatigues, his Hazards and Toils, and the Perpetual Risques he runs both in *Peace* and *War*.

If

If from the *Cradle* he make an Early Step to a *Throne*, 'tis but a Mock-Honour, to be *Crown'd* with a *Wreath* of *Briars*, ſqueez'd and preſs'd into his tender Temples, by the deceitful Hands of his *Guardians* and *Miniſters*, who ſtrive only to lay the Foundation of their own Honour in his Ruine, by improving the Time of his *Minority*, and making Oppreſſion Chymical; that during their preſent Authority, they may exact the *Life* and *Elixir* of his *Subjects* Wealth, and hoard it in their own Coffers, leaving only the Lees to him when he comes of Age, and theſe generally compounded with the Ill-will of his People. I wiſh the Caſe prove not the ſame in our Preſent *Sovereign Sultan Mahomet*; who, thou know'ſt, was lifted to his Father's *Throne* before his Time, and by Methods which cannot be juſtify'd. It was the *Mufti*'s Plot, who is the *Oracle* of the *Law*; and ſo the *Muſſulmans* acquieſc'd. But mark the End. Such *Treaſons* Seldom eſcape unpuniſh'd. Tho' *Sultan Ibrahim* was Depos'd and Impriſon'd, (not to mention that which grates the Ears of any Loyal *Ottoman:*) Tho' his Eldeſt Son be plac'd on his *Throne*, to ſerve the Ends of a *Faction:* Yet a Younger than he, may live to revenge the VVrongs that were done to his Father, and reſtore the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to its Priſtine Grandeur. There are now above Three Years elaps'd, ſince the change of Affairs at the *Seraglio*. In the mean time, doſt thou not obſerve the Diſcontents of the People? Is there not a General Coldneſs and

Neutrality to be diſcern'd in the Converſation of thoſe, who at firſt were moſt forward to approve the *Mufti*'s Proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the Preſent *Revolution*, and its Fatal Conſequences. The *Venetian-War*, they ſay, has quite impoveriſh'd the *Empire*. Decay of Trade, Want of Money, and a Thouſand other Things, are the daily Complaints in *Conſtantinople*: This I am told from very good Hands, Men of ſeveral *Nations*, Merchants who Trade in that City, Perſons altogether unbyaſs'd. They, as Strangers, have been inquiſitive, during their Reſidence there, into the Humours of People, to find how the *Muſſulmans* ſtand affected to the Preſent State of the *Ottoman* Affairs. I, who approve not the Preſumption of thoſe *Infidels*, yet make Uſe of it to inform my ſelf of ſeveral Material Paſſages, which I cou'd not otherwiſe learn, at this Diſtance from the *Auguſt Port*.

They tell me, the Soldiers murmur that ſo many Thouſands of Men have been ſacrific'd in *Candia*, and *Dalmatia*; Whilſt what they gain in the *Iſland*, they loſe on the *Continent*: For, it ſeems, the *Venetians* are ſtill too hard for us one Way or other. They grumble alſo for Want of their due Pay, and that they have not Bread enough to keep 'em from ſtarving. A certain *Greek* aſſur'd me, he had heard ſeveral of the *Spahi's* ſwear ſolemnly, That it was agreed amongſt them, not to go into *Dalmatia*, the next *Campaign*. But this I took as a Strain of the *Græcian*'s Natural Faculty,

Faculty, who, thou know'ſt, are much given to Romancing. However, I hear enough both from them and other Travellers, of *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, to convince me, That ſome of the *Grandees* at the *Imperial City* are in a tottering Condition.

All which ſerves but to confirm my firſt Diſcourſe, That hardly any Thing on Earth is worth a Thought, ſince all Things are of ſo ſhort Duration.

In a *Word*, the World ſeems to be a *Garden* intermingled with *Roſes* and *Weeds*. The *Firſt* are ſo cloſe encompaſs'd with Thorns, that a Man cannot gather 'em without wounding himſelf: And if there be more Eaſe in cropping the *Latter*, yet they are unwholſome and ſtink; putting a Man to as frequent Purifications, as the Times he touches 'em.

Let thou and I, Dear *Gnet*, paſs along the *Alleys* of this *Garden* view her *Beauties* and *Deformities* with an Even Mind; not putting our ſelves to the Fatigue of gathering her *Flowers*, or ſuffering our ſelves to be tempted with her *ſofter Pleaſures*. But let every Thing we ſee and hear in this *Enchanted Ground*, ſerve the Ends of our Contemplation, being ſtedfaſtly mindful of this Truth, *That all thoſe Things which appear ſo Gay and full of Charms, are Nothing but mere Empty* Idea's *and Fleeting Shadows, of that Subſtantial and Permanent Pleaſure, which has her Reſidence only in* Paradiſe.

Thou may'ſt tell the *Kaimacham*, our Friend, that now the *King* of *France* begins to play the *Monarch* on the Bottom of his own VVit and Courage, without the Aſſiſtance or Counſel of *Tutors*. He has brought the *Parliament* to an Abſolute Compliance with his VVill, having purg'd that *Senate* of diſaffected Members, and baniſh'd from the *Court* the *Duke* of *Orleans*, who pretended a Right to Rule his *Sovereign*. In the mean Time, the *Prince* of *Conde* has taken *Rethel* and St. *Menehoud*, whilſt *Barcelona* is ſurrendred to the *Spaniards*. Thus what is gain'd in one Point, is loſt in another. Doubtleſs, there is nothing ſtable on Earth.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Melec Amet.

THY Adventure and Miraculous Eſcape over the *Danube*, puts me in Mind of a certain *French Nobleman* of the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Party, who laſt *Summer*, being cloſely purſu'd by ſome of the *King*'s Horſe, and himſelf excellently mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid Captivity. At length, they had chas'd him into a Corner of the Land; from whence it was Impoſſible for him to eſcape, but by ſwimming o'er a ſmall Arm of the Sea. VVhat Riſques will not a Man run, for the Love of Liberty? This Perſon, like an over-heated *Stagg*, perceiving his *Hunters* cloſe at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horſe-back into the Sea; chuſing rather to periſh in the Waters, than fall into his Enemies Hands.

None were ſo hardy, as to follow him through the Uncertain Waves. However, his *Horſe* being of matchleſs Strength, carry'd him ſafe over to the Oppoſite Shore. As ſoon as he arriv'd at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this Wonderful Paſſage. But inſtead of cheriſhing his *Horſe*, for ſo Faithful and Invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the *Beaſt* that ſav'd his Life: Saying, he did it for the Sake of Fame, being reſolv'd, that

his *Horſe* ſhou'd never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.

This was an Ungrateful *Caprice*, and far from the Morality of *Sultan Selim*, the Son of *Bajazet*, who when his Truſty *Horſe*, *Carabuluc*, had once ſav'd his Life by his extraordinary Swiftneſs; he in Token of his Thankfulneſs, built a Stable on Purpoſe for him in a Large Encloſure of Meadows, allowing a *Penſion* to a *Groom* to wait on the Meritorious *Beaſt*, and give him his free Delight in all Things, as long as he liv'd; Commanding, that he ſhou'd never more be forc'd to labour or travel. And to compleat the Happineſs of the *Beaſt*, he cull'd out ſome of the Beautifull'ſt *Mares* of *Arabia* to accompany him; charging alſo, that the Doors of the Stable ſhou'd be always open, for the *Horſe* to go in or out, and range when and where he pleas'd. This was a Generoſity worthy of an *Eaſtern Monarch*, whom, as thy Letter informs me, thou haſt in Part imitated.

But ſuch is ſome Men's Ambition, and vain Deſire to be talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods, they accompliſh their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature, which tempted *Eroſtratus*, to ſet Fire to the Famous *Temple* of *Epheſus*; which had been Two Hundred Years in Building, and was numbred among the *Seven Wonders* of the *World*.

This happen'd on the very Night, that *Alexander* the *Great* was born. And the *Villain* being ask'd, Why he committed ſo deſtructive

deſtructive a *Sacrilege*; anſwer'd, *That it was to acquire an Immortal Fame by ſo ſtupendous a Wickedneſs, ſince he cou'd not hope to be Recorded for his Vertue.*

Plutarch mentions a Jeſt, that was made on this Deſtruction of *Diana*'s *Temple*. For it was common in every Bodies Mouth, That the *Goddeſs* being call'd that Night to the Labour of *Olympias*, the Mother of *Alexander*, cou'd not be preſent at Home to ſave her Houſe from Burning. For the *Gentiles* believed, that *Diana*, (whom they alſo call'd *Lucina*) was Inviſibly aſſiſtant at the Birth of Children.

However, the *Prieſts* made no Jeſt on't; but ran up and down howling and making Gaſhes in their Fleſh, preſaging that *Fate* was that Day buſied, in ſigning the *Decree* of *Aſia*'s Ruin. This is certain, That that very Night, the Man was born, who was deſtin'd to ſubdue all *Aſia*, and on the Ruins of the *Perſian Empire*, raiſe the *Monarchy* of the *Macedonians*. However, the *Villain* who burnt the *Temple*, had not his Deſire. For it was Decreed throughout all *Aſia*, That his Name ſhou'd never be mention'd in *Hiſtory*, or any *Publick Writings*.

It is Recorded of a certain *Governour* of a City in *Italy*, That being on the Top of an high *Tower* with only the *Pope*, the *German Emperour*, and an *Ambaſſador* from *Venice* in his Company, he was tempted to throw the Two former over the *Battlements*, as they were taking a Survey of the City: Which he

might have eaſily done, for they were both Aged, and Incapable of reſiſting his Strength. This Paſſage he confeſs'd to his *Ghoſtly Father*: And being ask'd, What induc'd him to think of ſuch a Horrid *Treaſon*? He anſwer'd *That it might be be ſaid, He did a Thing, which never was done before, nor in all Probability wou'd ever be done again: Since no Prince having heard ſuch a Story wou'd ever venture himſelf into the ſame Danger, without a ſufficient Guard of his own.* But however, he had not Reſolution enough to go through with his Project.

I hear thou art like to acquire Fame by other Methods than theſe, being in a fair Way, to riſe by thy *Vertues*, to ſome Conſiderable *Employments* in the *Empire*. For which, I equally rejoyce with thy ſelf.

In the mean Time, 'twill perhaps be obliging, to tell thee ſome News out of theſe *Parts*. Which will make thy Company welcome to the *Grandees*. They love to converſe with Men, who can furniſh 'em with Intelligence of *Foreign Affairs*.

The freſheſt Diſcourſe here is, of the Impriſonment of the *Cardinal de Retz*, who was arreſted by the *King*'s *Order* on the Nineteenth of this *Moon*. What his Crime is, I cannot inform thee, unleſs it be, that he is an Enemy to *Cardinal Mazarini*. People generally give him the Character, of a very honeſt Man. But, thou know'ſt, *Honeſty* is counted a *Vice* in the *Courts* of theſe *Weſtern Princes*. The *Crafty*, are the only Men of *Vertue*,

Vertue and *Merit* among the *Infidels*.

Thou may'ſt alſo report for a Certainty, That the *Spaniards* have taken *Dunkirk* in *Flanders*, and *Cazal* in the *Dukedom* of *Mantua*. This *Town*, is ſaid to be the *Key* of all *Italy*: I cannot tell thee, which is the *Lock* it belongs to; nor, I believe, they themſelves. But, this I obſerve, That when the *King* of *France* ſits down before any Place with his Army, whoever has the *Key*, neither *Locks* nor *Bolts* can keep him out long. And 'tis Ten to One, if he do not find an Entrance into this Place again very ſpeedily, when the *Spaniſh* King has pleas'd himſelf for a while with an Imaginary poſſeſſion of it.

I conclude my Letter, juſt at the Hour when the *Old Year* expires, acccording to the Account of the *Chriſtians*, wiſhing thee a *Scene* of *New Felicities*.

Paris, 31ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon*;
of the Year 1652.

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

HAving the Opportunity of a Day or two more, before the *Poſt* goes out of Town, I make uſe of it to ask thee, Whether there be any Notice taken in your *Parts*, of a *Comet* newly appearing above the *Orb* of the *Sun?* It has not been obſerv'd here till within theſe few Nights. And the *Aſtronomers*, notwithſtanding the Coldneſs of the *Seaſon*, (which I aſſure thee is ſharp enough) are very buſy with their *Teleſcopes*, to pry into the Figure of this *Meteor*, and obſerve its Motions. They take great Pains, and endure all the Rigour of the Froſt and Snow, in Hopes of making ſome new Diſcovery.

The Vulgar look on it, as a great *Prodigy:* There are a Thouſand Opinions among them about its Conſequences: Every Body ſets up for a *Judicial Aſtrologer*. Nay, the *Learn'd* themſelves, and ſuch as are eſteem'd Great *Philoſophers*, cannot agree in their Judgment concerning it. Some aſſert, That the *Matter* of the *Heavens* is ſubject to *Corruption* and *Change*, and that this *Comet* is generated after that Manner: Whilſt others hold a Contrary Opinion. They are all divided, and diſpute hotly in as *Unintelligible Terms*, as the *Languages* of *America* are to us of this *Continent*. They amuſe one another, and themſelves,

ſelves, with far-fetch'd Words: And all this while, for ought I know, the Wiſeſt among 'em may be as much under a Miſtake, as thoſe who never ſtudy'd ſuch Things. All the *Inſtruments* of the *Opticks*, are ſought out to help their *Sight*; and yet they may be as much in the *Dark*, as the Men in *Plato*'s *Cave*. It is an *Article* of my *Faith*, That we Mortals know very little of thoſe far diſtant *Beings*. But, theſe *Franks* are the moſt opinionated People in the World, no Man has the Modeſty, to allow another as much Right to Reaſon as himſelf. Every one ſets up for a *Dogmatiſt*, and requires the Intellects of all others to be reſign'd to his; tho' perhaps, that be only form'd by the Rules of his Parents, the Impreſſions of his Early Years, the Force of Education, the Faſhion of his Country, or by ſome Notable Accident in his Life: All which, are equally liable to Falſhood and Truth. How many *Sects* were there of the *Ancient Philoſophers*, ſtiffly defending their ſeveral Opinions? One ſays, The *Heavens* are made of Braſs; Another, of Iron; a Third, of Smoke. This will have 'em to be Solid, That Fluid: There is no End of their Controverſies.

In the mean Time, no Man knows What they are made of, or what is the Figure of the *World*, Whether Round or Square, or beyond all Dimenſions: Whether *Matter* be Diviſible, or Indiviſible in the laſt *Atome*. Who can aſſure me, If there be only One *World*, or Whether there may not as well be a Thouſand

ſand Millions? Whether the *Stars* be *Opake Bodies* as this *Earth*, and Inhabited, or no? I tell thee again, there is no Certainty of theſe Things. Man's Senſes are too weak, his Imagination too frail, and all his Faculties far too ſhort, to comprehend the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, who alone is *Wiſe* and *Perfect* in *Science*.

Wilt thou have my Opinion of this *Comet*? I am apt to think, 'Tis ſome ſuch *Globe* of *Combuſtible Matter*, as Our *Earth* appears to be, and perhaps burden'd with as many *Sinners*: That either by the *Courſe* of *Nature*, or *Decree* of *Deſtiny*, the *Enclos'd Fire* has broke its *Bounds*, and ſpread its Conſuming Flames o're the *Surface*: Which embodying themſelves in the *Pyramid* of *Smoke*, ariſing from ſo vaſt a *Conflagration*, cauſe that *Appearance* which we call the *Tail* of a *Blazing-Star*. And, for ought I know, after the ſame Manner ſhall our *Globe* appear to the *Inhabitants* of thoſe *Remote Worlds*, at our *Day of Judgment*.

I am not poſitive in theſe Matters, nor will I ſhut up my *Soul* from Future Lights: But leaving Things, as I find 'em, full of Myſtery, and double Faces, I will expect no better Fate than that of *Socrates*, That as I have liv'd, ſo ſhall I die in Doubt, only hoping for Plenary Satisfaction in the *Next World*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To Peſteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms.

NOW thou beginneſt to reap the *Fruit* of thy *Travels*. May'ſt thou live to have a *Full Harveſt*. I eſteem my ſelf infinitely oblig'd to the *Illuſtrious Baſſa*, our Countryman, for his particular Friendſhip in this Buſineſs. 'Tis true, thy own Merits were a ſufficient Recommendation: But what *Light* can a *Candle* give, that is ſhut up cloſe in a *Dark-Lanthorn?* So thick was the *Veil*, which thy own *Modeſty* had drawn o'er the *Splendor* of the moſt Accompliſh'd *Vertues*.

Son of my Mother, let not what I have ſaid, paſs for the Words of a Flatterer. Thou know'ſt, I am as free from that Vice, as I am from Envy. 'Tis Affection only guides my Pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoice in my Brother's Proſperity; and that the *Grand Signior* has a *Faithful Servant*. I hope, that *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*, will in Time find Reaſons to acknowledge to the Noble *Kerker Haſſan*, the Good Office he has done him, in preſenting ſuch a *Slave*. Let no Error of thine, baulk my Expectation.

'Twill be an *Eternal Honour*, to the *Houſe* and *Tribe* from which we deſcend, if by acquitting

quitting thy ſelf fairly in this Poſt, our *Great Maſter* ſhall think thee worthy of a more *Sublime Station*. Therefore eſteem this only as a *Tryal* of thy *Fidelity*, and how far thou art capable of ſerving the *Sultan*. Be Induſtrious, but not Affected, in diſcloſing thy Abilities. Obſerve a Gradation: For the ſloweſt Steps to *Greatneſs*, are the moſt ſecure. Aim not to be *Rich* and *Mighty* on a ſudden. Swift Riſes, are often attended with precipitate Falls. If, in other Caſes, 'tis commendable to be niggardly of Time, and ſqueeze every Minute to an Improvement in Vertue; yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other *Maxims*, in the Way of growing *Great*: And that to be Liberal in Years of Patience, will be no Unprofitable Frugality in the Main; ſince what is ſooneſt got, is generally ſhort in the Poſſeſſion: And he that monopolizes *Honours* or *Wealth*, is moſt Times envy'd to his Ruin.

Nature it ſelf ſhall convince thee of this if thou wilt but contemplate her moſt *Obvious Works*. Caſt thy Eye on the *Oak* among the *Plants*; What *Vegetable* is more Permanent, or of greater Service to Men? Yet the *Tree* of ſo vaſt a Bulk, in whoſe Aged, Hollow Trunk, I have ſeen Sixteen Men ſitting round a table; under whoſe wide-ſpread Branches, the *Houſe* of *Arom Eb'niel Eben Sherophaim*, the *Chief Emir* of *Arabia*, is built, and ſtands at this Day; I ſay, this *Tree* in its *Firſt Original*, was not ſo big as the *Thumb* of thy *Right Hand*: And if *Naturaliſts*

liſts ſpeak Truth, 'twas a Hundred Years a growing to theſe Dimenſions; as many in a Fix'd and Flouriſhing Condition; and that it will not take up a leſs Time in decaying to its laſt Rottenneſs.

They ſay alſo, That an *Elephant*, the Biggeſt and Strongeſt of all the *Beaſts* on the *Earth*, lives Two Hundred Years, and continues encreaſing in its Stature, the greateſt Part of that Term. The like they relate of *Crocodiles* and *Dragons*.

But not to tire thee with Examples of this Nature, let us conſider, that whatſoever is great and durable among Men, whatſoever is Illuſtrious and Excellent, is ſlow in the Production, and makes not haſty Leaps to Maturity. View all the *Monarchies* that have made ſo much Noiſe on *Earth*, and thou wilt find, that in Proportion to the Time of their Growing *Greatneſs*, was the *Term* of their *Duration*. How ſwift was the *Riſe* and *Fall* of the *Perſian Empire*? Equally precipitate was that of the *Macedonians*. None could ever boaſt of ſo Permanent and Univerſal a Sway as the *City* of *Rome*, of which it is commonly ſaid, *Rome was not built in a Day*.

To come nearer Home; How Laſting and perpetually Victorious, is the *Sacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*? Yet it took its Firſt *Riſe* from very *ſmall Beginnings*, met with frequent Repulſes, and has made a ſlow Progreſſion to the preſent *Formidable Height* of *Sovereign Power* it now poſſeſſes. For, thou know'ſt,

know'ſt, This is the Thouſand'th, Sixtieth and Third Year, ſince the *Holy Flight* of the *Meſſenger* of *God*.

What I have ſaid, may be apply'd with Proportion, to Men's Perſonal Advances in the *Honours* and *Fortunes* of this *World*. Be content therefore with the *Seaſons* wherein *Deſtiny* ſhall think fit to raiſe thee, and ſtrive not to out-run thy *Fate*.

All the News I can tell thee is, That *Cardinal Mazarini* return'd the 13*th*. of the laſt *Moon*, from his Second *Baniſhment*: Which thou mayſt report for a Truth, to the *Miniſters* of *State*.

We are all *Exiles* here on *Earth*. *God* reſtore is to a *Region* more Agreeable, and admit us to the *Careſſes* of our *Friends* in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, *the* 25th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THE *Bleſſings* of *God* and his *Prophet*, deſcend upon thee from a Thouſand Sources. Thou art a true Friend, and our whole *Family* are oblig'd to thee for Favors which have no Number: But none more than my Brother and I. Our Engagements to thee are Equal; ſince what Kindneſs thou haſt ſhew'd to him, in recommending him to the *Sultan's* Favour, and to a *Place* of *Honor* and *Profit*, I take as done to my ſelf; we being Naturally ſharers in each others Proſperity or Adverſe Fortune: For ſuch is the Method of ſtrict *Relations* and *Friendſhips*. And, I have a particular Reaſon to thank thee, becauſe it was at my Inſtance thou promoted'ſt him. Yet tho' he is my Brother, I ſhould not be ſo Partial as to ſay theſe Things in his Behalf, did I not know him to be a Man of Merit. For *Places* of *Truſt*, ought not to be beſtowed for Favour or Affection. We are bound to ſacrifice all *Private Regards*, to the *Intereſt* of the *Grand Signior*: And not act like the *French*, who get *Offices* of the Greateſt Importance, many Times, by being of a *Faction* or *Party*, oppoſite to their *King*.

Since

Since the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this *Court*, which was in the foregoing *Moon*, the *King* has reform'd many Abuſes of this Kind. He begins to feel his own Strength and Authority, every Day more and more.

In the *Moon* of *December*, dy'd *Cardinal Richlieu*'s Brother, who was *Biſhop* of *Lyons*, and *Grand Almoner* of *France*. The *King* has beſtow'd theſe *Honours* on *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*, who took *Sanctuary* in this *Court*, from the Perſecutions of the Preſent *Roman Pontiff*, almoſt Ten Years ago. He has always eſpouſed the King of *France*'s Intereſts in *Rome*. And the grateful *Monarch*, receiv'd him with much Affection; and as an Additional Honour, has made him a *Knight* of the *Holy Spirit*. This is the *Chief-ſt Order* of *Knighthood* in *France*.

It is freſhly reported here, that the *Duke* of *Newburgh*, a *Great Prince* in *Germany*, is dead. They talk alſo of certain *Prodigies* that have been lately ſeen in *England*, *Ireland*, and other *Parts* of *Europe*; As Raining of warm Blood, Tin and Copper. And 'tis affirm'd for certain, That *Three Suns* were lately ſeen at *Dublin*, the *Chief City* of *Ireland*.

There has been a *Sea-Combat* between the *Engliſh* and *Hollanders* on the Coaſts of *Italy*. Wherein, they ſay, the *Dutch* had the Victory, having ſunk Two of their Enemies Ships, and taken One, without any Conſiderable Loſs on their own Side.

Here

Here is no other News ſtirring at preſent worth the Knowledge of a *Muſſalman Grandee*. The Eyes of all the *Weſtern Nazarenes* are fix'd on that *Refuge* of the *World*, where thou reſideſt, and on the Actions of our *Invincible Vizir* in *Candia*.

They diſcourſe of ſome *Overtures* of *Peace*, which that *Great General* has made to the *Venetians*, if they will forthwith ſurrender the *City* of *Candia* to the *Victorious Oſmans*.

If this be true, one would think, ſo great Clemency muſt needs tempt the *Proud Infidels* to *Submiſſion* and *Compliance*. But, if *Deſtiny* has otherwiſe *Decreed*, I wiſh they may feel the *Force* of our *Arms*, which appear more keen, than even the *Scythe* of *Time*, that *Devourer* of *all Things*.

Paris, *the* 27th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THY laſt Letter ſpeaks thee at once willing to be Enlightned, yet Tenacious of thy Old *Prepoſſeſſions*. I wonder not at the Difficulty thou findeſt, in ſhaking off the *Precepts* of thy *Rabbi's*, thoſe *Religious Triflers*. The Influence of *Education*, is forcible as that of our *Birth*: And the *Habits* that are rooted in us in our *Tender Years*, are harder to be diſplanted, than the *Inherent Affections* of our *Blood*: This is ſignify'd by the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *The Tutors of Youth, have an Aſcendant over the Stars of their Nativity.*

I know it has been eſteem'd the peculiar Glory of thy *Nation*, that you have been Rigid Obſervers of the *Traditions* of your *Fathers*: From which, rather than deviate a Tittle, there have not been wanting ſuch as freely expos'd themſelves, and have bravely endur'd Racks, Scourgings, Burnings, and all Sorts of Torments, even the moſt exquiſitely cruel Deaths, that the Malice of *Tyrants* cou'd invent. But do not I know alſo, that in ſome of the moſt Weighty Points of your *Law*, your Zeal has exceeded your Prudence? I ſpeak not of the private Bigotry of *one* Man,

Man, or a *few*; but of the *Repreſentative Body* of your Whole *Nation*. How fooliſhly Superſtitious were your Armies in the Days of *Mattathias*, when being aſſaulted by their Enemies on the *Sabbath* Day, they refus'd to draw a Sword in their own Defence, and ſo were all cut off by the Army of *Antiochus*? This is no Invidious Remark of your *Adverſaries* in *Religion*, but the Obſervation of *Joſephus*, a Man of the ſame *Faith*, and ſprung from the *Stock* of *Iſrael*, as well as thy Self.

Now tell me thy Opinion, did your *Fathers* do well in thus Sacrificing themſelves, and the whole Intereſt of *Iſrael* to a Miſtaken *Punctilio* of that Obedience they ow'd the *Law*, or no? If thou alloweſt the Former, then *Mattathias* did wickedly in making a *Decree*, That from thenceforth, it ſhould be Lawful on the *Sabbath-Day* to reſiſt their Enemies; and all the *Jews* were guilty of many Notorious Breaches of the *Law*, in obeying this *Decree*, and fighting on the *Sabbath-Day*: But if thou ſay'ſt, They did Ill in not fighting, tho' at a prohibited Time, and prohibited under the ſevereſt *Curſes*; then it follows, That there is no *Point* of your *Law*, which may not, nay which ought not to be diſpens'd with, and give way to the Intereſts of *State*, and the Good of the *Commonwealth*. So that at this Rate, the *Religion* for which you are all ſo Zealous, will appear to be but a *Form* of *Government*, *Divinely* contriv'd for *Human* Regards. I do not call in Queſtion,

ſtion, the *Miraculous* Delivery of your *Law* on *Mount Sinai*. Suffer me to plead without Suſpicion of Partiality: I do not go about to invalidate the *Teſtimony* of *Moſes*, and the *Prophets*. Doubtleſs, the *Moſt High* came down through the *Heavens*, attended with *Myriads* of *Angels*, and Thirty Two Thouſand Chariots of Fire; and when he ſtood on the Top of the *Mountain*, the *Rear* of his *Train* had not paſſed the *Silver Gates* of the *Moon*. The *Sun* appear'd in his Circuit, as one aſtoniſh'd; he bluſh'd, and fled away from the *Eternal Brightneſs*, not able to endure the *Luſtre* of a *Glory* ſo far ſurpaſſing *his own*. The *Stars* were dazl'd at the *Immortal Splendor*, and miſtook their Courſes; they run againſt one another in their affrighted Careers. And as a Laſting *Memorial* of that *Glorious Deſcent*, the *Angels* left the *bright Impreſſion* of their *Footſteps* in the *Path*; That *Heavenly Road*, is to this Day diſtinguiſh'd from all the *Reſt* of the *Sky* by its *Whiteneſs*, which makes the *Aſtronomers* call it *THE MILKY WAY*.

The *Nations* of the Earth were amaz'd at the Tremendous *Viſion* and Noiſe; for the *Mountain* was all on *Fire*, whoſe *Flames* reach'd up to the *Clouds*, and its *Smoke* to the *Mid-Heaven*. The *Globe* Trembled and Quak'd at the Dreadful *Thundrings*, and the *Lightnings* penetrated the *Abyſs* of *Hell*. The *Infernal Spirits* were ſtartled at the *Uncouth Flaſhes*; and ask'd one another, *If the Day of Judgment were come?* The *Waters* hid themſelves

ſelves in their *Fountains*, and the *Ocean* utter'd a deep *Murmur*. Every Thing in *Nature* was ſurpriz'd with Wonder and Dread, and *Moſes* himſelf when he came down from the *Mountain*, was all Transform'd into *Light*.

Thou ſeeſt, *Nathan*, I am no *Infidel*, but believe, as thou doſt, That the *Law* of *Moſes* was brought down from *Heaven*. But does it therefore follow, That this *Law* is *Univerſal* and *Eternal*? Can none be *ſav'd* but the *Sons* of *Iſrael*, and ſuch as are Proſelyted to their *Religion*? Doubtleſs this is an Error, as thou thy ſelf wilt acknowledge, when thou haſt well examin'd the Matter. Remove thy Poſt a little, if it be only in Imagination: Riſe from the Feet of thy *Doctors*, who have inſtill'd into thee Prejudices againſt all the *Sons* of *Adam*, except thoſe of your Own *Race*. Stand aloof for a while, and look round about thee to the *Four Winds*: but fix thine Eyes on the *Eaſt*, for from thence *Wiſdom* takes her *Origin*. Did not the ſame *God*, who *Created* the *Jews*, alſo *Create* all the *Nations* of the Earth? And canſt thou be ſo blind and obdurate as to think, that *Soveraignty Merciful* made ſo many *Millions* of *Souls* on purpoſe to *Damn* them? Or that it ſhall be Imputed to them for *Sin*, that they were not born of the *Seed* of *Jacob*? Was it in their Power to chuſe the *Father* that ſhou'd *beget* them, or the *Mother* that ſhou'd *conceive* them? How Abſurd are the Conſequences of this Narrow Opinion? It is an unpardonable Pride and Malice, thus to con-

contemn and judge thoſe that are compounded of the ſame Ingredients as your ſelves.

Doubtleſs, *God* has ſent *Prophets* into all *Nations*, to guide them into the *Right Way*, and not into the *Way* of *Infidels*. Thoſe who believe the *Prophets*, and obey their *Precepts*, ſhall be Sav'd: For they preach the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, the *Reſurrection* of the *Dead*, the *Day* of *Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. They teach the Neceſſity of Juſtice, Purity, and Good Works; exhorting all to practiſe the *Golden Rule*, without entangling their Minds in endleſs Niceties, which are but the Superfetation of Piety, the Excrementitious Burdens of a *Religious* Life. Such are moſt of the Troubleſom and Ridiculous *Ceremonies* obſerv'd by the *Zealots* of your *Law*, at which I have known the Wiſer Sort of *Jews* to laugh. Theſe little *Superſtitions*, like *Unprofitable Suckers*, exhauſt the *Vitals* of *Religion*, and leave it only a *Sapleſs Trunk*, from which no *Fruit* can be expected. Were they commanded in the *Law* of *Moſes*, ſomething might be pleaded in their Defence; but as they are only the *Dreams* of your *Rabbi's*, a Wiſe Man would beware how he put on a Needleſs Yoke, the *Stratagem* of your *Crafty Guides*, to keep you in Subjection, and a ſervile Awe of their Authority, and a *Religious* Timorouſneſs of you know not what.

Thy

Thy Letter replies to this by Anticipation: For, ſuppoſing that I ſhould argue thus, and charge you with adding *Traditions* of your own, to the *Poſitive Injunctions* of the *Law*; Thou telleſt me, That thoſe are greatly miſtaken, who think that all which was deliver'd to *Moſes* in the *Mount*, was Written in the *Two Tables*, or compris'd even in the *Pentateuch*; as if the *Prophet* ſpent thoſe *Forty Days* and *Nights* only in keeping of *Geeſe*. For it is evident, ſay'ſt thou, That if *God* had Nothing elſe to give him but the *Written Law*, he might have diſpatch'd him in an *Hour* or a *Day* at Moſt. Therefore thou addeſt, That by *Day* he gave to him the *Written Law*, and by *Night* the *Myſterious* Explanation of it, call'd, The *Oral Law*: Which *Explanation*, *Moſes* taught by *Word of Mouth* to *Joſhua* his *Succeſſor*, *Joſhua* to the *Seventy two Seniors*; and that they tranſmitted this *Oral Traditionary Comment* down to their *Poſterity*, even to the Laſt of the *Prophets*, from whom the *Great Sanhedrim* receiv'd it. After this every one deliver'd it to his *Son*, as he had receiv'd it from his *Anceſtors*; and ſo it continues to this Day, to be the *Rule* of your *Lives*, in thoſe Caſes where the *Written Law* is Silent. I tell thee *Nathan*, there appears a great Shew of Reaſon in what thou ſayeſt: And indeed it cannot be ſuppos'd that *Moſes* ſpent all that time, only in receiving the *Written Law*. But on the other ſide, I cannot believe that the *Eternal Mind* was buſied ſo many *Days*, in

preſcribing thoſe *Ridiculous Rules* and *Ceremonies*, which are found in the *Talmud*, and the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's*. If thou canſt convince me of that, I will ceaſe to Perſwade thee to a Change.

I have a great deal more to ſay, but the Hour of the *Poſt* calls on me to conclude my Letter. In my next, I will fully anſwer all thy Arguments. In the mean time, let not *Cuſtom*, and the *Dictates* of the *Synagogue* ſupplant thy *Reaſon*, but remember thou art a *Man*.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Sublimely Wiſe, *the* Senior *of Excellent Dignity*, Abul-Recowawn', Grand Almoner *to the* Sultan.

THou art placed on a High *Seat*, Eminent among the *Faithful*; and the Eyes of the Diſtreſs'd, are fix'd on thee. Thou art the *Patron* of all the Miſerable. To thee, as to a *Sanctuary*, flies the Man, whoſe Misfortunes have bereav'd him of all other Hope: Whoſe drooping Spirits can find no Comfort from the Reſt of Mortals. His laſt and only Refuge is to thee, who art the Faithful *Steward* of the *Grand Signior*'s Liberalities. Let not too much Prudence ſuperſede thy Charity. The Wicked and the Innocent, have Equal Acceſs to thee: And it ought to be ſo; for, no Man, at firſt, can diſtinguiſh between the One and the Other by their Outward Aſpect. Yet a little Examination and Converſe, will ſhew the Difference.

There are thoſe, who get large Poſſeſſions under the Maſque of Poverty. There are Impudent *Beggars*, who make a Trade of impoſing on Human Compaſſion, and ſport themſelves in this humble Method of Cheating People of their Money; whilſt, imagi-

ning they beſtow it on Perſons really Indigent, it is thrown away on Counterfeits, *Villains* and *Infidels*.

On the other ſide, I have ſeen true Objects of Pity, Men reduc'd to the laſt Extremities, who wou'd rather periſh, than expoſe their Condition to any, ſave the *Great* and *Noble*. They eſteem ſuch to be Wiſe Men, Generous, and Conſiderate of the Accidents which commonly befall Mortals. They think, to theſe they may freely unboſom themſelves, tell their VVants, and claim Relief, without the Hazard of a Reproach, which wounds more deeply than a ſhort Denial.

Thou mayſt know them by the Modeſty which appears in their Faces, (ſays our *Holy Prophet*) and that they are ſoon repuls'd. To ſuch as theſe, give plentiful *Alms*, and do not repine. For it is as a Profitable *Merchandize*, ſent to Remote Countries; which though ventur'd on the Uncertain VVaters, ye in Time by the ſpecial Bleſſing of *Heaven*, ſhall return with Seven-fold Intereſt.

Nay give to all that ask: For, it is better to miſplace our *Charity* on Nine Unworthy Perſons than to deny an *Alms* to One that is really in Need. Beſide, it is not for the Honour of a *Sovereign Monarch*, that any Perſon in Diſtreſs ſhou'd depart from his *Court*, ſad or diſcontented, for want of Relief.

I have in ſome of my Letters, glanc'd at the *Vices* of theſe *Weſtern Nazarenes*; and have not been altogether ſilent as to their *Vertues*. Among which, their *Charity* is very Conſpicuous. The

The *French* relate a pretty Paſſage of a certain *Cardinal*, a very Good Man, and one that by the Multitude of his Generous Actions, gave Occaſion for the World to call him, the *Patron* of the *Poor*.

This *Eccleſiaſtick Prince*, had a conſtant Cuſtom, Once or Twice a Week, to give Publick Audience to all Indigent People in the *Hall* of his *Palace*, and to relieve every one according to their various Neceſſities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One day, a poor Widow encourag'd with the Fame of his Generoſity, came into the *Hall* of this *Cardinal*, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about Fifteen Years of Age. When her turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners; the *Cardinal* diſcerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modeſty in her Face and Carriage, as alſo in her Daughter, he encourag'd her to tell her Wants freely. She bluſhing, and not without Tears, thus addreſs'd her ſelf to him: *My Lord, I ow for the Rent of my Houſe Five Crowns, and ſuch is my Misfortune, that I have no other Means to pay it, ſave what wou'd break my Heart, ſince my Landlord threatens to force me to it, that is, to Proſtitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care Educated in Vertue, and an Abhorrence of that Odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence, is, That you wou'd pleaſe to interpoſe your Sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this Cruel Man, till by our honeſt Induſtry we can procure the Money for him.*

The *Cardinal* mov'd with Admiration of the Woman's Vertue and Innocent Modeſty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widows Hands, *Go*, ſaid he, *to my Steward with this Paper, and he ſhall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.*

The poor Woman over-joy'd, and returning the *Cardinal* a Thouſand Thanks, went directly to his *Steward*, and gave him the Note: Which when he had read; he told her out Fifty Crowns. She aſtoniſh'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the *Steward's* Trick to try her Honeſty, refus'd to take above Five, ſaying *She ask'd the Cardinal for no more, and ſhe was ſure 'twas ſome Miſtake.*

On the other ſide, the *Steward* inſiſted on his *Maſter's* Order, not daring to call it in Queſtion. But all the Arguments he cou'd uſe, were inſufficient to prevail on her to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controverſy, he offer'd to go back with her to the *Cardinal*, and refer it to him. When they came before that *Munificent Prince*, and he was fully inform'd of the Buſineſs: *'Tis true*, ſaid he, *I miſtook in writing Fifty Crowns. Give me the Paper and I will rectify it.* Thereupon he wrote again; Saying thus to the VVoman, *So much Candor and Vertue, deſerves a Recompence. Here I have order'd you Five Hundred Crowns: What you can ſpare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.*

If

If I miſtake not, this *Cardinal* was call'd *Farneſe*. But, whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly Heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

It will be much for the Glory and Intereſt of the *Shining Port*, if thou ſometimes by an extraordinary Largeneſs, raiſeſt the Fortune of deſerving Men; and putteſt them in a Capacity to ſerve the *Grand Signior*. At leaſt, ſuch Bounty will oblige 'em not to diſ-ſerve him.

Among the Reſt, permit me to recommend the Caſe of *Ebnol Berwana Kayemas*, Thy Countryman. He was once Poſſeſſor of a fair *Timariot*, but was turn'd out by *Sultan Ibrahim*, to gratify a Creature of *Shechir Para*. Thou know'ſt the Life of that *Infamous* Woman. I ſay no more.

Paris 2d. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVI.

To the Captain Baſſa.

THou that art a Man of *War*, delighteſt, no Doubt, to hear of Combats and Battles. And I tell thee, That ſince the Beginning of the *World*, there have never been known ſuch dreadful *Sea-Fights*, as during the preſent *War* between the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*. It ſeems there is an Emulation ſprung up in the Latter: They grudge the Inhabitants of *Britain* the *Character*, which has been given 'em from all *Antiquity*, *Of being the moſt Victorious on that Element, of any Nation on the Earth.*

'Tis poſſible there may be ſome more particular Grounds of their preſent *Quarrel*, to which I am a ſtranger, But aſſuredly, they have purſu'd their Animoſities very eagerly on both Sides. And, let the Occaſion be what it will, the *Dutch* are ſtill Loſers.

I ſent thee an Account of a *Combat* between their *Fleets* laſt Year, ſince which they have had many other *Engagements*. And 'tis ſaid here, that during this *War*, the *Engliſh* have taken from the *Dutch*, near Two Thouſand *Merchant* Veſſels, have Sunk and Burnt many of their *Ships* of *War*, ſlain ſome of their *Chief Commanders*, ſpoil'd their *Trade*, and reduc'd 'em almoſt to as great Streights, as when they firſt courted the Protection of the

Engliſh

Engliſh againſt their *Sovereign*, the *King* of *Spain*, from whom they had then newly Revolted.

But the moſt terrible Conflict was, on the Second of this *Moon*, wherein the *Dutch* had Seven and Twenty of their Greateſt Ships, either ſunk or burnt, Two Thouſand of their Seamen and Soldiers kill'd, and a Thouſand taken Priſoners, with many Captains. That Great *General Trump*, whom I mention'd in my Laſt, was ſlain in this *Fight*, after he had perform'd Prodigies of Valour.

The *French* ſay, that during the Heat of this Engagement, *Trump* being exceſſive Thirſty, call'd for a Bowl of Wine; which his Servant had no ſooner deliver'd to him, but a Cannon-Bullet took his Hand off, juſt as he was retiring from his *Maſter*. The brave *General* touch'd with a Noble Compaſſion, ſpilt the Wine on the Deck, ſaying, *It is not fit that I ſhould quench my Thirſt, with the Blood of a Faithful Slave.* And as ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe Words, another Bullet took from him, the Power of ever drinking again.

If ſuch an Accident ſhould happen to thee, when thou fighteſt againſt the *Infidels*, know for certain, that thou ſhalt be immediately tranſported to the *Green* and *Shady Banks* of the *Rivers* of *Wine* in *Paradiſe*, where thou may'ſt drink thy Fill in Eternal Security. For he that dies fighting for the *Faith*, is a *Martyr*.

Paris, *the* 12th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVII.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendent *of the* Royal Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

I Remember, I promiſed in my laſt, to give thee a farther account of *Pachicour*, the famous *Pyrate* of the *Black Sea*. 'Twere eaſy to perform it, but a Temptation diverts my Pen another Way.

I remember when thou wert *Chiaus*, I have heard thee ſpeak of the *Kingdom* of *Tunis*, whither thou waſt ſent by *Sultan Amurat*, to compoſe the Differences that happen'd between the *Dey* and the *Divan* of that City. At the ſame Time, thou mad'ſt Mention of a certain Admirable *Engine*, contriv'd to draw up *Ships* or any Thing elſe from the Bottom of the Sea: And, that the *Divan* of *Tunis*, gave to the *Artiſt* who fram'd it, an Hundred Thouſand *Piaſters*, as a *Reward* of his Ingenuity.

I have read in a certain *French Author*, of ſuch another Device at *Venice*, made on purpoſe to draw up the Famous *Carrack*, which they call'd the *Caſtle* of the *Sea*. This *Gallion* was built of a Monſtrous Bulk, more for State than Service; and was overturn'd by her own Unweildineſs, as ſhe lay at Anchor and ſunk to the Bottom: From whence, neither

ther that forementionʼd *Engine*, nor all the Art of Man could raiſe her. Yet the Skill of the *Enginier* was highly commended, and the *Senate* honourʼd him with the *Title* of *Clariſſimo*, and ſettled a Noble *Penſion* on him during Life.

It is queſtionʼd, whether the *States* of *Holland* will be ſo Liberal to a certain *French Enginier*, who has made a *Ship* at *Rotterdam*, which they ſay, will out-do all the *Miracles* of *Noahʼs Ark*.

This *Ship* is at preſent all the talk at *Paris*. Our Merchants receive Letters full of Wonders from the *Low Countries*, concerning this Whirligig of a Veſſel, which is to move by Clockwork, without Sails, Oars, Rudder, or any Common Marine Tacle; Yet, ſhall cut her Way through the Sea, with a ſwifter Progreſs than the *Moon* glides along the *Sky*, or a *Bullet* out of a *Cannon*. This is the Diſcourſe of thoſe who love to advance all that they hear, to the Height of a *Miracle* or *Romance*. Yet ʼtis certain, the *Artiſt* has promiſed, it ſhall equal the Motion of ſome Birds, and run Twelve Leagues an Hour. Neither Winds nor Tides ſhall forward or hinder its courſe, which depending on an Internal Principle of *Perpetual Motion*, is to be directed only at the Pleaſure of him who manages the Springs and Wheels. So that the *Maſter* of this *Veſſel*, ſhall be able with a ſingle Touch of Hand, to turn it to any *Point* of the *Compaſs*, in the moſt Boiſterous Weather that blows.

This

This *Enginier* farther engages, that his *Veſſel* ſhall make a Voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*, and to ſome *Regions* of *America*, in a fourth Part of that Time. If he be as good at Performance, as he is at Promiſing, he will Sail round the *Globe*, at this Rate, in Three *Moons*.

In farther Commendation of this wonderful *Machine*, 'tis ſaid, That by a New-Invented Art, it ſhall ſecretly under-Water diſable any Ship, provided ſhe be within Cannon-Shot; and this with ſo ſudden a force, that in the ſpace of Six Hours, it will ſucceſſively ſink a Fleet of a Hundred Ships of *War*.

Moreover, this *Artiſt*, to appear not leſs ſubtle againſt the *Efforts* of *Heaven*, than in ſurpaſſing all the *Inventions* on *Earth*, promiſes that his Miraculous *Veſſel*, ſhall at the Diſtance of a League, cut aſunder any *Spouts* or *Cataracts* of Waters, which uſually threaten *Mariners* in the *Mediterranean* and other Seas.

'Tis poſſible thou art very well acquainted with the Nature of theſe *Spouts*, and the Danger of Ships that Sail near them. Yet give me Leave to inform thee, what I have heard from a certain *Corſair*, who has often met with 'em in the *Levant*.

This *Pyrate* tells me, that a *Spout* is a kind of *Aqueduct* between the Clouds and the Sea, by which thoſe Pendulous Cyſterns *Above*, are repleniſh'd with Water from the *Ocean*, drawing it up, as through a Pipe; which ſeems to be let down for that End, at certain Seaſons,

Seaſons, and in ſome Particular Places, where the Water boyls up firſt above the Surface of the Briny Plain, as a Signal to thoſe Thirſty Bladders, to make a Deſcent there and ſuck their fill.

If this be true, who knows but that all the Rain, to which the Earth is indebted for its Fertility, comes thus Originally from the Sea? For, It may be made freſh, either in its firſt Aſcent through the Roſcid Air, or after its Reception into the Clouds, by ſome hidden *Energy* of that *Element*, or the *Natural* Force of the *Middle Region*: Or at leaſt by ſome Unknown Vertue, perhaps not inferiour to that by which the Waters of a *Bitter Lake* in the *Deſart*, became *Sweet* at the Interceſſion of our *Holy Prophet*, when the whole Army of the Primitive *Muſſulmans*, was like to have periſh'd of Thirſt.

And then how will the *Weſtern Philoſophers* diſpoſe of all the Vapours which they ſay are Exhal'd from this *Globe*, and afterwards Condens'd into Clouds? I tell thee, that's but a Looſe Notion of ſuch Retentive Bodies, as the Clouds ſeem to be. And 'twou'd tempt one to aſk, What the Veſſels are made of which hold thoſe Condens'd Exhalations, ſo that they do not fall at once upon our Heads and overwhelm us, but only diſtil in ſmall ſucceſſive Showers Drop by Drop, to refreſh the Barren Parts of the Earth, and ſerve the Neceſſities of Men? And why the Rains fall in the *Indies*, and other *Regions* of the *Eaſt*, whole *Moons* together without Intermiſſion,

the

the Rest of the Year being dry: Whereas, in other Countries, the Periods of the Weather's Alteration are uncertain, and in some Parts it seldom or never rains at all.

Doubtless, the *Works* of the *Omnipotent* are Inscrutable: And though it may be an Argument of a great Wit, to give Ingenious Reasons for many Wonderful *Appearances* in *Nature*; yet 'tis an Evidence of small Piety or Judgment, to be positive in any Thing, but the Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance.

Now I have made as Wide an Excursion from my first Discourse, as the *Maulla* did, who began an *Oration* in Praise of *Noah's Ark*, and ended with telling a Tale of an *Armenian Wheel-Barrow*.

But I will not forget, that I was speaking of the Promise which the *Rotterdam Engineer* has made of his *Machine*, That it should Effectually break all the Force of *Spouts*, which would render him very Serviceable to *Merchants*, as a *Convoy* to defend them from those Terrible Bug-bears to Sailers. For the *Corsair* tells me, That these *Spouts* very often occasion Ship-wracks, either by entangling the Masts of a Ship, and so overturning it, or by breaking in the Encounter, overwhelm it with Water, and so sink it.

He says likewise, that the *Christian Pyrates* are accustom'd to use a certain *Charm* against these *Spouts*. They have a *Knife*, whose Haft is made of the Bone of a Man's Right Arm: And every *Vessel*, is bound to provide One or

Two

Two of these *Knives*, when they loose from the Shore. They buy 'em of certain Persons, who have the Character of *Magicians*. And when they see a *Spout* at some Distance from 'em at Sea, the *Master* of the *Vessel* or any Body else, takes this *Enchanted Knife* in his *Right* Hand, and holding the Book of their *Gospel* in his *Left*, reads some Part of it; And when he comes to a certain *Versicle*, which mentions the *Incarnation* of their *Messiah*, he makes a Motion with his *Knife* towards the *Spout*, as if he would cut it in Two. Whereupon, immediately the *Spout* breaks in the Middle; and all the inclos'd Water falls into the Sea.

But I tell thee, he who gives Credit to the Stories of *Charms*, or the Projects of Men pretending to excel all the Rest of their Race; has more *Faith*, than is requisite to him who reads *Æsop's Fables*, since in perusing that Ingenious *Figment*, we are only desired to believe the *MORAL*.

'Tis thought by some, that this *Engineer* will, by the Natural Clockwork of his Heels, be much more nimble than his Vessel, in flying the Disgrace which will attend him, if his Phantastick Project prove unsuccessful. In my next thou shalt hear of *Pachicour*.

Paris, 12th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE *Engliſh*, at preſent, make the greateſt Figure and Noiſe, of all the *Nations* in the *Weſt*. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and even *France* it ſelf courts the Friendſhip of that *Iſland*, ſince the Inhabitants have form'd themſelves into a *Commonwealth*. It appears, as if the *Engliſh* were but newly awaken'd to a Senſe of their own Strength, and by thus rouzing themſelves had alarm'd all their *Neighbours*.

However it be, This *King* has ſent an *Embaſſador* to the *Engliſh Court*, to break the *Negotiation* of the *Spaniards* there, and to eſtabliſh a *Peace* between *England* and *France*, if poſſible.

One cannot tell what to make of the *Maxims* of theſe *Infidels*. For, at the ſame Time, the *Baniſh'd Heir* of the *Engliſh Crown*, takes his *Sanctuary* in this *Court*. Where he is careſs'd, and made to believe, *Great Things* they will do toward his *Reſtauration*. But *Intereſt* ſuperſedes all *Arguments* of *Affection* and *Conſanguinity*. They are more ſolicitous here for the Succeſs of their *Embaſſy*, than for the Right of the poor *Exil'd Prince*. He is call'd the *King* of *Scotland*, having been ſolemnly *Crown'd* in that *Kingdom*, ſince the Death

Death of his Father; and entring into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, was routed; and having narrowly escaped the Trains that were laid for his Liberty and Life, at length landed in this *Kingdom*; where he has been entertain'd with much seeming Affection. But the Dread they are under, of the Victorious New *English Commonwealth*, makes 'em begin to talk of his Departure from hence.

The *Prince* of *Conde* has taken *Rocroy*; Which was the first *Place* where he signaliz'd his *Arms*, and the *Infant-Reign* of this *King* about Ten Years ago. Which the *Superstitious* interpret, as an *Omen* of *Ill Luck* to the *King*. This sort of People are led by *Maxims* void of Reason: And so there is no regard to be given to their Observations. Yet, some of the Wiser Sort, think this will prove a long *War*.

That which amuses People most, is the small Concern the *Prince* of *Conti* and the *Dutchess* of *Longueville* shew for their Brother's Cause. For while the *King* was on his March against the *Prince* of *Conde*, they came and submitted themselves to him, and were received to Favour. Those who are apt to suspect an Intrigue in every thing, say, That this Reconciliation is only feigned on their Part, it being a Means to serve their persecuted Brother with greater Security and Success. Others are of Opinion, that it is Real, especially on the *Prince* of *Conti*'s Part: Since he and his Brother, had never any good Understanding.

There

There has been a *Battle* lately Fought between the *French* and *Spaniſh* Forces in *Italy*. Wherein, the *Spaniards* loſt Twelve Hundred Men, and the *French* above Half that Number, of their Beſt Soldiers. So that the *King* of *France* may ſay with a Famous *General*, "Victories attended with ſo little Advantage, "will ruin, rather than enlarge, an Em-"pire.

Baſſa, in the midſt of thy Grandeur, I wiſh thee Health, which ſweetens the Worſt Events. As for me, I'm like one hovering between Two Worlds.

Paris *the* 15th. *of the* 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1653.

LETTER XIX.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

THE *Gods* of the *Nazarenes*, one wou'd think, were ſtudying how to perplex their *Adorers*. Theſe *Weſtern Parts*, abound with *Prodigies*, and Surprizing Events. More eſpecially, the *Low-Countries*, feel the *Strokes* of a *Hand*, which by making 'em ſmart, ſeems to put 'em in Mind, *They're too high in their own Conceit*.

For ſeveral Weeks we have been alarm'd from thence, with the *Tragical* Stories of Ship-wracks,

Ship-wracks, Inundations, Tempeſts of Thunder and Lightning, not uſual at this time of Year; Monſtrous *Spectres* ſeen riſing out of the Seas, Lakes and Rivers; *Armies* in the *Air*, with *Comets* and other *Wonderful Apparitions*.

The *States* of the *United Provinces*, have loſt by Wreck Sixteen *Ships* of *War*, and Thirty Seven *Merchant Veſſels*. It looks, as if *Æolus* and *Neptune*, the Chief *Gods* of the *Hollanders*, had enter'd into a *League*, to puniſh 'em for ſtruggling againſt their *Fate*; whilſt they maintain a *Fleet* to brave and plunder the *Engliſh*, under whoſe Shadow they firſt roſe to the Power they ſo Ungratefully now poſſeſs.

For, beſides theſe Loſſes at Sea, the Winds and Waves have conſpir'd to break down their very *Banks*, the only Guards they have againſt that *Encroaching Element*. All the *Low-Countries*, are overwhelm'd with Water: Inſomuch, as Five Miles within Land from *Oſtend*, there has been found a *Whale* newly caſt up, Seven times as long as a Man.

This the *Infidels* look on as a *Great Prodigy*, and the *Fore-runner* of ſome Strange *Revolution*; though it is but a *Natural* Event, and frequently happens in thoſe Seas, where *Whales* are more plentiful. The *Naturaliſts* ſay, That this *King* of the *Scaly Nations*, never makes his Progreſs through the Seas without his *Guide*; which is a certain ſmall Fiſh, that always ſwims before him, and gives him Warning of Flats and Shallows, upon which he often ſtrikes, and ſometimes on the main Shores,

Shores, if his little *Guide* chance to be devour'd by any other Fiſh, or come to other Miſhap. And this may be the Reaſon, why ſo many *Whales* are found on the Sands when the Tide Ebbs. They ſay alſo, That when this little Fiſh is inclin'd to Reſt, it retires into the *Whale*'s Belly, repoſing it ſelf there for ſome Time; during which the *Whale* reſts alſo, not daring to venture forward, till his *Guide* comes forth and leads the Way. If this be true, it ſeems as if there were a League or Friendſhip contracted between theſe Two, they Mutually performing all the neceſſary Offices of Love and Gratitude. And how this can be done without ſome *Species* of *Reaſon*, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the *Port* call me *Myneſih*, or what they pleaſe, I cannot forbear doing this Juſtice to the *Fiſh* of the *Sea*, as well as to the *Animals* on *Earth*, to acknowledge, That either they are indu'd with a *Kind* of *Reaſon*; or, that *Faculty* which we call ſo in Men, is no other than *Senſe*. If the *Brutes* perform many Things without any Deliberation or Counſel, ſo do moſt Men: And no Man can demonſtrate, That even thoſe *Dumb Beings*, do not adviſe and project, before they attempt any Thing of Moment towards their own Preſervation, or the Service of others. And if they ſeem to do many Things raſhly, it may be attributed to the Quickneſs and Vivacity of their *Senſe*, which needs not the Slow and Flegmatick Methods of *Human* Counſel.

Suffer

Suffer theſe Digreſſions, Courteous *Baſſa*; and ſince I have led thee ſo far out of the Road, take but another Step, and I'll ſhew thee a Great *Monarch*, who commands Millions of Men, carry'd away Captive by a Silly *Beaſt*.

The *King* of *France*, t'other Day as he was a-hunting, diſcharg'd a Fowling-Piece at a *Partridge* on the Wing. The Bird dropt, and the *Monarch* eager to take up his Game, gave the Reins to his Horſe, who ran away with him over a great Plain, for the ſpace of half a League: And had not the *King* fallen off, within Six Paces of a great *Chaſme* or Hole in the Earth, he wou'd have been Carry'd, for ought I know, to keep Company with *Horatius Curtius*, the Venturous *Roman*, of whoſe Exploit thou haſt heard; For, the furious Steed not being aware of the Danger before him, as ſoon as he had caſt the *King*, gallop'd full ſpeed into the gaping *Precipice*, and was never more heard of.

This, the *Prieſts* cry up for a *Miraculous* Eſcape, and preſage, *That the King is reſerv'd by Providence for Great Things.*

The *King* of *Portugal* has an *Embaſſador* here, who in his *Maſter*'s Name propoſes a *Match* between this *King* and the *Infanta* of *Portugal*, proffering Four Millions of Crowns as her *Dowry*. But the *Court* entertains this Motion coldly; the *Cardinal* being averſe, for what Reaſon is not known: For the *Infanta* has an Illuſtrious Character, and known to be a *Princeſs* of Incomparable Vertue.

This *Miniſter* is managing a *Match* of near-

er

er Concern to himſelf, deſigning to marry One of his Nieces to the *Prince* of *Conti*, Brother to the *Prince* of *Conde*. And 'tis ſaid, this *Prince* receives the *Cardinal*'s Propoſals with leſs Scorn, than did the *Count* of *Soiſſons* thoſe of *Cardinal Richlieu*, on the like Occaſion.

Here is a Rumour, as if the *Prince* of *Conde*, wou'd be condemned by a *Proceſs* of *Parliament*, and that he will be put to Death in *Effigie*.

This Indignity is common among the *Infidels*, who eſteem whatſoever *Honour* or *Diſgrace* is ſhewn to *Images*, as done to the *Perſons* whom they repreſent. They have no other Excuſe for their *Worſhip* of *Things* made by the *Hands* of *Men* like themſelves, but that it is purely Relative, and centers in the *Prototype*.

In the mean time, the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Friends and Well-wiſhers, ſmile at his Imaginary Death; knowing, that if no Effectual Stroke of *Fate* carry him out of the World, he will be at the Head of a Potent Army in the *Spring*, to put many to Death in Reality, and by the Edge of the Sword, who fight for his Enemies.

A while ago, a Man was Impriſon'd here by his own Folly; having voluntarily declar'd, That he was hir'd by this *Prince* to aſſaſſinate *Cardinal Mazarini*.

I have ſpoken formerly of the *Count d' Harcourt*, and the Diſgrace he was in at this *Court*, for not continuing the Siege of *Londa*, a Strong *Hold* of the *Spaniards* in *Catalonia*. This *General* is a brave Man, and has done Eminent

minent Services to the *Crown* of *France*. It is no Wonder therefore, that he laid to Heart the Coldneſs and Contempt, with which he was receiv'd at his Return from that *Unfortunate* Campaign. Great *Souls*, are to be Careſs'd with more than ordinary Affection in their *Adverſe* Fortunes; and Faithful Servants, ought not to be reproach'd with every falſe Step, or ill Succeſs in their Affairs. The *Count* reſenting ill the *King*'s Carriage toward him, remov'd himſelf from the *Court*, and then out of the *Kingdom*; deſigning, as is ſuppos'd, to ſerve the *Emperor* of *Germany*.

Laſt Week, his Two Sons that were detain'd as *Hoſtages* in this City, made their Eſcape, the *Duke* of *Lorrain* having promiſed, to give the Eldeſt his Daugter in Marriage.

That *Duke* roves up and down like a *Free-Booter*, with an Army of *Banditti* at his Heels.

Renown'd *Aſis*, I make an Humble and Affectionate Obeiſance; wiſhing thee as many Years of Life, as thou can'ſt paſs without languiſhing for Death.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Dgebe Nafir, Baſſa.

THOU ſucceedeſt a Righteous *Miniſter Chiurgi Muhammet*. I wiſh thee a Surpluſage of Happineſs: Which thou wilt not fail to poſſeſs, if thou inheriteſt the *Vertues* of that *Baſſa*, as well as his *Office*. May his *Soul* now taſte the Reward of his Juſt Life. And I doubt not but he has made an happy Experience of my Wiſhes. He ſits down in Quiet, under the *Trees* of *Eden*. His Head encompaſs'd with a *Garland* of *Flowers*, which never fade. Veſted with the *Immarceſcible Crimſon* and *Purple* of *Paradiſe*. He repoſes on his *Bed* of *Delights*, whilſt *Beautiful Pages* ſerve him in *Veſſels* of *Gold*, ſet round with *Saphires* and *Emeralds*: He drinks the delectable *Wine* which never Inebriates; and eats of the *Fruits*, every Morſel of which prolongs his Life for a Thouſand *Ages*. He hears Nothing but the Voices of ſuch, as are full of Benediction and Joy. The *Virgins* of *Paradiſe*, ſalute him with a Grace which cannot be expreſs'd. They chaunt to the Newcome *Gueſt*, *Songs* of *Immortal Love*. To the *Stranger* from *Earth*, they tell their Paſſion in Strains, which raviſh his Heart. He is diſſolv'd in a thouſand *Ecſtaſies*. This is the Reward of a Pious *Muſſulman*, a Wiſe *Miniſter*, a Juſt *Judge* of the *Faithful*. Follow his Example,

Example, and thou ſhalt be tranſlated into his Company: For he is in a Goodly Place, near the Spring-Head of Perfect Bliſs.

Thou wilt expect ſome News from me, as a Teſtimony of my Reſpect. And I cannot pretend there is none ſtirring, at a Juncture when all this Part of the World is ſo full of *Action*, or at leaſt of *Counſels*.

Here has been great Rejoicings lately for the taking of S. *Menehoud*, a Strong *Town* in the Hands of the *Prince* of *Conde*. All the *Officers* of the *French King*'s Army, endeavour'd to diſſuade him from the Siege of this *Place*; but *Cardinal Mazarini* over-rul'd their Arguments, and having reprov'd their groundleſs Fears, caus'd it to be inveſted and attacqu'd the 22d. of the 10th. *Moon*. Some ſay, he had a Party there. Yet it held out till the 27th. of the laſt *Moon*. at which Time it was ſurrender'd upon *Articles* to the *King*, who was there in Perſon with his Brother, the young *Duke* of *Anjou*, the *Queen*, the *Cardinal* and they whole *Court*. They returned to this City, the Ninth of this preſent *Moon*.

They were receiv'd with great Acclamations and ſeeming Joy, by thoſe who wou'd have triumph'd more heartily, had they been defeated, or forc'd to raiſe the Siege. For the Citizens of *Paris*, wiſh well to the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Arms: Not ſo much out of Love to him, as in Hatred of his Enemy, the *Cardinal-Miniſter*. And they are ſenſible, that this Succeſsful Siege, will redound wholly to

the *Cardinal*'s Honour, by whoſe ſole Orders the *Place* was inveſted.

It is diſcours'd, as if this *Miniſter* has ſome new Deſign on Foot, to conquer the *Kingdom* of *Naples*. This is certain, a Mighty *Fleet* is fitting out to Sea: Whither bound no Man knows, but thoſe of the *Cabinet*, among whom the *Cardinal* is Chief.

In the mean while, the Common People liſten after certain *Prodigies*, that have been ſeen in the Air. They ſay, a *Flaming Sword* appear'd lately to riſe in the *North*, and take its Courſe *South-Eaſtward*: From whence People make various *Prognoſticks*, as their Paſſions or Intereſts inſpire 'em. Some are of Opinion, it preſages the *Conqueſt* of *Naples* by this *King*'s Arms. Others apply it to the New *Common-wealth* of *England*, and to the Victorious Sword of *Oliver*; who from *General* of the *Engliſh* Army, is now in this very *Moon* exalted to the *Height* of *Sovereign Power*, Governing the *Nations* of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, under the *Title* of their *Protector*.

Here are divers of his *Subjects* in this City; and other *Engliſh*, *Scots*, and *Iriſh*, who embrace the Intereſt of *Charles*, the Son of their late Murder'd *King*, who has been ſince Crown'd *King* of the *Scots*. They give a different Character of *Oliver*; yet all agree, that he is a *Wiſe Stateſman*, and a *Great General*.

The *Scotch King*'s Party, ſpeak contemptibly of *Oliver*'s Birth and Education: Yet thou

thou know'ſt this hinders not, but he may be a Man of Courage and Vertue. They relate many odd Paſſages of his *Youth*, which ſeem to me ſo many Evidences of an extraordinary *Genius*, and that he is a Perſon of a deep Reach.

He tamper'd with ſeveral *Religious Factions* in *England*, counterfeiting an Exquiſite *Piety*; whereby he firſt rais'd himſelf a Name among the *Zealots* of that *Nation*, who look'd upon him there, as a very *Holy* Perſon, and one mark'd out by *Deſtiny* for great Undertakings.

He ſoon got a Conſiderable *Command*, in the Army of the *Revolters*: where he ſignaliz'd himſelf by many brave Actions, which ſpoke him a Man of an Invincible Courage, and Admirable Conduct. So that at Length, none was thought more fit than he to be *General*. In fine, he acquitted himſelf ſo gallantly in that *High Office*, and has ſo wrought himſelf into the Affections of the People, that they now look upon him as a *Prophet*, or *Saviour*; and the *Divan* or *Parliament* of that *Nation*, have conferr'd on him the *Sovereign Authority*.

Thoſe of the *Engliſh* which are Affected to his Intereſt, ſpeak great Things in his Praiſe: They call him another *Moſes* or *Joſhua*: They prefer him to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and even to the *Great Alexander*. It is difficult for them, to ſpeak of him without *Hyperbole's*. 'Tis ſaid, the *King* of *France* will court his Friendſhip. Indeed, all the Neighbouring Countries,

ſtand in Awe of this ſucceſsful *Hero*. And the *Hollanders*, who are the only People that durſt engage in a *War* with the *Engliſh Common-wealth*, now ſeek for *Peace*, ſince he is inveſted with the *Supream Authority*.

In the mean Time, the Poor *Exil'd King* of the *Scots*, takes *Sanctuary* in this *Court*, with his Mother the Late *Queen* of *England*, and his Brother, whom they call the *Duke* of *York*. The *French King* allows them all very Conſiderable *Penſions*. And the Latter has ſome *Command* in the *Army* in *Flanders*. There is another Brother alſo; but, little talk'd of as yet, being the Youngeſt of the Three.

They are Generouſly entertain'd here, it being the peculiar Honour of this *Court*, to be a Hoſpitable *Refuge* to *Princes* in Diſtreſs. Yet Obſerving Men ſay, The *King* will in Time grow Weary of his *Royal Gueſt*: It being very Chargeable to maintain them, and their Burdenſome *Retinue*. Beſides, he will have ſome Reaſon of *State* to diſcard them, if he enters into a *League* with *Oliver*, the New *Engliſh Sovereign*, who is courted on all Hands.

Eliachim the *Jew* (of whom thou wilt hear in the *Divan*) is juſt come into my Chamber, and brings me Word, that there is an *Expreſs* newly arriv'd, who informs the *Queen* of a Defeat given to the *Spaniards* near a City call'd *Rozes*, which they had beſieg'd in *Catalonia*. The *French* were going to the Relief of this *Place*, and the *Spaniards* ſet upon them in their March, but were beaten

beaten into their Trenches; from whence they fled by Night, leaving Three Hundred *Spaniards* on the Spot, almoſt Two Thouſand Priſoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage.

This has put the *Court* into a Jolly Humour. Nothing but reveling and dancing, employs their Time: The Young *King* taking great Delight in Balls, Maſques and ſuch Recreations; having left off Hunting, ever ſince his Horſe ran away with him in the Tenth *Moon* of this Year, after he had ſhot a *Partridge*. Whereof I have ſpoken already in one of my Letters.

The *Great God* preſerve thee from *Preciſpices*, *Poyſon*, the *Glances* of a *Witch*, and from being Canoniz'd a *Martyr* in a *String*: And, for other Deaths, thou haſt *Vertues* enough to encounter 'em bravely.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superiour *of the* Convent *of* Derviches *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

WHEN I firſt open'd thy Venerable Letter, my Heart on a ſudden became freſh as a Garden of Roſes, or a Field of Cinnamon and Myrrh, whoſe Odours are Exhal'd by the *Weſt*-Wind. In my Breaſt there ſprung

up a Fountain of Joy, ſerene as Cryſtal, and refreſhing as the Waters of *Euphrates*.

I contemplate thee as a *Cedar* among the Trees of the *Foreſt*, or as the Durable *Oak* of the *Deſart*. May *Heaven* prolong thy Life, till the *Sound* of the *Trumpet*.

The Commands with which thou haſt honour'd me, came in an Acceptable Hour. I have receiv'd them with a Complacency which I cannot expreſs. My Eyes were ſo fix'd on the Lines of Great Purity, that I could not for a long Time take them off. Thou haſt hit the Mark of my Affection, in employing me to write what the moſt Impartial *Hiſtorians* ſay of *Jeſus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*.

That *Holy Prophet*, was Honour'd by his very Enemies. *Joſephus* a Learned *Jew*, who liv'd in his Time, and wrote the *Hiſtory* of that *Nation*, makes worthy Mention of him.

So did many of the *Gentile Philoſophers*, though they oppos'd his *Diſciples* and *Followers*. *Porphyry*, whom the *Chriſtians* commonly repute as a bitter Enemy to their *Profeſſion*, yet calls *Jeſus*, *Wiſe*, *Bleſſed* and *Divine*. That *Sage* was exaſperated againſt a certain *Sect* of *Nazarenes* in his Time, whom they call'd *Gnoſticks*. Theſe corrupted the *Doctrines* of *Plato*, and the *Theology* of the *Ancients*; wantonly mixing *Human* Fables with *Divine* Truths. Againſt theſe, *Porphyry* ſharpen'd his Pen, and not making a Difference between them and other *Chriſtians*, drew

drew upon himſelf the Ill-will of them all. Yet he retain'd a Profound Attach for the *Meſſias*.

Wouldſt thou know the Circumſtances of this *Holy Prophet*'s Birth? They were Glorious, even in Obſcurity. For, though his Father and Mother were then upon the Road to *Jeruſalem*, Strangers at *Bethlehem*, and forc'd for want of Room in the *Carvanſera*, to lodge in a Stable with an Ox and an Aſs, where the *Meſſias* was born, and laid in a Manger; Yet in this Contemptible State, there came ſome of the *Magi* out of *Perſia* and *Chaldæa*, who brought *Preſents* to the *Holy Infant*; And having laid at his Feet Gold, Myrrh and Incenſe, they proſtrated themſelves on the Ground, and praiſed *God*, the *Moſt High King* of *All*, in that he had honour'd them with a Sight of the *Meſſias*.

This was in the 43d Year of the *Reign* of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, the *Roman Emperour*. At which Time, one *Herod* was *Preſident* of *Judæa*. This Man being inform'd That certain *Noble Strangers* were come out of the *Eaſt* to *Jeruſalem*, he ſent for them, and enquiring the Occaſion of ſo tedious a Journey, they gave him this Anſwer.

" Peace be to thee, O *Sultan*; There was " of Old Time, a *Prophet* of Great Fame in " our *Nation*, who, among other *Predictions* " that have ſince come to paſs, left alſo this in " Writing.

" That in *Paleſtine* ſhould be born a *Child* " of *Heavenly Race*, who ſhould Rule over

" the Greateſt Part of the World. And by " this Sign, ye ſhall know the Time and " Place of his Birth: A ſtrange *Star* ſhall ap- " pear in the *Firmament*, which ſhall direct " you to the very Houſe where you may find " him. When therefore Ye ſhall behold this " *Star*, take Gold, Myrrh and Incenſe; and " following the Conduct of the *Star*, go and " offer theſe Gifts to the Young *Child*; then " return immediately to your Own Country, " leſt ſome Grievous Calamity befal you.

" Now this *Star* has appeared to Us, We " are come to perform what was commanded " Us.

Herod ſaid to them, *Ye have done well. Go therefore and ſeek diligently for the* Infant; *and when Ye have found him, come and tell me, that I may go and pay him Homage alſo.*

But they never return'd to him again. Wherefore, *Herod* in his Anger and Jealouſy, commanded all the *Infants* in *Bethlehem* to be ſtrangl'd, that had not been Born above Four and Twenty *Moons*. But the Father and the Mother of the *Holy Infant*, fled away with him into the *Land* where it never Rains, the ſame Night that the *Magi* came.

What I here relate to thee, Sage *Bedredin*, is taken out of approv'd *Hiſtorians*: For, many among the *Gentiles*, wrote of theſe Things beſides the *Chriſtians*.

There was a *Roman Philoſopher*, much about the ſame time; a Man in great Eſteem with *Ceſar*. To whom he wrote a Letter, wherein he mentions the coming of the *Magi* after

after this manner. "Certain Oriental *Per-*
"*ſians*, ſays he, have ſet Foot within the Li-
"mits of thy *Empire*, bringing *Preſents* fit
"only for *Kings*, to a certain Child, newly
"born in the *Country* of the *Jews*. But who
"this *Infant* is, or whoſe Son, We are yet
"Ignorant.

Thou ſeeſt, O Pious *Dervich*, that the *Meſſias* appear'd with no ſmall Luſtre, even in his *Cradle*. And in his Early Years, he enter'd into the *Temple*, and diſputed with the *Hebrew Rabbi's*, convincing them of an Univerſal Defection from the *Primitive Law* of *Moſes*: declaring himſelf the *Meſſias*, and yet in Profound Humility acknowledging, That a *Prophet* ſhould come after him, who ſhould be preferred before him, the Duſt of whoſe Feet he was not worthy to kiſs. This Paſſage the *Chriſtians* have perverted to another Senſe; but the *True Faithful*, know it was ſpoken only of *Mahomet*, the *SEAL* of the *PROPHETS*.

The Time would fail me, to recount all the Stupendous Actions of this *Man's* Life: And in calling him *MAN*, I imitate his own Example; Since throughout the *Goſpel*, he never call'd himſelf *God*, or the *Son* of *God*, as the *Chriſtians do*, but moſt frequently gave himſelf the *Title*, of the *Son* of *Man*. He turn'd Water into Wine, fed Five Thouſand People with Five Cakes and Two ſmall *Tenches*: Heal'd all Diſeaſes, reſtor'd Sight to them that were born Blind, Rais'd the *Dead*, went Inviſibly through Crowds of his Ene-

mies,

mies, and Finally, was taken up into *Paradiſe*.

If thou wouldſt know more of this *Holy Prophet*; There are *Hiſtorians* who ſay, he was Initiated in the *Myſteries* of the *Eſſenes*, a certain *Sect* among the *Jews*.

That Nation, it ſeems, was then divided into Seven *Claſſes*. Among which, this of the *Eſſenes* was none of the leaſt conſiderable, as being the moſt *Religious* Obſervers of the *Law*. Their Converſation was full of Humanity, both among themſelves, and toward Strangers: Avoiding Pleaſures, as Enemies to the Mind, and eſteeming Chaſtity the very Cement of all Vertues. Therefore they deſpis'd Marriage, as an Entanglement to Men devoted to Contemplation. They had alſo an Equal Contempt for Riches. No Man of this *Sect* call'd any Thing his Own, though 'twere his Lawful Inheritance: But their Poſſeſſions were in Common, and Equally diſtributed.

It was among their *Myſteries*, to Anoint their Bodies frequently with Oyl, and as often to waſh 'em with Running Water. They neither bought, nor ſold; nor frequented the *Publick* Places: But every one communicated freely ſuch Things as he poſſeſs'd, to him that ſtood in Need. Thus there was a Reciprocal Exchange of Kindneſſes and Aſſiſtance, according to every ones Faculty and Power. They were very Aſſiduous in Watching, Faſting and Prayer: Curious in obſerving the Various Names of the *Angels*, which they frequently

frequently repeated, Invocating thoſe *Happy Beings*, as the *Miniſters* of the *King Eternal*. And thoſe who were exercis'd in this Kind of *Religious* Life, arriv'd to ſo great a Conſtancy of Mind, that neither Racks, Fire, Sword, or any other Tortures could ever move 'em to Renounce their *Law*, or ſpeak the leaſt Word in Contempt of their *Inſtitution*. Nay, they would rather ſuffer *Martyrdom*, than be prevail'd on to taſte of any Thing that had *Life* in it. For they were ſtrict Obſervers of the *Law*, which commands Perpetual Abſtinence from the *Fleſh* of *Animals*.

It was an Eſtabliſh'd *Article* of their *Faith*, That as ſoon as the *Union* of *Soul* and *Body* was diſſolv'd by *Death*, the Former by a *Natural* Inclination aſcends to the Skies; even as Sparks fly upward, when freed from the Groſs Earthly Matter in which they lay Impriſon'd.

I have here given thee a ſhort and true Character of the *Eſſenes*. Of which *Sect*, all *Chriſtians* own the *Meſſias* to be a *Favourer*, if not a *Member*; in regard he no where is Recorded to have upbraided them, as he often did the *Phariſees*, *Sadducees*, *Herodians* and the Reſt.

Time will not permit me to ſay more at Preſent, concerning that *Venerable Prophet*. But if thou would'ſt have a Perfect *Idea* of all his Vertues and Sanctity of Life, turn thy Eyes Inward, and fix 'em on thy ſelf. For thou art a Lively *Tranſcript* of the *Holy Jeſus*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654. LET-

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU haſt heard of the *Jeſuits*, an *Order* of *Nazarene Derviſes*. All *Europe* abounds with them; and they have attempted to ſettle themſelves at the *Sublime Port*, and ſeveral Places of *Aſia*: Beſides their Actual Poſſeſſions in the *Indies*, where they are very Numerous and Powerful. They are eſteem'd the *Richeſt Order* of the *Roman Church*, tho' the *Conſtitutions* of their *Founder*, oblige them to *Perpetual Poverty*. But what will not the *Sacred* Hunger of *Gold* tempt Men to? For the ſake of this *Charming* Metal, they can diſpenſe with Antiquated *Laws*, and Dull Melancholy *Vows*.

Theſe *Religious* Perſons, have lately ſpread about a *Letter* in Print, which they pretend comes from one of their *Order* in *Armenia*.

This *Diſpatch* relates a Strange Accident, that has happen'd at the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet* (upon whom reſt the *Favours* of the *Eternal.*) For it affirms, that in the Eighth *Moon* of the laſt Year, the *Shrine* which contains the *Body* of the *Heavenly Miſſioner*, fell from the Roof of the Sacred *Moſque* (to which, they ſay, it adher'd by Vertue of a *Magnet*, faſten'd in the *Cantrel* of the *Arch*;) And that at the ſame Time, the *Pavement* of the *Temple* open'd, and ſwallow'd up that

that Venerable *Ark*, wherein were Repoſited the moſt *Holy Reliques* in the World. And that from the *Chaſm*, there iſſu'd out a Flame, like that of *Sulphur*, accompany'd with ſuch a Smoak and Intolerable Stench, as caus'd all the *Pilgrims* that were preſent to ſwoon away. Whereupon, many of them are ſince turn'd *Chriſtians*.

This Forgery is believ'd here by thoſe, who never examine any Thing their *Prieſts* tell 'em, but take all on Truſt. The Common People bleſs themſelves, in that they were born of *Chriſtian* Parents, and not of the *Diſciples* of that Wicked *Impoſtor*: So they blaſpheme the *Man*, in whom the *Promiſes* of their *Meſſias* are verified, when he ſaid, *He wou'd Intercede with* God *to ſend a* Prophet, *who ſhou'd lead 'em into all Truth.*

They wou'd never be at the Pains or Coſt to examine, whether the Foundation of this Story be true or falſe. All the *Muſſulmans* who have been at that *Holy* of *Holies*, know, That the *Body* of our *Divine Lawgiver* repoſes in a *Sepulchre*, built after the ſame Manner as the *Tombs* of our *Auguſt Emperours*, and other *Dormitories* of the *Great*: Only with this Difference, That it ſurpaſſes all the *Monuments* of the World, in the Invaluable Richneſs of its Ornaments, the Gifts of devout *Muſſulman Princes*. There appears always, ſuch an Inſupportable Luſtre of Gold and Precious Stones, in every Angle of that Myſterious Receſs, as may well dazle the Eyes of *Mortal* Spectators; ſince the *Angels* themſelves,

ſelves, are forc'd to be Veil'd within thoſe *Majeſtick* Walls.

Hence it is not hard to ſuppoſe, That the Circular *Refractions* of ſuch a Glittering *Orb* of *Jewels*, might create the Reſemblance of a *Tomb* ſuſpended in the Air, or cleaving to the Roof of that Glorious *Edifice*, deceiving the Eyes of ſome Ignorant, but Devout *Muſſulmans*, from whom this *Magnetick Fable* firſt took its Origin. However it be, no Man of Common Faith, or but Ordinary Senſe will believe, That *God*, who has for ſo many Ages protected the *Sepulchre* of his *Apoſtle* and *Favourite*, verifying therein the *Prophecy* of *Mahomet* himſelf, who foretold, as did other *Prophets* before him, *That the Place of his Reſt ſhould be Glorious, and that the Greateſt Monarchs of the Earth, ſhou'd viſit it*: I ſay no Man will believe, that *God* would at Length ſuffer ſo vile a Diſgrace, to happen to the *Tomb* of his *Meſſenger*, the *Refuge* of *Sinners*.

But the *Nazarenes* will believe any Thing, ſave the Truth. They are given up to a *Spirit* of *Deluſion* and *Error*, Incapable of Light and Inſtruction.

Thus I leave 'em till the *Day* of *Alarm*, and the *Hour* of *Scrutiny*: When the *Angels* of the *Teſt*, ſhall enter the *Graves*, and having made Experiment of every Man's *Works* and *Faith*, ſhall give the *Juſt* a *Regiſter* of their *Vertues* in their *Right* Hand, but to the *Wicked* in their *Left* Hand, a *Black Record* of their *Sins*.

In

In the mean Time, I proſtrate my ſelf before thee; begging, That when thou turneſt thy *Face* to the *Houſe* of *Ibrahim*, and the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*, thou wilt ſend up *One* Ejaculation for *Mahmut*, that he may perſevere in ſhunning the *Errors* of the *Infidels*.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

SINCE what I wrote laſt in behalf of the *Brute Animals* is ſo Acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy Requeſt, in continuing that Diſcourſe.

'Tis certain the *Ancients* had another Opinion of the *Beaſts*, than theſe *French Philoſophers*, who deny 'em the Uſe of *Reaſon*. *Socrates*, us'd to ſwear by the *Animal Generations*, and ſo did *Rhadamanthus* before him. The *Ægyptians* Form'd the *Images* of their *Gods*, in the Similitude of *Beaſts*, or *Birds*, or *Fiſhes*. So the *Grecians* fix'd the *Horns* of a *Ram* on the *Head* of *Jupiter's Statue*, and thoſe of a *Bull* on the *Image* of *Bacchus*. They compounded the *Image* of *Pan* of a *Man* and

and a *Goat*, and painted the *Muſes* and *Graces* with *Wings*: And the *Poet Pindar* makes all the *Gods* Winged, and diſguiſes them in the Shapes of ſeveral *Beaſts*, when in his *Hymns* he introduces them chas'd by *Tryphon*. Thou knoweſt alſo, That our *Holy Doctors* affirm the *Angel Gabriel* to have Wings, with One of which he once gave a Mark to the *Moon*.

When the *Poets* bring in *Jupiter* courting *Paſiphae*, he appears in the Form of a *Bull*. And in his other *Amours*, if we may believe them, he chang'd himſelf ſometimes into a *Swan*, then into an *Eagle*. They report alſo, That he was ſuckl'd by a *Goat*.

For theſe and other Reaſons, the *Ancients* not only forbore to injure their *Fellow-Animals*, but entertain'd them with ſingular Affection and Friendſhip. A *Dove* was the Darling of *Semiramis*. A *Dog* was the Joy of *Cyrus*. *Philip*, *King* of *Macedon*, made a *Swan* his Companion. And our *Holy Lawgiver*, was often wont to ſport himſelf with a *Cat*. He lov'd this *Creature*, for its Cleanlineſs and Activity; and therefore we *Muſſulmans*, generally have a *Cat* in great Eſteem and Veneration.

That *Favourite* of *God*, underſtood the *Languages* of *Beaſts*, and convers'd as familiarly with them as with Men. So it is fam'd of *Melampus* and *Tyreſius* of Old, as alſo of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, who affirm'd to his Friend ſitting by him, that a *Sparrow* which he heard chirping to his Fellows, told them of an *Aſs* which he had ſeen fall down with

with his Load, a little Way off from that Place. It is alſo recorded of a Boy, who underſtood all the *Voices* of *Birds*, and by that Means could foretel things to come: That his Mother, by pouring Urine into his Ears when he was aſleep, deprived him of this Incomparable Gift, for Fear he ſhould be taken from her, and preſented to the *King*. There is no Queſtion, but ſeveral *Nations* have a certain Knowledge of the *Speech* of ſome *Animals*. My *Countrymen*, by a peculiar Gift beſtow'd on our *Fathers* and their *Poſterity* for ever, underſtand the *Language* of *Crows* and *Eagles*. And the *Ancients* were ſo well vers'd in this *Knowledge*, that when they convers'd with the *Birds*, or at leaſt when they heard them in their *Language* utter *Preſages* of what ſhou'd ſhortly happen on *Earth*, they perſwaded themſelves, that thoſe *Birds* were the *Meſſengers* of the *Gods*. Therefore the *Eagle* was ſuppos'd to be the *Meſſenger* of *Jupiter*, the *Crow* and *Hawk* of *Apollo*, the *Stork* of *Juno*, the *Owl* of *Minerva*, and ſo of others.

It is evident, that our Common *Huntſmen* underſtand the different *Voices* of their *Dogs*, when at a Diſtance they ſignifie by *One* Kind of *Cry*, that they are queſting after the Hare; by *Another*, that they have found her; by a *Third*, that they have taken her, or that ſhe is turn'd to the *Right* Hand or to the *Left*. So thoſe who look after Cattel, know by the *Voice* of the *Bull*, when he is Hungry, Thirſty or Weary, or when he is ſtung with Luſt. So by the *Roaring* of the *Lyon*, the *Howling* of *Wolves*,

Wolves, the *Baaing of Sheep*, Men are made ſenſible of the vatious Wants, Inclinations and Paſſions of thoſe Creatures.

Nor are theſe *Animals* Ignorant of our *Language*, but by our Voice and Words they know when we are angry or pleas'd, when we call them to us, or drive them from us: And our *Domeſtick* Animals obey accordingly, with as much Promptneſs and Alacrity, as a Man or Maid-Servant. All which cou'd not be, if they were not endu'd with *Faculties* conformable to ours. They alſo teach their Young ones to ſing Artificially. In a Litter of *Dogs*, *Huntſmen* chuſe the Beſt by this Experiment. They take all the *Whelps* from the *Bitch*, and carry them to ſome Place a little diſtant; Then they obſerve, which ſhe firſt carries back again, and thoſe always prove the Beſt *Dogs*. What is this *Diſtinguiſhing Faculty* in the *Bitch*, but *Reaſon*, or ſomething like it?

We ſee apparently, that every *Living Creature* knows its own Weakneſs or Strength, and knows how to uſe moſt dextrouſly thoſe *Weapons* with which *Nature* has furniſh'd it for its *Own Defence*. They are alſo ſenſible, what Places are moſt Convenient for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the *Weakeſt* Creatures, as *Dogs* and *Cats*, live altogether in *Houſes* and *Cities* with Men: Whilſt the *Lyons*, *Tygers* and ſuch *Fierce* Animals, dwell in the *Deſert*. Thus *Sparrows* and *Swallows* make themſelves almoſt *Domeſtick* with Men, whilſt *Eagles*, *Hawks*, *Vultures*

Vultures and other *Birds* of *Prey*, build their Neſts in Woods or Rocks, remote from *Humane* Society. Some *Birds* change their Habitations at certain *Seaſons* of the Year, as beſt ſuits with their Convenience: Others always remain in the ſame Place. The ſame is obſery'd in *Fiſhes*. And in all *Living Creatures*, it is eaſie to trace the Footſteps of Prudence and Forecaſt, in order to their Own Preſervation. Let Men call this what they pleaſe, *Inſtinct* or *Nature*, or *Senſe*; it is evident, that there is an Exact Conformity and Reſemblance between theſe *Faculties* in *Brutes*, and what we call *Reaſon*, *Wiſdom* or *Prudence* in *Men*. And we have no more Ground to conclude them void of *Reaſon*, becauſe they do not enjoy it in that Perfection as our ſelves; than we have to conclude our ſelves *blind* or *deaf*, becauſe we *ſee* not ſo *clearly*, and *hear* not ſo *readily* as the *Brutes*: And, that we have no *Legs*, becauſe we run not ſo *ſwiftly* as *ſome* of them do.

Doubtleſs, the *Brutes* are endu'd with a *Faculty* of *Reaſon* as well as we; but this *Faculty* in them, is Weak and Imperfect for want of *Diſcipline* and *Art*, which poliſh all things. This is manifeſt, from thoſe *Creatures* which are Taught to dance, and play a Thouſand Tricks; to tell Mony, to ſhoot off Guns, to find out hidden Things, and bring them ſome Miles to their *Maſters*, as well Educated *Spaniels* will do. What can be a greater Argument, of the Proficiency they make in *Reaſon* and *Knowledge*? Are not *Elephants*

lephants taught all the *Arts* of *War*, and plac'd in the very *Front* of the *Battel?* Do not the *Indian Princes* repoſe as much Truſt in their Carriage and Conduct, as in the Service of their Stouteſt and Wiſeſt *Commanders?* This *Creature* is as tractable and prompt to learn any Thing when Young, as a *Boy* at *School*; which cannot be done, without the Uſe of *Reaſon.*

To conclude, I have omitted Five Hundred Arguments, which might be brought to prove the *Brute Animals* to have *Souls* as well as We, to have *Faculties* and *Affections* conform to Ours. And therefore, it is little leſs Injuſtice to Kill and Eat them, becauſe they cannot ſpeak and converſe with us, than it would be for a *Canibal* to murder and devour thee or me, becauſe we underſtood not his *Language* nor he ours.

God who Locketh up the *Winds* during the Time the *Halcyon* hatcheth her *Young*, thereby ſhewing, that this *Bird* is his *Favourite*; will aſſuredly grant us a perpetual Tranquility, if we abſtain from injuring our *Fellow-Animals.*

Paris 2d. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon,*
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga, *at the* Seraglio.

THOU haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, and his ſeveral Loſſes: Which moſt People thought, wou'd have ended with the *Excommunication* pronounc'd againſt him by the *Roman Mufti*; whereof I gave thee Intelligence. But Experience teaches us, *That Misfortunes ſeldom ſet upon any Man ſingly; but aſſault him in Troops, whom* Fate *has mark'd out for Ruin.*

Yet this *Prince* owes his Sufferings chiefly to his own Inconſtancy, whilſt he has all along play'd faſt and looſe with the *Kings* of *France* and *Spain*; taking up Arms by ſucceſſive Turns for *One*, and at the ſame Time underhand practiſing with the *Other*; always Unfaithful to Both; and only driving on an Independent Intereſt of his *Own*.

This is his true Character. To which we may add, an Ungovernable Diſpoſition, and an Inſatiable Thirſt of Mony; which has prompted him, by all the Methods of Rapine and Violence, to heap up an Incredible Treaſure of Gold and Jewels. So that having procur'd the Enmity of ſeveral *Monarchs*, the Jealouſie of his laſt *Maſter* the *King* of *Spain*, the

the Ill-Will of his own Brother, (whom they call *Duke Francis*) and the Curſes of all People where-ever his Army has been quarter'd; He is at Length Seiz'd and Impriſon'd by *Arch-Duke Leopold*, in the *Caſtle* of *Antwerp*. For which Joyful News, the Inhabitants of the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, every where made Bone-fires for Joy. He was Confin'd on the 25th of the laſt *Moon*. And ſoon after, his Second Wife was taken into Cuſtody, that by her Means, they may diſcover his Papers and Mony: This latter being the Chief Thing they aim at; he being reputed prodigiouſly Rich; and the *Spaniſh* Coffers want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilſt there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they ſaw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they puniſh him for the Crimes, which they themſelves encourag'd; that ſo they may become Maſters of his Wealth. 'Tis ſaid, he brook'd his Reſtraint very well at firſt: But a while ago, being deny'd the Liberty of the *Caſtle*-Walls, he grew Raving Mad; flung a *Candleſtick* (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the *Governour*'s Head, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to Confine him to a Hole without any Light, ſave a little that finds Admittance through an Iron Grate at the Top of the Room.

His Brother *Francis* of *Lorrain*, is to command the Army in his Stead; who pretends great Fidelity to the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, yet may in the Iſſue prove as wavering as his Brother.

ther. For, the *King* of *France* has Baits wou'd tempt the *Vertue* of an *Angel*: Yet nothing ſhall ever corrupt the Integrity of *Mahmut*, the *Muſſulman*, on whoſe Forehead *Fate* has Engraven this Motto, *Prepar'd to Suffer*.

I bluſh, Serene *Aga*, when I think I am ſo barren of *Vertues*, that I have Nothing elſe to boaſt of, but my *Loyalty*. Whilſt Thouſands of Illuſtrious *Souls*, Crown'd with a Circle of Merits, daily aſcend to *Paradiſe*: And tho' they made but an Obſcure Figure on Earth, even as Contemptible as the Exil'd *Arabian* in his *Hutch* at *Paris*; yet now take their *Seats*, among the *Hundred* and *Twenty Four Thouſand Prophets*, *Favourites* of the *Eternal*.

Mayſt thou encreaſe that Happy Number, but not till thou haſt had thy Fill of Bliſs on Earth; and that all thy Enjoyments here, ſeem like the Perfume of Oyntments, which tho' they pleaſe for a Time, yet at Length cloy the Senſe.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

DO not ſuſpect me of Partiality, or that I am fond of making *Proſelytes*, becauſe I take ſuch Pains to reſtore thee to *Reaſon*, and make thee ſenſible thou art a *Man*. I have no Deſign or Self-Intereſt, in doing thee this Good Office: And 'tis remote from my Humour, to buſy my ſelf in gaining *Converts*. Only the Love of *Truth*, ſets my Pen at Work in this manner; being ever of the Mind, That a free Diſquiſition in Matters either of *Religion* or *Philoſophy*, is the only way to get quit of Errors. Perhaps my Caſe may be the ſame as thine; and, for ought thou knoweſt, I ſeek not more to undeceive thee, than to ſatisfie my ſelf, by thus frankly venting my Thoughts: Since Nothing is more commonly obſerv'd, than that whilſt a Man is teaching another, he improves himſelf. Our Memories are frail and treacherous; and we Think many Excellent Things, which for Want of making a deep Impreſſion, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the ſtragling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our *Soul* for a loſt Thought, which has left no Track or Footſteps behind it. The ſwift *Off-ſpring* of the *Mind* is gone;

'tis

'tis dead as ſoon as born; nay, often proves Abortive, in the Moment it was Conceiv'd. The only Way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to faſten them in Words, and chain them in Writing. This is one Cauſe that I trouble thee with Letters of this Nature, that whilſt I am inſtructing thee, I may eſtabliſh my own *Reaſon*, and confirm my ſelf in the Method I have taken, To live according to my *Nature*; that is, by not ſuffering my *Rational Faculties* to fall aſleep, whilſt my Paſſions are Active and Vigorous in working my Ruin. For I reckon no greater Shame or Misfortune can befal a Man, than to be depriv'd of his *Humanity*, that is, his *Reaſon*.

What I have ſaid concerning the Perfidiouſneſs of our *Memories*, may ſerve as a proper Introduction to the Objections I ſhall make againſt your *Traditionary Laws*.

If one ask you, *Why theſe* Laws *were not Written, as well as the other*; You anſwer, *That* God *took Care in this, leſt the* Gentiles *getting Copies of them, ſhould corrupt and pervert their Senſe, even as they have done the* Written Laws. But how then came he to ſuffer any to be *Written*? Had he not equal Care of one Part, as of the Other? Or, could the *Gentiles* do more harm, by altering and corrupting the leſs Subſtantial *Traditions*, than the very *Fundamental Statutes*? For, that theſe *Unwritten Laws* contain'd only Circumſtantials, your *Doctors* themſelves confeſs. What Man of Common Senſe then, can ſit down

contented with ſo trivial an Anſwer? Or, will you ſay, That *God* took more Care to preſerve theſe *Traditions* Incorrupt from the *Gentiles*, than to retain them in their Purity among the *Jews?* For, that committing them to Writing, had been the ſureſt Way to retain them in their *Original* Purity, is evident by the Preſervation of the *Written Law*; of which there was ſo great Care taken in Tranſcribing it, that if but a Letter or a Point were added, diminiſh'd or miſplac'd, they took it for a *Fatal Omen* of ſome Calamity, and the Faulty *Scribes* were ſeverely puniſh'd; Nay, the whole *Congregation*, were bound to expiate the Offence by *Faſting*, *Prayers*, and *Alms*. So that it was in a Manner Impoſſible, that with all this Circumſpection, the leaſt Corruption or Alteration ſhou'd creep into the *Written Law*.

I appeal now to thy own Reaſon, Whether this was not a much ſecurer Way of preſerving the *Laws* Uncorrupt, than by truſting them to the ſickle Memories of Men?

Beſides, I wou'd fain know, What became of theſe *Traditions* during the Various *Captivities* of the *Jews*, and *Depopulations* of the *Holy Land*? Wo took Care to deliver theſe *Traditions* Unalter'd to *Poſterity*, when they were without *Prieſts*, *Prophets* or *Synagogues*? When they were diſpers'd over the Remote *Provinces* of *Media*, *Perſia*, *Egypt* and *Babylon*? In thoſe Days, your *Fathers* were *Slaves* to the *Gentile Kings* of *Aſia*; There were then no *Seniors* ſitting in *Sanhedrim*, who might

might take Care of theſe Things. Neither do I find, that *Eſdras* the *Scribe* was any Ways concern'd for theſe *Traditions*, when he with his Brethren the *Jews*, return'd from their *Long Captivity* in *Perſia* and *Babylon*. All his moſt ſtrenuous Endeavours, were employ'd in recovering the Loſt *Books* of the *Written Law*, without ſo much as regarding or mentioning the Other. From whence I gather, That either theſe *Traditions* were of no great Importance; or, if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the moſt Part chang'd or loſt, many Hundreds of Years before the *Talmud* was firſt compos'd; which thou ſay'ſt, is the *Grand Repoſitory* of theſe *Sacred Inſtructions*. And in ſaying ſo, thou contradicteſt thy own Arguments: For, if theſe *Traditions* were appointed to be tranſmitted by *Word* of *Mouth* from *Father* to *Son* to all *Generations*, as you ſuppoſe, then what need was there of writing them in the *Talmud*, or any other *Book*? And yet the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's* are full of them. Thus thou confoundeſt thy ſelf, and runneſt blindfold round in a Circle of Abſurdities.

Rowze up therefore thy *Reaſon*, and ſuffer not thy ſelf to be hood-wink'd by the *Fables* of your *Rabbi's*, thoſe Induſtrious *Midwives* of Old Womens *Tales*. Doubtleſs theſe *Traditions*, about which you make ſuch a Buſtle, are no other than the *Whimſies* of your *Cabbaliſts*, who pretend to ſpie more *Myſteries* in the Order of Two or Three *Hebrew* Letters or Points, than they are able to

unfold in whole *Volumes*. They crack their Brains, in Conjuring up far-fetch'd *Interpretations*, from the particular Faſhion and Placing of one ſingle Daſh of a Pen. They puzzle and amuſe their *Diſciples*, with teaching them more knotty and *Romantick Divinity* out of the *Four* and *Twenty Letters*, than ever *Pythagoras* did with all his *Myſtick Numbers*. The *Alphabet* to them, is the *Oracle* of *Theology*. They have turn'd the *Law* into a perfect *Riddle*.

Believe not therefore, theſe *Religious Mountebanks*, theſe *Holy Jugglers*, who with their ſanctify'd *Legerdemain*, wou'd turn you into *Apes*, that they may laugh in Secret at your Folly; while they behold, how preciſely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, braying, and all your other Antick Poſtures and Actions in the *Synagogue*; in the Practice of which, you have beſtow'd ſo much Care, and are ſo exact, that you quite neglect the *Weighty Points* of the *Law*.

I hope what I have ſaid, is ſufficient to convince thee, that thoſe *Traditions*, which you are taught to believe were deliver'd to *Moſes* in the *Mount* of *God*, are no other, than the *Impoſitions* of your *Blind Guides*; who are ſtudious of Nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual *Labyrinth* of *Superſtition* and *Error*.

It will not be a greater Difficulty to demonſtrate, That the *Written Law* it ſelf, though *Divine* in its *Original*, is not of *Univerſal*

verſal Obligation to all *People*; but only calculated for your Particular *Nation*, and ſuch as were willing to enter into your Intereſts, among the *Nations* adjacent to the *Holy Land.*

And becauſe my Time haſtens me, I will only ſuggeſt one Argument for all, and leave it to thy Deliberation; Whether it was poſſible for all *Mankind* to repair once a Year to *Jeruſalem*, to ſacrifice in *Solomon*'s *Temple*, as is requir'd in your *Law*? For, that it was not lawful to ſacrifice any where elſe, is evident, both from the *Law* it ſelf, which expreſsly forbids it; and from the *Examples* of your *Fathers* in their ſeveral *Captivities*; and from your own *Practice* at this Day, who have made no *Sacrifice* ſince the Days of *Titus Veſpaſian*, the *Roman Emperour*, who laid waſte your City, and burnt your *Temple* to Aſhes.

And this alſo may ſerve to convince thee, that the *Law* of *Moſes* was not of *Perpetual Obligation* even to the *Jews* themſelves; ſince 'tis evident from Matters of Fact, that for theſe Sixteen Hundred Years, you have not been in a Capacity to keep it: And doubtleſs, *God* wou'd never require any Thing of Men, which he foreſaw, they wou'd not be able to perform.

Ceaſe then to think ſo highly of thy *Nation*, as if none but they were the *Elect* of *God*, or Capable of his Favours: Ceaſe to inſult over the Reſt of *Mankind*, and to curſe thy *Brethren*, the *Sons* of *One Father*, even *Noah*

the *Juſt Man*, and *Prophet* of *God*. Behold the *Sun* and *Moon*, with all the *Conſtellations* in *Heaven*: Their *Influences* are equally diſpers'd to all of *Human Race*. Behold the *Elements*, they ſerve all the *Sons* of *Adam* alike; they are not Partial to *Mortals*, neither does any *Faction* byaſs the *Winds* and *Rain*. Theſe happen all at their Appointed Time and Place. And the *Four Seaſons* of the *Year*, return with even Courſes to the *Inhabitants* of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*. The *Plants* know no Difference between the *Circumcis'd* and the *Uncircumcis'd*; but yield their Encreaſe with Equal Indifferency, to the One and the Other: And the *Brute Animals*, equally acknowledge both for their *Lords*. The *Birds* of the *Air*, are as ſoon caught by a *Heathen*, *Chriſtian*, or *Mahometan* Fowler, as by one that is a *Jew*. And the *Fiſh* of the *Sea* when they ſwallow the Hook, or plung themſelves into the Net, regard not the Difference of *Religion* in thoſe that catch them. All Things happen to every *Man* according to their *Nature*, and the *Pleaſure* of *Deſtiny*: Only *Man* himſelf tranſgreſſes the Condition of his Being. But thoſe that obey the *Internal Lawgiver*, let them be of what *Nation* or *Religion* ſoever, doubtleſs they live Happily, and die in Peace.

However, leſt *Men* ſhou'd err for Want of *Knowledge*, a *Light* is ſprung forth in the *Eaſt*, even the *Book* of *Glory*, which confirms the *Written Law*, and inſtructs Men in the *Truth*. Doubtleſs, this *Book* was brought down from *Heaven*.

Heaven. It carries its own Evidence, and a Teſtimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majeſty of the Style: There is a *Spirit* and *Energy* in every Word, ſublimating the *Intellect* of the devout *Reader*, and purifying his Affections: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* ſo pure and perfect, that the moſt Accurate *Criticks* can find no Blemiſh from the Beginning to the End. One Part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the *Chapters* in this Glorious *Volume*, are of a Piece. Which Excellencies cou'd not have thus met together without a *Miracle*, in a *Book* divulg'd by a *Man*, who cou'd neither *Write* nor *Read*.

The Succeſs it has had in the *World*, ſpeaks it of *Celeſtial Deſcent*. The Greateſt Part of *Aſia* and *Africk*, with many *Kingdoms* in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above theſe Thouſand Years: Cou'd ſuch a Thing come to paſs, without the *Decree* of *Heaven*? When the *Prophet* and *Favourite* of *God* firſt receiv'd his *Divine Commiſſion*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderneſs*, Solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheleſs he was not diſcouraged, but obey'd the *Orders* of *Heaven*. He ſaw himſelf in the midſt of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompaſs'd on all Sides with Terrible *Beaſts*. Yet he deſpair'd not of Aſſiſtance from *Above*, but comforted himſelf in the Promiſe of the *Eternal*. He firſt preach'd to the Savage *Lyons* and *Tygers*; who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and ſociable at his Powerful Words. Thoſe

fierce Inhabitants of the Woods, came and proſtrated themſelves before the *Sent* of *God*; they lick'd his Feet in Token of Submiſſion; they environ'd the Place of his Repoſe, as his Guards, and brought him Food Morning and Evening. The *Prophet* wonder'd that ſo great Grace was given to the *Beaſts* of the Earth. He prais'd the *Creator* of *All Things*, and his Mouth was full of *Benedictions*. He bleſs'd the *Day* and the *Night*, and the *Obſcurity* that comes between them. He bleſs'd the *Dews* that fall at the Riſing of the *Odoriferous Star*, and the refreſhing Winds that ſtir the Leaves of the Trees at *Midnight*. And in the *Morning* he pray'd, That all Men might become *True Believers*. Doubtleſs, *God* had granted his *Petition*, had not the *Angel* who carry'd up his *Prayers* to *Heaven*, met with the *Devil*, a little on this Side the *Orb* of the *Moon*, who ſtole from him ſome of *Mahomet*'s Words, ſo that the *Prayer* aſcended Imperfect to the *Throne* of the *Merciful*. Nevertheleſs, a Great Part of Men became *Believers*: And more ſhall be added to the Number.

In a little Time, the Solitary *Prophet* ſaw himſelf at the Head of a Numerous Army, all *Voluntiers*, who reſorted to him in the *Wilderneſs*, as they were Inſpir'd from *Above*. The *Mighty Men* of *Arabia*, oppos'd the *Sacred Hero*: They led the Flow'r of the *Eaſt* againſt him: But they accelerated their own *Fate*, and Incens'd their *Angry Stars*. The *Elements* took up Arms againſt them, and the

Meteors

Meteors fought in Defence of the *Meſſenger* of *God*. Lightning and Hail, with Stones of Fire, blaſted the Troops of the *Infidels*: And terrible Storms of Wind, buried whole Armies in the Sands. Thus the *Hoſt* of the *Muſſulmans*, became Victorious, without drawing a Sword, and the *Empires* of the *Wicked*, fell to the Poſſeſſion of *True Believers*. *Perſia*, *Babylon*, and *Egypt*, were ſubdued, and embrac'd the *Undefiled Truth*. The *Alcoran* was receiv'd from *India* to the *Mauritanian* Shore: From the Riſing of the *Sun*, to the Going down thereof, this *Holy Profeſſion* is made with one Conſent, *There is but One God*, *and Mahomet his Prophet*.

Now *Nathan*, conſider, whether ever the *Law* of *Moſes* had ſuch Footing in the *World*, or the *Children* of *Iſrael* cou'd boaſt of ſuch *Univerſal Conqueſts*? Your Little *Kingdom*, has had its *Period* long agoe; and both *that*, and all the *Empires* of *Aſia* and *Africk*, are ſwallow'd up in the *All-conquering Monarchy* of the *Oſmans*. Your *Tabernacle*, *Temple*, *City*, and *Sacrifices*, are quite Extinct. Your *Nation* is Scatter'd over the whole *World*, without *Lands* or *Poſſeſſions* that they can call their own. Neither is there *Prince*, *Prieſt*, or *Prophet*, to whom you can have Recourſe for Delivery from your Misfortunes.

Come out therefore from the *Synagogue*, which lies under the *Scourge* of *Heaven*: Shake off the *Malediction*: And being Purified

rified, join thy ſelf to the *True Believers*, who are *Bleſs'd* in this *World*, and ſhall be *Happy* in *Paradiſe*. Or at leaſt ſtand by thy ſelf, and follow thy Own *Light*. Adieu.

Paris, 22d. of the 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VI.

To Dicheu Huſſein, Baſſa.

THE Policies of Cardinal *Mazarini* are no Secrets at the *Imperial City*. Now he is about to play his Maſter-piece. He has all along maintain'd *Penſioners* in the Service of the *French Grandees*. No Man of *Prime Quality*, cou'd be ſure he entertain'd not at his Table, ſome Creature of this *Miniſter*. Diſguizes of all Sorts, both for Body and Mind, were never VVanting to Men dextrous at Treachery, and Officious to do Miſchief.

But now he is ſetting *Spies* of another Character on the *Princes* of the *Blood*, and the *Chief Nobility* of *France*. VVomen are to become his Private Agents; *Females* of his Own *Blood*; true *Italians*; and brought up, under his particular Care and Management. In a VVord, his *Siſters* and *Nieces*.

Five

Five of them are newly come to this City, having been Conducted hither by the *Cardinal*'s *Secretary*, accompany'd with a Conſiderable Retinue of *Courtiers*, who went to meet them ſome Leagues from *Paris*. 'Tis ſaid, That one of thoſe Ladies is a great Beauty, and that the Young *King*, having ſeen her *Picture*, fell in Love with her.

This is certain, the *Prince* of *Conti* has Married one of them: With whom the *Cardinal* has given his Palace, and Two Hundred Thouſand Crowns in *Dowry*.

They talk, as if Another of them was to be Married to the *Duke* of *Candale*; and a Third, to the Son of *General Harcourt*. And, as if *Mazarini* were Emulous of *Joſeph*'s Character and Authority in *Pharaoh*'s *Court*, he has ſent for his *Father* alſo, with all his *Family*, to come and reſide in *France*. He is reſolv'd to ſtock this *Kingdom* with *Sicilian Blood*, a *Race* of *Mazarin's*: Who by Inſtinct, as well as by Rules, ſhall carry on the Deſign he has laid; and either raiſe this tottering *State* to the Height of his *Model*, or abſolutely ruine it. For, that Active Spirit, cannot take up with *Mediums*.

'Tis ſaid, That the *Duke* of *Orleans* reſents very Ill the *Cardinal*'s Ambition, in Marrying his *Nieces* into the *Blood-Royal*. That *Prince*, will not be prevail'd on to come near the *Court*: But rather favours the *Prince* of *Conde*, and the other *Malecontents*. Whence ſome People are apt to preſage, another Turn of

Affairs,

Affairs, before long: For, the Generality of the *French*, are Inclin'd to the *Prince*'s Party.

There is great Caballing all over the *Kingdom*: and the *Cardinal* ſtrives to puſh his Intereſt forward, by all the Methods of a Cunning *Stateſman*. He knows the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Spirit too well, to dream of a Reconciliation. And he has a double Intereſt, in the Ruin of that Unfortunate *General*; his own Preſervation, and the Aggrandizing his *Niece*, the *Princeſs* of *Conti*: Who by the Fall of her *Brother-in-Law*, will be *Miſtreſs* of his *Eſtate*.

He is endeavouring alſo, to make an *Alliance* with the *Cardinal de Retz*, his profeſs'd Enemy, and one rais'd by the *Pope* to that *Dignity*, on purpoſe to counter-balance *Mazarini*'s Power at this *Court*, where he is ſuſpected to animate the *King* againſt the *Court* of *Rome*.

That *Cardinal de Retz*, is now a *Priſoner* of *State*, and has been ſo a long Time; being firſt Confin'd by *Mazarini*'s Orders. But the Wiſe *Miniſter*, now thinks it ſafer to compound with a Man, whom he cannot longer perſecute, without drawing on himſelf the Revenge of all the *Eccleſiaſticks*, and eſpecially the *Thunder* of the *Roman Court*.

Therefore, to reconcile Matters and fortifie himſelf, he has propos'd a *Match* between his *Nephew*, and *de Retz* his *Niece*. The *Court* is wholly taken up, with making Friendſhips of this Nature: Which is an evident Sign,

Sign, they feel their Power at an Ebb, and fear it will be much Lower, if the *Prince* of *Conde*, ſhou'd once take the Field in *France*.

'Tis nothing to the *Muſſulman*-Intereſt, which Side gets the Advantage. For, they are all equally Enemies to the *Sent of God*.

If I can by any ſucceſsful Artifice promote the Diviſions of theſe *Infidels*, I ſhall not diſſerve the *Shining Port*. However, I will ſtill pray, That thoſe Swords may be turn'd againſt each Other; which United, wou'd hazard the *State* of the *True Faithful*.

Illuſtrious Friend, let thy Preſence in the *Divan*, be as a ſtrong *Baſtion*, under the *Covert* of which, *Mahmut* may be ſhelter'd from the *Artillery* of *Evil Tongues*, and *Sycophants*.

Paris 14th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art not Ignorant, that when I firſt heard of the Cruel *Sentence* executed on our late Friend *Egri Boinou* (on whom be the *Mercies* of the *Creator*) I wrote to his *Succeſſor*, *Iſmael Mouta* Faraca, a Letter of Condoleance: Wherein, to keep a *Medium* between the Tenderneſs I ow'd to the Loſs which my Friend had ſuſtained of his Eyes, and the diſtruſt I had of a Stranger; I filled up my Letter to *Iſmael*, with Conſolatory Expreſſions; ſuch as I wou'd have uſed to *Egri* himſelf, had I been in his Company. Believing, that *Iſmael* would read my Letter, to his *Blind Predeceſſor*.

I plaid the *Stoick*, and encouraged the *Doctrin* of *Apathy*: Or, at leaſt, I abounded in *Philoſophical* Counſels, almoſt as Impracticable as the other. Nothing but ſevere *Morality* dropt from my Pen. And, all this, to cover my real Concern and Paſſion for *Egri*'s Sufferings; who, thou knoweſt, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former Letter, That I did not dare to truſt my Sentiments, though diſguized, to a Man, who on the ſcore of his new *Preferment* might become more quick-ſighted than before, and would ſoon penetrate the thin Veil of Words, and Spy ſomething in that *Diſpatch* to my Diſad-

Diſadvantage, ſhould I have ventured to deſcant on the *Sultan*'s Severity, or *Egri*'s Merits.

Therefore, I thought it beſt to pretend an Indifferency, to which I am as much a Stranger as any Man, in Caſes that too nearly touch our Senſe. 'Tis eaſie to give Counſel to another, which in the ſame Circumſtances, we are far from practiſing our ſelves. Then we can be full of Wiſdom and grave *Morals*; but, when it once comes Home, all our *Philoſophy* vaniſhes: There remains Nothing to be ſeen, but a meer *Senſitive Animal*, without Vertue or Patience.

My own Experience, but two Days ago, forces this Confeſſion from me, when by an unlucky Blow, I loſt the Sight of both my Eyes, for the Space of Eight and Forty Hours. 'Tis true, I ſhould not have uſed them much during a Third Part of that Time, had they not been hurt: Unleſs thou wilt ſay, they are ſerviceable in our *Dreams*, and help our *Souls* to ſpy the Dark *Chimera's* of the Night. However, I remember 'twas no ſmall Grief, even in that Abſence of the Sun, to be only Senſible of the Privation by my Ears: For whilſt the Windows of my *Soul* were ſhut, 'twas in vain for thoſe of my Chamber to be open; which before this Misfortune, would by letting in the Light of the *Moon* or *Stars*, have convinc'd me, that it was Night, without being beholden to the Clocks and Bells of the *Convents* for my Intelligence, as I was under this Affliction.

Then

Then it was, that in my Heart I unſaid all that I had written to the *Eunuch* on the Subject of *Blindneſs*, and curſed the *Philoſopher* for a Fool or a Madman, who put out his own Eyes, for the Sake of his Thoughts. I envyed thoſe more happy Fools, who are without Thoughts, but enjoy their Sight, which helps to form and regulate the Conceits of the moſt Wiſe and Thinking Men.

Nay, ſuch was my Paſſion and Melancholy, during this ſhort Eclipſe of my Eyes, that I preferr'd to mine, even the Life of thoſe Dumb *Animals*, whom Men have learned to call *Irrational*, becauſe they expreſs their *Sentiments* by *Inarticulate Sounds*, a *Dialect* which we don't Underſtand. And, I could have almoſt wiſhed my ſelf *Metamorphos'd*, though it were into a *Dog*, provided I might but have that Senſe, the want of which renders our Humanity Imperfect and a Burden to it ſelf. Or, if thou wilt blame me for ſuch a Wiſh, I cannot forbear thinking that *Dog* happier than his *Maſter*, whom I have ſeen leading a Blind Man in a String along the Streets of *Paris*. How prudently did that Faithful *Creature* act the *Guide*, in croſſing the Way, if any Danger threatned his Charge, as a Cart, Coach, or Throng of People? And, all this Conduct was owing to his Eyes, which made him Wiſer than his *Maſter*; who, had he enjoy'd this *Senſe*, might not, for ought I know, have Surpaſſed his Kind *Brute* in the Exerciſe of *Reaſon*.

And now I am fallen on this Subject, of the

the *Wiſdom* of *Brutes*, I muſt not forget a Story which I have read in *Plutarch*, as alſo in a certain *French Author*, of a *Dog* in the *Court* of the *Roman Emperour*, *Veſpaſian*, which would act to the Life, all the Agonies and Symptoms of Death at the Command of a *Mountebank*, who had taught him many ſuch Comical Tricks, to divert the *Grandees* of *Rome*.

The ſame *Frenchman* mentions certain *Oxen*, which it ſeems had Learned *Arithmetick*: For, being employ'd in turning the Wheel of a Well an Hundred Times every Day, when they had finiſhed that Task, would not ſtir a ſtep more; but having revolved that Number in their Minds, deſiſted of their own Accord; nor could any Violence compel 'em to farther Labour. Who will deny now, that theſe *Oxen* were *Mathematicians*; Or, That that Ship-*Dog* had any need to ſtudy *Euclid*'s *Elements*, who having a great deſire to taſte of ſome Oil, that he ſaw in a deep Earthen Veſſel, and not being able to put his Head in far enough, by Reaſon of the long ſtreight Neck of the Pot, after ſome Study ran to the *Hold* of the Ship, which was Balaſted with Gravel-ſtones. From thence he brought in his *Mouth*, at ſeveral Times, as many of thoſe little Stones, as half filling the Pot, forced the Oil up to the *Mouth*, ſo that he could Lap his Belly full. Of this, *Plutarch* ſays he was an Eye-witneſs. Was not this, thinkeſt thou, an *Archimedes* among the *Dogs*? Are not the *Goats* of *Candy* abſolute

P hy-

Phyſicians, when being wounded, they never ceaſe ranging the Plains of that Fertile *Iſland*, till they have found the Herb *Dittany*, with which they reſtore themſelves to Health.

Should the *French* read theſe Lines, and thoſe others I have writ on this Subject to *Cara Hali*, and the Great *Mahummed* of the *Deſart*, they would cenſure me as a *Heretick*, a *Fool*, or a *Madman*: Or, at leaſt, they would conclude, I am too Importunate an *Advocate* for the *Beaſts*. They would call me *Brute* my ſelf, and fix my *Pedigree* among ſome of the *Dumb Generations*.

But thou, who haſt been Educated in the ſerener *Principles* of the *Eaſt*, and haſt had the Honour to pour *Water* on the *Hands* of the Abſtemious *Eremit*, wilt have another Opinion of what I ſay, in Defence of our *Kindred Animals*.

He that has given *Wiſdom* and *Language* to the *Piſmires*, and Inſtructed them to converſe together by *Mute* Signs, ſo that when the *Signal* was given, the Alarm was taken throughout their humble *Territories*, and they all fled away with their Bag and Baggage, when the Army of *Solomon* approached: Inſpire us with *Grace*, to underſtand the *Language* of the *Beaſts*, or at leaſt, not to think our Selves Wiſer than them who underſtand Ours.

Paris *the* 14th. *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

THIS *Court* is wholly taken up at preſent, with the Preparations that are making to *Crown* the Young *King*. The Place deſign'd for that *Ceremony*, is a City call'd *Rhemes*. 'Tis ſaid, the *Duke* of *Orleans* will not be there, though the *King* has Summon'd all the *Princes* and *Nobility* to attend at his *Inauguration*, according to the Ancient Cuſtom. But that *Prince*, ſtomacks the great Sway *Cardinal Mazarini* bears at *Court*. Beſides, his Daughter, who has no ſmall Power over him, is affected to the Party of *Malecontents*. 'Tis through her Perſwaſions, the *Duke* her *Father*, abſents himſelf from the *King*, his *Nephew*. Yet there are that ſay, his Mind will change, before the Time appointed for the *Coronation*: And, that he will rather diſſemble his Grudge, that ſo he may more advantageouſly ruine the *Cardinal*: Who keeps the *King* lull'd in a Circle of Pleaſures, agreeable to his Youth; that ſo he may not have Time or Inclination, to pry into his Management of Affairs.

The *Court* is at preſent at *Fontainbleau*, a *Houſe* of *Pleaſure* belonging to the *King*. They paſs their Time away in Delights, drown'd in Security. Whilſt the Wakeful *Princes* of the *Blood*, are plotting new Methods

thods to rowze 'em from their *Lethargy*, and teach the Young *Monarch*, That the *Sound* of the *Trumpet* and *Beat* of the *Drum*, will, in a ſhort time, be a more Neceſſary *Muſick*, than the *ſoft Airs* of the *Lute*, and ſuch *Chamber-Melody*,

In the mean Time, the *Prince* of *Conde* being Condemn'd, the *Princeſs*, his Wife, has petition'd the *Parliament*, that her *Dowry* may be ſecur'd to her: But they have referr'd the Matter to the *King*. Her Husband ſeems to be loſt in all Reſpects, ſave thoſe of the People's Affections, who favour any that are Enemies to *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Monſieur Brouſſel, one of the *Councellors* of *Parliament*, whoſe *Impriſonment* I formerly mention'd to be the Cauſe of the *Firſt Sedition* at *Paris*, is newly dead: Yet the Cauſe whereof he was a *Patriot*, dies not with him; but rather takes freſh Vigour, from daily Grounds of Diſcontent.

It was more particularly reviv'd, upon the Death of the late *Arch-biſhop* of *Paris*: The *Clergy* chuſing for his *Succeſſor*, the *Cardinal de Retz*, a Priſoner of *State*, and under the ſevere Diſpleaſure of the *King*. This *Election* was countermanded, by a *Declaration* from the *Council-Royal*. Nevertheleſs, the *Eccleſiaſticks* perſiſt in their Firſt Choice; Whilſt *Cardinal Mazarini* threatens 'em, with the Puniſhments due to thoſe who contemn the *King*'s Authority. But they ſlight his Menaces, truſting to the *Arms* of the *Prince* of *Conde*; which, they hope, will deliver 'em, in Time,

Time, from the Oppreſſions of that Great *Miniſter*.

The *Men* of *Ability* Cabal, whilſt the *Vulgar* are eaſily drawn into *Parties*, as their Affections byaſs 'em. Here is Nothing but *Murmuring* and Whiſpering againſt the *Government*. Every *Man* endeavours to purchaſe *Arms*, and lay 'em up privately as againſt ſome *Publick Invaſion*. Nay, the Citizens walk not abroad without *Daggers* hid under their Garments: As if they either intended a *Maſſacre*, or were afraid of one. All things ſeem to portend ſome ſudden Eruption of *Popular Fury*. And the Wiſeſt know not, what will be the Iſſue of ſo many Threatning Occurrences.

Only *Mahmut* (ſurrounded with *Infidels*) is reſign'd to *Deſtiny*. Knowing, that no *Human Counſel* can haſten or retard the *Decrees* Sign'd *Above*.

Paris, *the* 17th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat, Baſſa.

IT ſeems the *Devils* have been lately let looſe in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, if we may give Credit to the Depoſition of ſuch, as have accus'd certain ſuppos'd *Witches*.

In *Bretagne* a *Province* of this *Kingdom*, above Forty Old Women have been ſeiz'd and Impriſon'd, for holding Correſpondence with *Infernal Powers*: And above half of them, condemn'd to Death; *God* knows with what Juſtice.

Some of them are accus'd, of Enchanting the Perſons of their Neighbours; *Others* for Bewitching their Cattle; And a *Third* Sort, for diſſolving the Miſchievous *Charms* of the *Firſt* and *Second*: All of them for aſſembling in the Night-Time, and uſing certain *Diabolical Ceremonies*; which they ſay, begin and end in kiſſing the *Poſteriours* of a *Goat*, or the *Devil* in that *Form*.

I know not how far theſe poor ſuperannuated Figures of Mortality may be wrong'd. 'Tis a Queſtion, whether their *Judges* are always in the Right. A ſhrivell'd meager Face, a hollow Eye, join'd with irrecoverable Poverty, are many Times the Chief Grounds of Suſpicion: Which improv'd by Superſtition, Miſtakes and Malice, have often prevail'd on thoſe who ought to adminiſter Juſtice, to condemn

poor

poor Wretches more Innocent than themſelves, as Guilty of *Witchcraft*.

Yet it cannot be deny'd, but that there have been both Men and Women vers'd in *Magical* Arts, as they are commonly call'd, which I take to be only the more *Myſterious Science* of *Nature*. Such was *Zoroaſter*, the Great Grand-Child of *Noah*, and *King* of that Part of *Aſia* which was then call'd *Bactria*. Such was *Apollonius Tyaneus*, *Philiſtides Syracuſanus*, with many others of Ancient Date: Theſe underſtood the Hidden Force of the *Elements*, the *Influence* of the *Stars*; the Specifick Operation of Metals, Minerals, and other Subterranean Bodies, with the Virtues of all Vegetables. They knew exactly how to frame *Aſtral Images* and *Taliſmans*, by the Help of which they were able to effect Wonders. And all this perhaps, without once dreaming of *Infernal Spirits*, or having the leaſt Society with *Devils*.

Yet I believe, *Lucian*, an Ancient *Writer*, who never ſpoke ſeriouſly of any Thing, ſcarce believ'd himſelf, when he related the *Story* of *Panerates*, a Famous *Magician* of *Egypt*, who by theſe *Taliſmans*, was able to tranſform *Inanimate* things into the Appearance at leaſt of *Living* Creatures. Thus he wou'd turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a ſeeming Man, who ſhou'd walk, diſcourſe, and perform all the Actions of a *Rational Being*.

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the ſame *Carvanſera*, as ſoon as they were alighted

from their Camels *Pancrates* took a *Plank* of *Oak*, and having touch'd it with his *Taliſman*, and pronounc'd Two or Three Syllables, incontinently the *Stock* mov'd, ſtood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables: After which, this *Wooden Man* came in and prepar'd their *Pillaw*; went of whatſoever Errands *Pancrates* ſent him. And when they departed, the *Magician* uſing a certain Private *Ceremony*, this Officious Servant return'd to a *Plank* again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow-Traveller being reſolv'd to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the *Magician*'s Abſence, who was gone to the *Temple*, and had left his *Taliſman* behind him. The Curious Traveller, having been often an Eye Witneſs of this Trick, takes a Piece of *Wood*, and touches it with *Pancrates*'s *Taliſman*, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the *Inanimate Timber* became a *Man*, asking his Pleaſure. The Traveller aſtoniſh'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The Enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a Piece of *Wood* again; but inſtead of that he continu'd drawing of Water, and bringing it in till the Houſe was full. The Traveller fearing the Anger of *Pancrates*, thought to diſſolve the *Enchantment*, by cleaving the *Wooden* Animal in Two. But this augmented his Trouble: For, each Piece taking a Bucket, fell to drawing of Water;

ſo

ſo that of One Servant he had made Two. This continued till the *Magician* came to his Reſcue, who having ſternly rebuk'd the Traveller's Raſhneſs, at a Word turn'd the Two buſie Drudges to their Primitive Loggiſhneſs and Inactivity again.

I do not tell this Story, as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give Credit to it my ſelf. Let us imitate the *Author* of it, who laughs at all that delight in ſuch *Fables*. But the *Chriſtians*, who believe a *Piece* of *Bread* is Transform'd to *Fleſh* and *Blood*, and becomes an *Immortal God*, at the pronouncing of Four Words by the *Prieſt*, may be excus'd, if they put Confidence in the *Figments* of *Poets* and *Orators*.

I have in my Cuſtody the *Journal* of *Carcoa*, who formerly reſided at *Vienna*, a Private *Agent* for the *Ever Happy Port*. Some of his Letters ſpeak of the Superſtition and Credulity of the *Germans*, in this Kind. Yet in a Letter to the *Mufti*, he acknowledges himſelf overcome by the Unqueſtionable Teſtimonies, of ſuch as had been Eye-Witneſſes of the *Life* and *Death* of one *Fauſtus*, a *German Magician*, who play'd a Thouſand *Infernal* Pranks (as he calls them) even before the *Emperour* himſelf.

He tells alſo of another *Magician* call'd *Zyto*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Emperour Charles* IV. And when the *Emperour*'s Son to whom *Zyto* belong'd, was to Marry the *Duke* of *Bavaria*'s Daughter; the *Duke* to oblige his Son-in-Law, who was much

taken with *Magical* Tricks, as were all the *Germans*, ſent for a great many Famous *Sorcerers* to the Wedding. Among the Reſt, while One was performing a rare Exploit, on a ſudden *Zyto* the *Prince's Conjurer*, came up to him with a Mouth ſeeming as VVide as that of an Old *Crocodile*, and ſwallows him up at a Morſel. VVhen he thus had done, he retires and voids him again in a Bath, and brings him thus drench'd, into the Company, challenging any of the other *Magicians*, to do a Feat like that; but they were all ſilent.

I hear of no ſuch Tricks done by thoſe *French Witches*, who cauſe ſo much Diſcourſe at preſent. The worſt they are accus'd of, is, Bewitching their Neigbours Hogs to Madneſs, which thou knoweſt may be only a Natural Malady.

I pray *Heaven* defend us from the *Enchantments* of a deluded *Phanſy*, that Domeſtick *Incubus* of every Mortal, and we need fear neither *Witch* nor *VVizard*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Cornezan Muſtapha, Baſſa.

THE Fame of *Chriſtina Queen* of *Sueden*, has, no doubt, reach'd thy Ears: I have made Mention of her in ſeveral of my Letters. That *Royal Virgin*, is now about to ſurrender her *Crown* to her *Couſin*, whom they call *Charles Prince Palatine*. This is a *Voluntary* Reſignation: and her Motive is ſaid to be, a ſtrong Inclination to *Solitude* and a *Private Life*; being eſteem'd, the moſt Accompliſh'd and Learn'd *Princeſs* of this Age. But thoſe who pretend to know more than others, ſay, That the True Ground of her abandoning the *Kingdom*, is a Reſolution ſhe has taken to change her *Religion*, and embrace the *Faith* of the *Roman Mufti*, which is forbidden by the *Laws* of *Sueden*.

Thou wilt ſmile at the *Propoſals*, which this *Queen* ſent to her deſign'd *Succeſſor*; and his *Anſwer* to them.

In the firſt Place, *She will keep the Greateſt Part of the Kingdom and Revenues in her own Hands.*

Secondly, *She will be no* Subject; *but altogether Independent and Free.*

Thirdly, *She will have* Liberty *to travel into* Foreign Countries, *or into any Part of that* Dominion.

Laſtly, *She will not have the* Offices *of* Truſt, *or any other Gifts that ſhe ſhall have diſpoſed of to her* Favourites, *revok'd by her* Succeſſor.

To theſe *Articles, Prince Charles* Anſwer'd, Firſt, *That he will not be a mere* Titular King, *without* Dominions, *nor without ſuch a* Revenue *as is Neceſſary to defray the* Royal Expences, *both in* Peace *and* War.

Secondly, *That he will ſuffer no* Competitor, Equal, *or* Sovereign *in his* Kingdom.

Thirdly, *That he will not run the Hazard of her* Intrigues *in* Foreign Courts.

Laſtly, *That if he be* King, *he will diſpoſe of* Preferments *as he thinks fit.* And, in Fine, *That he will not be the* Shadow *of a* King, *without the* Subſtantial Prerogatives *of* Sovereignty.

'Tis added, That when the *Queen* heard his Reply, ſhe ſaid aloud, *I propos'd thoſe* Articles *only to try his Spirit. Now I eſteem him Worthy to Reign, who ſo well underſtands the* Incommunicable Rights *of a* Monarch.

This Intelligence comes by a *Secretary* to the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* who is newly come out of *Sweden*, to Negotiate at this *Court* a Ten Years *Truce* between *France* and *Spain.*

Here is likewiſe an *Embaſſador* from *Portugal*, who acquaints the *Court*, That the *Portugueze* have Expell'd the *Hollanders* out of the *Places* they held in the *Eaſt Indies.* But, if our *Merchants* bring true Intelligence, the *Tartars* will Exterminate all the *Franks* that are in *China.*

In

In the mean Time, the Young *King* of *France*, paſſes away his Hours in *Dancing* ſeeing of *Plays*, and other Recreations, provided with vaſt Expence by *Cardinal Mazarini*, to divert him from medling with *Publick Affairs*, and from thinking too ſeriouſly on the *Sentence* he has Pronounc'd in *Parliament*, againſt the *Prince* of *Conde*.

One knows not well, how to blame the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Proceedings; nor yet, to accuſe the *King* of *Injuſtice*. Neither is it proper for a *Muſſulman-Slave*, to decide the Controverſy: Our *Principles* and *Laws*, are different from Theirs: And he that is eſteem'd a *Patriot* here in the *Weſt*, wou'd be Condemn'd for a *Rebel*, without Heſitation, in any Part of the *Eaſt*; where but One *God* in *Heaven*, and One *Sovereign* on *Earth*, is acknowledg'd by the *Subjects* of every *Kingdom* and *Empire*.

But in *France*, the *Princes* of the *Royal Blood*, are Inveſted with ſuch a Power as renders it difficult for thoſe under their Command, to diſtinguiſh 'em from *Supream Monarchs*. Yet, not One of them poſſeſſes a *Government*, Equal to that of the *Baſſa* of *Egypt*; or Superiour to his of *Aleppo*.

I have ſpoken of theſe *Princes* formerly, in ſome of my *Letters* to the Happy *Miniſters* of *Him*, who when he pleaſes can make the Greateſt *Sovereigns*, the *Squires* of his *Stirrup*.

And therefore, 'twill be needleſs to ſay any more on that Subject, but only to acquaint

thee, That the *French Court*, tho' they cannot relentof the Rigour they have us'd toward the *Prince* of *Conde*, yet ſeem willing to compound the Buſineſs with his *Son*, the Young *Duke* of *Enguien*, and by a Subtle Artifice, to ſtrike Two ſtrokes for the *State* at once. A Great *Duke* of this *Realm*, has been lately diſpatch'd to the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to propoſe a *Match* between his Daughter and *Conde's* Heir. Whereby the *Eſtate* of the *Prince* of *Conde*, will fall to the *Duke* of *Orleans's* Poſſeſſion, during the *Minority* of the *Young Couple*. This is a VVheedle to reconcile the *King's* Uncle to the *Court*, who has been a long Time eſtrang'd. But 'tis thought his Diſpleaſure is of too deep a Dye, to be waſh'd off with *Court-Holy-Water*.

I have no more News to tell thee, ſave the Death of a certain *Prince*, whom they call the *Duke* of *Elboeuf*. And it is of no Import to the *Divan*, whether a Hundred of theſe *Infidel Princes* die every Day, or no, ſo long as the *Grand Signior* lives, and is ever ſupply'd with Faithful *Miniſters*.

For *His* Health I pray, before the *Sun* peeps o'er the *Tops* of the *Eaſtern Mountains*, and after he hides himſelf in the *Valleys* of the *Weſt*. Neither do I riſe from my Knees at the *Five* appointed *Hours*, without an *Oraiſon* for *Chorneſan*, and the other *Baſſa's* of the *Port*.

Paris, *the* 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendant *of the* Royal Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

THOU that haſt the Charge of the *Ammunition* deſign'd for the *Conqueſt* of the *World*, art fitteſt to receive the News of a Terrible Blow lately given to a City of the *Infidels* in *Flanders*.

This Place is called *Gravelines*, whereof I have made Mention in ſome of my former Letters. On the 29th of the laſt *Moon*, the Powder of the *Magazine* there took Fire, whether by Accident or Deſign, is not certainly known: But the Damage it has done, is very great. It is reported, That a Third Part of the City is blown up, and the Chief *Fortifications* about it, with the *Outworks* of the *Cittadel*. Three Thouſand Mortals had their Breath exhauſted by the Violent Convulſion of the Air, and were ſent into *Another World*, well ſeaſon'd with *Salt-Peter*: Beſides a vaſt Multitude of all Sorts, that were bury'd in the Ruins of the Houſes.

Some ſay, a certain Perſon coming to buy ſome Powder of the *Steward* of the *Magazine*, as they were knocking out the Head of a Powder-Barrel, the Hammer ſtruck Fire. Others report, That this Perſon who pretended to

buy Powder, was a *Spy* or *Private Agent* of *Cardinal Mazarini* in thoſe *Parts*: And that by his *Maſter*'s Order, he had prepar'd a certain *Artificial* Fire, enclos'd in a *Shell* or *Box*; and that at a certain determin'd Period of Time, it would cauſe the *Box* to flie in Pieces, and ſcatter Flames almoſt as ſubtle and penetrating as thoſe of *Lightning*.

Having therefore this little Inſtrument of Miſchief ready, and being inſtructed in all Things, he with the *Steward* enter'd the Vaults where the Powder lay, under Pretence of buying ſome for the *Governour* of *Bruſſels*. And when they had open'd one of the Barrels, he thruſt his Hand among the Powder, as though he wou'd take up ſome to look upon; at the ſame Time dextrouſly conveying his little *Shell* or *Box* into the Barrel, knowing, that in an Hours Time it wou'd work its Effect. In the mean while, ſeeming to diſlike that Barrel, they open'd another; which he bought, and ſo departed. Within an Hour afterwards, all the Countries round about, were aſtoniſh'd at the Dreadful Blow which made the Earth to tremble. They ſay, it was heard beyond the Seas into *England*.

Thus the Contrivance of this *Tragedy*, is faſten'd on *Mazarini*; and ſuch is the Hatred the People bear to this *Miniſter*, That if an *Earthquake* ſhou'd happen in theſe *Parts*, I believe they would accuſe him as the *Author* of it.

But it ſeems, as if all the *Elements* were at *War* againſt the *Netherland Provinces*. I have already acquainted the *Miniſters* of the *Ever Happy Port*, what Diſaſters befell theſe People by *Storms* at *Sea*, and *Inundations* on *Land*. After which, the *Element* of *Fire* took its turn to Chaſtiſe them. For, in the Firſt *Moon* of this Year, a certain *VVind-mill* in the *Low Countries*, whirling round with extraordinary Violence, by Reaſon of a Furious Storm; the Stone at Length, by its Rapid Motion, became ſo Intenſely hot, as to fire the *Mill*; from whence the Flames being diſperſed by the High Winds to the Neighbouring Houſes, ſet a whole Town on Fire.

And now the VVrath of *Heaven* has been kindl'd again, to deſtroy theſe *Infidels*: Yet thoſe that ſurvive, will not be Converted. Perhaps they will be ruin'd Piece-Meal, even to a *Final* Extermination, like the *People* of *Aad* and *Thamod*, of whom at this Day there remain no Footſteps.

I pray *God* guard the *Imperial City* and *Arſenal*, from all *Caſualties* of *Fire*, from *Inundations* of *VVater*, and from *Earthquakes*: And thy own VVatchful Care and Prudence, will defend the *Magazines* in thy Cuſtody, from the Sly Attempts of *Traytors* and *Villains*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, *an* Eunuch *in the* Seraglio.

I Acquainted thee formerly with the firſt Neceſſity I had to drink Wine, that I might the better conceal my being a *Muſſulman*, when I was made a Priſoner by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Order. I tell thee now, this Liquor is grown Habitual to me; it being the *Natural Beverage* of the *Country* where I am. But the *French* temper it with Water, the better to allay their Thirſt, and prevent *Fevers*: Which Cuſtom agrees not with the Stomach of a *Mahometan*, who when he drinks either Water or Wine, loves to have them Pure without Mixture. I uſe it moderately for my Health, and to create an Appetite. But this Evening, I drank a Glaſs of Wine, which is like to make me abhorr it for Ever. In all Probability, I ſhall turn as ſtrict and preciſe as an *Hodgia*. For, in the Midſt of my Draught, I had almoſt ſwallowed a great *Spider*, which lay drowned in the Wine. The little *Beaſt*, had paſs'd my Lips; but I ſoon clear'd my Mouth, of ſo Ungrateful a Morſel. I wiſh I could as eaſily diſcharge my *Imagination*, of the hated *Idea's* it has imbibed with this *Fatal Potion*. Not that I think I am poiſoned, or have received any Real Damage

mage from the *Spider*: The worſt *Venom*, lies in my own *Phancy*. It will be Impoſſible for all the Water in *France*, to waſh away the Prejudices I have Conceiv'd againſt this little *Inſect*. I have a perfect *Antipathy* againſt it. The Sight of a *Spider*, would always make me ſweat and tremble. Now, if ever I ſhould taſte the Wine again, I ſhould imagine every Mouthful I ſwallowed, had a *Spider* in it. My *Reaſon* tells me, there were no Danger, if I had one in my Stomach; having ſeen a *Phyſician*, without the Uſe of any *Antidote*, ſwallow Two or Three large *Spiders* in a Glaſs of Wine: And this was his ordinary Practice every Morning. And moſt of that *Profeſſion* maintain, That *Spiders* ſo drank, can do no harm. Yet my *Antipathy* overcomes my *Reaſon* in this Point. And if *Galen* or *Hippocrates* were alive, they would not be able with all their Learned *Demonſtrations*, to reconcile me to a *Creature*, for which I have an *Invincible Averſion* and *Abhorrence*. I had rather encounter with a *Lyon* or a *Tyger*, in the *Deſerts* of *Arabia*, provided I had but a Sword in my Hand, than to have a *Spider* crawling about me in the Dark. And therefore, I have often envied the Happineſs of the *Iriſh*-Men; for, in that *Iſland*, they ſay no *Venomous Creature* will live. The ſame is reported, of the *Iſle* of *Malta*. Which Wonderful Privilege, both theſe *Iſlands* aſcribe, to the *Prayers* of certain *Saints*.

There is no Reaſon to be given for theſe ſecret *Antipathies*, which are diſcovered in many

many Men. Some will ſweat and faint away, if there be a *Cat* in the Room where they are, though they know Nothing of it, any otherwiſe than by the *Secret Intimations* of this *Unaccountable Senſe*, which *Nature* has added to their other *Five*. I have ſeen a Gentleman drop down in a Swoon, as ſoon as he entred a Chamber, where there was a *Squirrel* kept in a Cage. And thoſe that knew him, ſaid, it was his conſtant Infirmity.

If there be any Truth in the *Doctrin* of the *Soul's Tranſmigration*, I ſhould think the beſt Reaſons for theſe private *Antipathies*, might be drawn from ſome *Former State* of the *Soul*. And according to that *Suppoſition*, I ſhould conclude, That I had been a *Flie*, before I came into this *Body*; and having been frequently perſecuted by *Spiders* in that *State*, do ſtill retain the Dread of my *Old Enemy*, which all the Circumſtances of my preſent *Metamorphoſis*, are not able to efface. But if this be ſo, I wonder I ſhou'd have no diſtinct Remembrance of my former little *Volatile* Life; ſince *Pythagoras*, the Great *Patron* of the *Metempſychoſis* declares, That he could remember ſeveral *Changes* he had undergone. And particularly recounts, how he led a Merrier Life when he was a *Frog*, than ſince he became a *Philoſopher*.

It affords me Matter of Thought and is no ſmall Diverſion, to behold the Contrariety that is in Mens Diet. One Man never taſtes of *Fiſh* all his days, another abhors *Fleſh*; this faints if his *Bread* be cut with a Knife

that

that has touched *Cheeſe*, that ſwoons at the Smell of *Mutton*. Men have as different Appetites, as they have Faces. Some are ſqueamiſh, and almoſt nauſeate every Thing that others eat freely of. Again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiſs. For my Part, I have many Averſions in Point of Diet: And, above all Things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of *Inſects*, *Serpents* and other *Reptile Creatures*. Yet here are Men in this *Kingdom*, who live upon *Frogs*, *Vipers*, *Graſhoppers*, and ſuch Kind of Loathſome *Animals*. And I have read of a *People* in the *Southern Parts* of *Africa*, who had no other Diet but ſalted *Locuſts*, which they catch in the *Spring*: When certain *Winds*, bring Innumerable ſwarms of them over the Land, ſo that all the *Country* is covered. Theſe *People* are very Lean, Active and Black. They run ſwift as *Stags*, and will climb Trees and jump from one Bough and Tree to another, as nimbly as *Apes* or *Squirrils*. But they are ſhort Liv'd, never exceeding Forty Years of Age. For, about that Time they feel a Violent Itching all over their Bodies: Which tempting them to ſcratch themſelves, they never ceaſe till they make Holes in their Fleſh, where certain Winged *Inſects* breed; which multiply ſo faſt, that in a little Time they devour the poor Wretches. This is thought to be the Reſult of their Ill Diet.

Let not what I have ſaid, create any Squeamiſhneſs in thee, but eat thy *Pillaw* with a good

good Stomach: For that *Food*, has the *Benediction* of *God* and his *Prophet*.

Paris, *the* 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year*, 1654.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *King* of *France*, has been ſolemnly *Crown'd* at *Rhemes*: Where were preſent, his *Mother* and *Brother*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, with divers *Princes* and *Nobles*, and Foreign *Miniſters*. But Nothing cou'd perſwade the *King*'s Uncle the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to grace this *Ceremony* with his Preſence. He has declar'd, He will never come to the *Court* ſo long as *Cardinal Mazarini* is there.

Murſhal Turenne has receiv'd private Orders, to repair ſpeedily to his Army in *Flanders*. What the Deſign is, we are not certain. Some ſay, he is gone to ſurprize *Gravelines*, a City in *Flanders*, which was lately ſo ruin'd by the Blowing up of the *Magazine*, that it is not in a Condition to reſiſt the *French*, ſhould they aſſault it.

Others ſay, the *King* has commanded his *General* to lay Siege to *Stenay*, a City belonging to the *Prince* of *Conde*, a Place of Great Strength, and exquiſitely Fortify'd.

'Tis

'Tis reported, That *Cardinal Mazarini* holds a Correſpondence with the *Governour* of this *Strong Hold*: And that on this Ground it was he promis'd the *King*, on the *Honour* of his *Purple*, That if he would ſuffer his Army to lie down before it, it ſhould by ſuch a Day be deliver'd into his Hands.

The *Duke* of *Lorrain*, of whoſe Impriſonment at *Antwerp*, I inform'd *Muſtapha Berber Aga*, is now remov'd from thence, and ſent to *Spain*, from whence 'tis believ'd he whill never come back.

From the *North* the *Poſt* brings News, of the Reſignation which *Chriſtina*, *Queen* of *Sueden*, has made of her *Crown* to her *Couſin*, *Prince Charles*. They add, That ſhe caus'd a *Crown* to be made, with this *Inſcription*, *FROM GOD, AND CHRISTINA*; And, that ſhe plac'd this *Crown* on the *Prince*'s Head with her own Hands, having before Abſolv'd all her *Subjects* from their *Oaths* of *Fidelity* to her.

The ſame *Poſt* alſo tells us, of a Mighty Army of *Moſcovites*, which are enter'd into *Poland*, deſtroying and laying deſolate where-ever they come. The pretended Cauſe of this Invaſion, is ſaid to be, a Diſguſt the *Czar* has taken at a certain *Hiſtorian* and *Poet* of *Poland*; Who in reciting the *Wars* between thoſe *Nations*, had made a Miſtake in the *Genealogy* of the *Moſcovite Emperours*, naming the *Father* for the *Son*. The *Czar* being inform'd of this, demanded the Head of the *Writer*, as an Atonement: Which being deny'd

deny'd, he ruſh'd into the *Territories* of *Poland*, to revenge himſelf by Fire and Sword.

Theſe are the Actions of ſuch, as pretend to follow the *Example* of *Jeſus*, the *Meſſias*; Who commanded Men, *To forgive Injuries*, even as did our *Holy Prophet*; Yet they ſcruple not to accuſe us, of what they themſelves are only Guilty. Thus, whilſt they are *Chriſtians* in *Name*, we ſhew by our *Practice*, that we are *True Diſciples* of the *Venerable Jeſus*.

Doubtleſs, all Men are *Juſt* or *Wicked*, by *Nature*. Every Mans *Fate* is Engraven on his *Forehead*. And neither the *Precepts* or *Examples* of *Jeſus* or *Mahomet*, can alter the *Inclinations* of thoſe, whoſe *Stars* have Sign'd 'em in their *Nativity*, with the *Indelible* Characters of *Vice*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1654.

LETTER XIV.

To Ggnet Oglou.

HItherto I have been in a *Wilderneſs*, or at leaſt I'll ſuppoſe it, wandring up and down, loſt and confounded in the Dark, without Sun, Star, Land-mark, or any Faithful *Guide* to direct me. What I ſhall I do in this Caſe? I am tyr'd with perpetual Rambling; and

and reſt I dare not, neither can I, ſuch is my Uneaſineſs, even in the only Circumſtance which gives to other Men Repoſe.

Thus I diſcourſe with my ſelf when I am alone, and conſider my Preſent State as a *Mortal*. The *Miſeries* of this *Life*, are the *Themes* of my Firſt Contemplation: And 'tis but Reaſon it ſhould be ſo, becauſe we feel 'em every Moment. They touch our Senſe nearly, and afflict us with ſharp Pains. Yet they are but like the *Sting* of a *Waſp*, Violent for a Time, but laſt not long.

This Thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an Endleſs Meditation, what will befal me after I'm Dead. When I have contemplated all that I can run over a Thouſand Paths of Phancy, and track'd all the Footſteps of the *Wiſe*, or of ſuch as were eſteem'd ſo; ſtill I find my ſelf in a *Deſert*, more entangl'd than a Traveller loſt in the *Foreſt* of *Hercynia*, which extends from the moſt *Northerly* Part of *Moſcovy*, to ſome *Provinces* in the *German Empire*, and is reputed Five Hundred Leagues in Length.

In this bewilder'd Condition, I meet with many pretended Guides, One telling me *this* is the Way, Another that. But becauſe they do not agree in their Advice, I know not which to truſt: And am inclin'd to ſuſpect ſome for Cheats, and the Reſt for Fools, as much at a Loſs, if not more than my ſelf.

Permit me to diſcourſe with Freedom, my Dear *Gnet*, and let us unmask like Friends. What ſignifies all that the *Imaum's* and *Mollahs*

lahs can ſay of *Paradiſe* and *Hell*, ſince none of 'em have been there to make an Experiment? Why ſhould we ſuffer our ſelves to be amus'd with Notions of Things, which, for ought we know, have no other Exiſtence, but in the *Harangues* of the *Preachers*, and the *Phanſies* of the *Credulous*?

Think not that I am going to perſwade thee to the *Hereſy* of the *Muſerin*, who deny the *Being* of a *God*. I tell thee, I am no *Atheiſt*. From Every Thing I behold, my Thought ſoon flies up to a Firſt *Cauſe*: And there 'tis daſh'd into a Thouſand *Queries*. This I lay as a Solid Foundation, *All Things were not Always in the ſame State as they are Now*. (My Experience demonſtrates to the Contrary.) But how much longer they have been otherwiſe, than my own Remembrance, I cannot be aſſur'd, but by the Confidence which I repoſe in People that are Older than my ſelf, and the Faith I give to *Books*. Both which agree in this, That they are guilty of Contradictions without number.

Thoſe that were born before me, and Liv'd in the Days of *Sultan Mahomet* III. tell me many Paſſages of his *Reign*, quite different from the Relations of others, who alſo Liv'd in thoſe *Times*, and remark'd the Tranſactions of their *Age*.

A like Diſagreement I find among *Authors*, who have committed to Writing, the *Hiſtories* of *Former Times*. 'Tis difficult to encounter with Two Men of the ſame *Opinion*, even as to Matters of Fact. Some take a Pride in

in diſguizing the Truth; Whilſt others have not Skill to take off the Mask. There are a Sort of Perſons in the World, Men of Supine and Eaſie Judgments, Credulous, and not daring to call in Queſtion what has been tranſmitted to them from the *Authority* of Such and Such a *Writer*. They Superſtitiouſly revere as an *Oracle*, the *Manuſcripts* of a mortal Man like themſelves, and Subject to as many Frailties and Miſtakes. And all this, only becauſe they have been taught to do ſo from their *Infancy*: So forcible is the Influence of *Education*. Thus the *Hebrews* believe the *Records* of their *Nation* to be of *Divine* Original, though they want not *Verbal* Contradictions, and abound with *Logical* and *Philoſophical* Inconſiſtencies. But, that which is of Greateſt moment is, that neither they, nor any other Nation, no not even the *Aſſyrian* or *Egyptian* Records, come near the Immenſe Chronologies of the *Chineſe* and *Indians*. So that amidſt ſuch a Variety of Accounts, a Man knows not where to fix his Belief. But, whether the World be only Five or Six Thouſand Years old, or of a more Indefinite Antiquity, this is a ſure Maxim, *That Something is Eternal*. Even the *Jews* and *Chriſtians*, who deny the Eternity of Matter, and aſſert the Creation of the World out of *NOTHING*, in a Determin'd Period of Time, muſt of Neceſſity own, There was an Eternal, and Infinite Emptyneſs or Vacuity, which is the ſame as *Moſes* calls by the Name of *NOTHING*. Which will ſound as harſh

in

in *Philoſophy*, as the *Eternity* of *Matter* does in their *Divinity*. Nay, if I miſtake not, 'tis of a worſe Conſequence, even in the *Doctrins* of *Religion*, to aſſert an *Infinite Privation*, or *Want* of *Exiſtence*, to be *Coeternal* with the *Subſtantial God*, who is *Omnipotent*, *Living* and *Strong*; than to affirm *Matter* it ſelf to be *Coeternal* with Him; Since *This* is an *Actual Subſtance*, and may with Reaſon be ſuppos'd, as a *Neceſſary Emanation* of his *Power* and *Goodneſs*; Whereas the *Other*, is a mere Naked *Potentiality*, a *Non-Entity*, as the *Weſtern Philoſophers* call it, and therefore can not be conceived to flow from the *Divine Nature*, which is *Eſſential Life* and *Being*. Yet in theſe Nice and Remote Speculations, I am Timorous, and dare not be Poſitive; leſt I ſhould prophane the Honour of that *Sovereignly Good*, who is the *Breath* of our *Noſtrils*. To ſpeak the Truth, I am Wavering in all Things, but this, That there is an *Eternal Mind*, Every-where *Preſent*, the *Root* and *Baſis of All Things* Viſible and Inviſible, whom we call *Alla*, the *Support* of *Infinite Ages*, the *Rock* and *Stay* of the *Univerſe*.

Let thou and I, Dear Friend, perſevere in Adoring that *Superlative Eſſence* of *Eſſences*, with Internal and Profound *Devotion*. Let our Thoughts be Pure, our Words Few, and thoſe full of Innocent and Grateful Flames. For aſſuredly, *God* delights not in the Babling of the Tongue.

As for the Reſt, let us live according to our *Nature* and *Reaſon*, as we are *Men*. For we

we may believe, that the *Indulgent Father* of *All Things*, will accept us, if we ſquare our Actions according to this *Rule*, without aiming at the *Perfection* of *Angels*.

In a Word, let us love all of *Human Race*, and ſhew Juſtice and Mercy to the *Brutes*. For in ſo doing, we ſhall not be Unkind to our ſelves.

Paris, 13th *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year* 1654. *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

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